

MUSEUM

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Lives of the most eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects. By Allen Cunningham. In 6 vols. 12mo. London. 1830—1833.

WE have had occasion to allude to this interesting work more than once during its progress. It is now brought to a close, and furnishes, when added to Lord Orford's *Anecdotes*, a complete and compendious history of English art, from its commencement down to the times in which we live. The author has of course availed himself of the elder and more detailed lives of the principal masters whom he celebrates; but he brings from sources of his own much valuable information. In the occasional remarks into which he is naturally led, there is in general a spirit of good sense, candour, and good-nature, which we do not admire the less, because from his other writings we were prepared to expect it; and his criticisms on art derive additional consequence from his early and long connexion with one of the most popular and original of our living sculptors.

It is not in every critical digression, however, that we can recognise the opinion of Mr. Cunningham himself. The work is after all, in great part, a compilation. As each artist becomes in his turn the subject of a memoir, each successively emerges into a relative importance, which is often far more than commensurate with that of his performances. The original biography on the desk of our author, sometimes the work of the artist himself, sometimes tinged with all the partiality of friendship, in other cases, perhaps, with the bitterness of rivalry, still retains these colours in the abridgment; and occasionally the amiable writer sympathizes with the complaints of neglected mediocrity, in a manner not entirely consistent with the more rational admissions expressed in his comments on the lives of those whose merit has chanced to be universally acknowledged. The analogy between poetry and painting, so often pointed out, is not more visible in any particular than in the irritable vanity of their professors; and the feuds of Grub Street itself were for a long time not more impla-

cable than those of our minor academicians. Their biographer, naturally willing to escape the consequences of personal enmity, often leans to the good-natured side, and gives us rather the panegyric of former friendship, than the deliberate judgment of an impartial world; while we think he is sometimes but too willing to gratify the *genus irritabile*, whose quarrels and failures he describes, by a tone of asperity against ignorant lords, ladies, and patrons, not altogether just, but peculiarly gratifying to wounded self-complacency, and which the persons thus attacked are not at all likely to retaliate. As a whole, however, the book is an instructive, as well as a highly amusing one; and will, we doubt not, maintain its place in our libraries.

In Italy, the art of painting was indigent, and may be traced through the various and natural periods of its growth and decline. In England, we had always imported both the art and its professors; and the Reformation had in fact begun, when we first became aware of the witcheries so powerfully subsidiary to popery. The patronage of the church was no longer attainable. That of the court and nobility was often interrupted, and their attention checked by the want of intercourse with the great centre of successful art, which ministered to her abominations. Rome was almost inaccessible to a Protestant of rank, who was desirous of a reputation for orthodoxy, at the orthodox courts of Edward VI. and Elizabeth. Holbein had partially unveiled the charms of the art; the result had been an increasing avidity for portraits, always the style of painting where the art is valued rather for the sake of the subject than for itself. The skill of the artist immortalized the heads of Henry's court and family, with the applause of the monarch himself, who so graciously detached them in succession from the shoulders of their full-length proprietors. With worse representation and better fortune, those of their posterity were consigned to fame by his successors; and as the patronage of the infant art was long confined to the powerful and the opulent, the series of English portraits is doubly interesting, for it concludes, with little exception, the leading characters of our national history. Such was the fate of art

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till the taste and well-directed liberality of the unhappy Charles I. diffused a more general knowledge of painting, by an extensive collection of good Italian works, and judicious patronage of Rubens and Vandyke. Rubens, during his short residence, left us some valuable historical and allegorical pictures, and Vandyke ennobled the art of portraiture with a truth and spirit of conception that exalt it almost to the rank of history. We scarcely lament, and are not at all surprised, that, in his hands, this branch of art continued to increase in private favour and public estimation. Many of his pieces, merely contemplated as works of art, afford specimens of drawing, colouring, and composition, well worthy the attention of the professional student; while in the dark and lofty dignity of Stratford, the melancholy, yet tranquil and cold physiognomy of Charles, and the grace of Henrietta Maria, the visions of history revive, and, as in the pages of Shakspeare and of Scott, her characters resume their freshness, and her shadows the lineaments in which they lived and acted. Many would be sorry to exchange these for works of loftier pretension; and we have often, in the deep interest they excite, forgotten or neglected the more ambitious glories of the Italian school. So did Lely, Kneller, and their successors, who continued, with far inferior talent, to mimic what they could not excel, and to degrade the art into a fashionable mannerism, retaining little interest beyond the occasional celebrity of the beauties and statesmen who employed it. The only English names which deserve attention in this long succession of painters were Cooper and the two Olivers, who, precluded from becoming mere imitators by the small size of their productions, stamped on their miniatures the originality of conception, *without which no artist has maintained reputation with posterity*. When at length Hudson and his rivals had mimicked the imitations of Vandyke, till the style of that master could undergo no lower degradation, one great and original genius, who thought for himself, and painted immediately what nature taught, revived the honours and interest of the pencil.

This innovator was Hogarth; the masterly sketch of whose life by Walpole, left little for Mr. Cunningham to do beyond gathering in some scattered anecdotes and personal adventures from Nicholls and Ireland. A compilation from these sources has furnished us with renewed entertainment in the present publication; but his respect and affection for his subject have, we think, misled Mr. Cunningham into some needless controversy, and into some injustice. Walpole, after a well-merited and discriminating eulogium, in which he assigns to Hogarth the character of "a great and original *author*, expressing comedy by colours more successfully than others did by words, the inimitable rival of Moliere"—says, "that having thus far considered him as an *author*, it is time to speak of him as a painter;" and that "as a *painter* he had slender merit."

"Now," exclaims his present biographer, "what is the merit of a painter? If it be to represent life—to give us an image of man—to exhibit the workings of his heart—to record the good and evil of his nature—to set in motion before us the very beings with whom earth is peopled—to shake us with mirth—to sadden us with woful reflection—to please us with natural grouping, vivid action, and vigorous colouring; Hogarth has done all this—and if he that has done so be not a painter, who will show us one? I claim a signification as wide for the word painter as for the word poet."—vol. i. p. 193.

So perhaps did Walpole, and might in turn have asked whether the prose or even the rhymes of Moliere were poetry? The verbal dispute might be variously decided, but Walpole would at least have had on his side the Latin critic, who defines what he so nobly studied and practised:—

*'Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinior atque os
Magna sonaturum—des nominis hujus honorem.'*

It is obvious that Walpole here understood by *painting*, the mere technical art of drawing and colouring pictures, in what artists call handling and composition. In these, surely Hogarth's merit, if not slender in itself, is so, compared with the transcendent qualities of his comic wit, and unrivalled moral drollery. It is accordingly in his admirable engravings that we best appreciate him. He indeed began his career as an engraver, and, with great talent of conception and design, his execution deserves the praise his biographer bestows.

"Hogarth's style of engraving is indeed rough, but it is vigorous and free. He accomplishes his aim by one or two fortunate and happy strokes, not by a multitude of small and timid touches which diminish the natural freedom of the original."—vol. i. p. 101.

The same praise certainly cannot be applied to his pictures, without much modification. They are indeed well drawn, and scientifically and vigorously coloured, but there is a heaviness and opacity in the treatment, far from that freedom of touch, and consequent clearness of effect, which characterize his plates. In this *technical* part of painting, he has undoubtedly been excelled, not only by Rembrandt, Teneirs, and his Dutch rivals, but by Wilkie, Leslie, William Allan, and other modern English masters, in their domestic pieces. With all his excellence, it is with reluctance we turn our attention, though called by his biographer, to his attempts in a loftier style. When natural, they are ludicrously natural; when differing from nature, they are rather below than above her simple standard; and the technical merit which an artist or a connoisseur may acknowledge, will never alone redeem such compositions from the censure of Walpole or the neglect of the public.

Mr. Cunningham quotes the following highly wrought, but essentially just strictures of Walpole, on the Sigismunda.

"He determined to rival the ancients, and unfortunately chose one of the finest pictures in England as the subject of his competition.

This was the celebrated Sigismunda of Sir Luke St. haub, said to be painted by Correggio—probably by Furino—but no matter by whom. It is impossible to see the picture, or read Dryden's inimitable tale, and not feel that the same soul animated both. After many essays, Hogarth produced his Sigismunda, but no more like Sigismunda than I to Hercules. Not to mention the wretchedness of the colouring, it was the representation of a maudlin strumpet just turned out of keeping; and, with eyes red with rage and usquebaugh, tearing off the ornaments her keeper had given her. To add to the disgust raised by such vulgar expression, her fingers were bloodied by her lover's heart, that lay before her like that of a sheep for her dinner."

"This Mr. Cunningham adds, "is severe, pointed, and untrue. The Sigismunda of Hogarth is not tearing off her ornaments, nor are her fingers bloodied with her lover's heart." As an accusation of malice and injustice is raised on this assertion, which in fact is a repetition of a criticism of Nicholls', we hope Mr. Cunningham was not aware that it had been long ago answered by Walpole himself, who has the following note on this very passage:—

"In the Biographic Anecdotes of Hogarth, it is said, that my memory must have failed me, for on that repeated inspection it is evident that the fingers are unstained with blood. Were they always so? I saw it when first painted, and bloody they were. In p. 46 it is confessed, that upon the criticism of one connoisseur or another the picture was so altered, that an old friend of Mr. Hogarth's scarce knew it again."—*Walpole's Painters*, 4c., p. 460, 4to., 1798.

Surely a charge of direct falsehood against a critic so judicious, and an historian of art so discriminating and laborious as Walpole, recoils with double force when hazarded on such slender and superficial examination, after the grave has closed on his remains!—Again, a supposed necessity of vindicating his hero from whatever was the topic of contemporary animadversion, has, we think very unnecessarily, led this amiable biographer into a most chivalrous and paradoxical defence of Hogarth's *learning*. That Hogarth was justly described by Walpole as illiterate cannot well be doubted: it is clearly proved that in the use of his own language he was deficient in orthography and grammar, and that he understood no other. Those who detracted from his merit as a painter on such a ground were certainly malicious and absurd; but still less can we understand the following vindication, by which, indeed, the charge is at once admitted and denied.

"His grammatical accuracy and skill in spelling have been doubted by men who are seldom satisfied with anything short of perfection; and they have added the accusation, that he was gross and unpolished. Must men of genius be examples of both bodily and mental perfection? Look at the varied works of Hogarth, and say, could a man, overflowing with such knowledge of men and manners, be called *illiterate* or ignorant? He was of no college—but not therefore *unlearned*; he was of

no academy—yet who will question his excellence in art? He acquired learning by his study of human nature—in his intercourse with the world—in his musings on the changes of seasons—and on the varying looks of the nation and the aspect of the universe. He drank at the great fountain of information, and went by the ancient road; and till it is shown that his works are without knowledge, I shall look on him as a well-informed man."

Is not Mr. Cunningham aware that *illiterate* merely means "devoid of literature," and that *knowledge* is a different thing from *learning*? The Duke of Marlborough was "illiterate," although victorious in a hundred battles, and the ablest statesman of his day;—he had *studied human nature*, and knew something of the world he lived in, but had hardly a tincture of *reading*.

Truth compels us to observe, that throughout the whole of this memoir there is an apparent wish to controvert the assertions and depreciate the authority of Walpole, whose contemporary statements are certainly most likely to be correct, and whose discriminating eulogium has in fact conferred more honour on Hogarth than more wholesale panegyrists will ever be able to bestow. The Sigismunda is a bad picture; Hogarth was unlearned; and though Walpole was not an artist, he was a judge, a scholar, and a man of genius.

A keen and exquisite perception of whatever is ludicrous or defective is rarely, *most rarely*, united with a lofty or poetical sensibility for elegance and beauty; and Hogarth's mind, essentially comic, and familiar with awkwardness and affectation in all their varying shapes, could only conceive beauty through the cold medium of a false and narrow theory, for such it is, however ingeniously developed, in his *Analysis of Beauty*. Whatever may be said in praise of waving lines and graduated tints—if these are its essential constituents, the Quadrant is more beautiful than the Parthenon, and the Flemish dames of Rubens are more lovely than the angels of Raphael, or the goddesses of Praxiteles. The conclusion is inevitable, for those who palliated its absurdity, by advocating the introduction of Contrasts or Propriety, or Utility, in fact give up the principle, and only show that they feel the inevitable necessity of resorting to a different standard. Such plausible generalities have misled men more accustomed to disentangle sophistry than Hogarth.

This was the first native name worthy of distinguished notice, and with this accordingly began the complaint so often reiterated against the ignorant cognoscenti, who waste their money on pictures brought from Italy, and imposed on the world by dealers and virtuosi as genuine and valuable works of art, instead of purchasing the home commodity from the complaining parties. On the whole, we are inclined to believe, that but for the prevalence of a humour thus unskillfully indulged, the taste for *English art* might have been dormant much longer. The first attention to excellence attained by a foreign nation is excited

by good sense, but the efficient stimulus is given by fashion. When Tilburina went mad in white satin, her maid went mad in white linen; and when Charles I. and Lord Pembroke imported into England, with general applause, the masterpieces of Titian, Raphael, and Correggio, we have no doubt the nobility and gentry purchased taste and judgment ready made, from professors and picture-dealers.

Our early collections bear witness to the imposture; and when we see the pleasure often expressed by modern virtuosi at finding black Titians at a pawnbroker's or purchasing undisputed Correggios for a few pounds, at a cheesemonger's, we understand the process by which gentlemen were taught to value themselves, on detecting latent beauties in dingy daubs, and discovering the hand of the master where even the subject of the painting was invisible. The ridicule of Foote was a more appropriate castigation than the indignation of Hogarth. We read of the exquisite colouring of the school of Titian; their *works* abounded in our catalogues,—and in most of these the skies were absolutely and indisputably green, the ladies cream colour, and the men like mahogany.*

*In fact, we had then in England, with few exceptions, only spurious or damaged works, and none but second or third-rate pictures of the greater masters. But the storm was at hand which brought them to our shores; and after the exhibition of the Orleans gallery broke the spell that so long blinded us, the convulsions of Italy, and the consequent distress of her nobility, made our cloudy and smoky cities as rich in monuments of real art—

'As is the oozy bottom of the sea

In sunken wrecks and sunless treasures.'

The homebred artists and amateurs alike could now see the truth of all that they had heard about Italian perfection, and learned to appreciate more justly the phantom which they had worshipped in its stead. The works of Reynolds stood the test, and rose in price and in public estimation. So did those of Gainsborough and one or two others; and modern art became, in consequence, a subject of enlightened attention. Loud was the competition for awhile, and fierce the war, which raged between unprofessional criticism and academical students, and many were the stories of eminent connoisseurs, who mistook copies for originals, which were promulgated by angry and neglected artists, and enjoyed by the laughing world, who knew and cared little about the affair. This obvious and hackneyed ridicule is degenerating into cant,—the real absurdity lies not in making the mistake, but in defending and persisting in it against conviction. There is in many a natural and perhaps inevitable tendency to prefer, on this and other subjects, the technical judgment of the professors to that of the mere admirers of art, and great has been the triumph over our stupid and ignorant *cognoscenti*. *Quam temere in nosmet!* We happen to recollect that a picture, now in the National Gallery, was purchased by Mr. Angerstein at a considerable price, on the faith of its originality, which was vouched for by West and Lawrence,—and not by the connoisseurs or dealers,—as a work of Correggio; the well-known original was afterwards found by the Duke of Wel-

In Hogarth's time the idea of establishing an Academy of Art in England began to be entertained; the acuteness of Voltaire had pointed out its consequences in France, and the sound good sense of Hogarth predicted some of its dangers in England. The following vigorous and spirited sentences are extracted by Mr. Cunningham from his writings; they have been amply verified by the event.

"The institution will serve to raise and pension a few bustling and busy men, whose whole employment will be to tell a few simple students when a leg is too long or an arm too short. More will flock to the study of art than what genius sends; the hope of profit, or the thirst of distinction, will induce parents to push their offspring into the lecture-room, and many will appear and but few be worthy. Portrait-painting has succeeded, and ever will succeed, better in England than in any other country, and the demand will continue as new faces come into the market. Portrait-painting is one of the ministers of vanity, and vanity is a munificent patroness; historical painting seeks to revive the memory of the dead, and the dead are very indifferent paymasters. Paintings are plentiful enough in England to keep us from the study of nature; but students who confine their studies to the works of the dead, need never hope to live themselves; they will learn little more than the names of the painters; true painting can only be learnt in one school, and that is kept by nature."

We have, in fact, repeated in painting what had been done for poetry in our universities, and for eloquence by the Academy of Louis XIV.; we mistook the knowledge of art, which academies can teach, for the practice of it, which is only learnt elsewhere.

There is certainly a considerable difference, and there always will be, between the encouragement of artists and the encouragement of art; but in their estimate of the effects of such encouragement, both connoisseurs and students have shown some inconsistency. The Mæcenases of painting and of poetry have ever been laughed at for patronizing mediocrity, while, on the other hand, no single work of acknowledged genius can be cited, the author of which had not, at some time or other, been grievously in want of a dinner, or of something hardly less necessary to his comfort. But who does not see that, in many of these instances, the patronage itself must have produced the mediocrity—the starvation stimulated the

lington in Joseph Bonaparte's carriage at Victoria, and is now at Apsley House. The copy was since put up to sale, and bought in we believe for 30*l*. West, to his dying day, was so sore about it, that he stoutly maintained, in spite of its manifest palpable inferiority, that it was a duplicate by the master's hand,—as if such a duplicate could have existed so long unknown. Lawrence showed more tact as well as candour. When taxed with the mistake he smiled, and answered in our hearing, "Well, the picture was exactly like *most* of the other Correggios that I had seen when I vouched for it."

genius? Now, in the fine arts, *excellence* alone is valuable;—a middling table is better than a bad one, but a middling poem is worse, for it gives less amusement. On the other hand, let us recollect that the arts themselves began almost everywhere in great humility. Pliny tells us that the earliest and noblest schools of statuary in Greece arose among the braziers of Sicyon and Egina; the gates, worthy of Paradise, in Florence, began in the work of the goldsmiths of Pisa; in England, painting was contracted for by the yard, and the *German Hunting in water-work*, and the *slight drolleries* for which manors would now be mortgaged, and volumes written, were only preferred by Sir John Falstaff to Dame Quickly's *flea-bitten tapestry*, because they were cheaper. As pictures advance in price and estimation, aspirants multiply and academies are founded; more money than ever is annually expended in their purchase. But Miss Martineau would be appalled by the celebrated rate at which they seem to be produced. No portion of the human race presses so forcibly upon the average means of subsistence as the species of which we write; and how should it be otherwise, when as it appears from these records, almost every Academician is a genius,—every genius the founder of a school of painting—and every scholar ambitious, in his turn, to rise the Reynolds of some future age, and give birth to a progeny at least as numerous? What an illustration of the fundamental principle of Malthus! what an opportunity for applying the preventive check! Alas!—

‘... each man's merit is not hard to find,
But each man's secret standard is his mind;
That casting weighty pride adds to emptiness,
This none can gratify, for none can guess.’

In the life and history of Reynolds we have the contrast between theory and practice. Unwilling to vaunt the style he himself adopted, and half unconscious of his own excellence, he keenly felt and enjoyed the merits of others, and continued, with characteristic modesty to enrich his native country with pictures that rival in effect whatever was produced in the Venetian school, while he recommended in his discourses the severer graces of the Roman. For years the town rung with praises of the grand style of art and Michael Angelo, as the Parsonage of Wakefield did with Shakspeare, taste, and the musical glasses, after the visit of the London lady. Of his audience, few were likely to see, fewer still to understand, and perhaps not one to imitate, the illustrious works of the Vatican and the Sistine—but all could talk about them, and fully did they avail themselves of the opportunity.

Milton and Michael Angelo excelled in grandeur of conception, and each had a style peculiarly appropriate to its expression. But it is because it is appropriate that the style of either is valuable. The grandeur of the prophets and sibyls, transferred to meaner mortals, becomes that of Glumdaleitch and the court of Brobdingnag.

What would be the effect of teaching the youthful poet to study Milton's or Homer's *style* when labouring to express his own ideas? We may judge of it, in some degree, by the daily efforts of the cockney muses to travestie the language of Scott, Byron, and Wordsworth. Propriety of style, whether in writing or in painting,—that which communicates with clearness, readiness, and energy the conceptions of the mind,—will always be an invaluable charm; nor let the artist be discouraged who attains it first in its less exalted forms, provided he attains it thoroughly. The *Allegro* and *Penseroso* were the prolusions of him who gave us *Paradise Lost*; and the only man who could describe Achilles and Agamemnon was he who painted Andromache with so much tenderness, Helen with such matchless grace, and Thersites with such bitter truth.

There is no royal road to such acquirements; the student who would possess them must enlarge his mind by general, not exclusive observation,—must see, think, compare, and labour for himself,—must practise by day till he acquires precision and facility of expression, and meditate by night till he enriches his imagination with all the stores of memory. Indeed, when we consider the various qualifications that must combine to form even a tolerably good painter, our wonder is, not that such numbers fail, but that so many have succeeded. The poet, at all events, communicates his thoughts in the language he has practised from his infancy; but how shall the painter acquire the facility of design and skill in colouring, which constitute the language of his art? Early and unremitted practice can alone give him the ready power of correct delineation, and the toil of such practice, if he is poor, will not support him,—if he is rich, will probably disgust him almost at the threshold. Would he then launch into historical or poetic composition?—let him reflect that, till he can readily and correctly delineate the things he sees, it is in vain that he will attempt to give shape and substance to the visions of his fancy. If his portraits are defective, his saints and angels must be detestable. Is he ambitious of embodying the grandeur of his conception on a large scale?—let him try his faculties by an easier test, and prepare his finished sketch on a smaller pannel. If his design and composition be perfect, he may yet fail,—but if they be bad, he cannot possibly succeed. Till the hand readily and spontaneously obeys the painter's eye, it will mislead the mind into working at random. This, then, is the true advantage of painting portraits, whatever may be the vanity or stupidity of ordering them. By working on these, the aspirant, while he obtains the maintenance he wants, may perfect himself in surmounting many of the difficulties of his art. Who, indeed, have painted portraits better than Raphael, Titian, and Velasquez? To such study we owe talents of the highest order, and by such practice have they been acquired. With the power of correctly and accurately delineating what he sees, the man of real talent will try to catch the characteristic

expression of the speaking countenance; he will thus learn to paint from recollection what cannot long continue in his sight,—unless, indeed, his female sitters ‘call up a look when he comes to the eyes.’ To make a pleasing picture, he must learn to leave out defects and yet preserve the likeness; a practice which at least will teach him to observe with minute accuracy on what lineaments the main stamp and character of the countenance really depend. There are few things more difficult of acquirement, and yet, in the portraits by some of our own artists, how completely has all this been attained! There is no surer step to the representation of history or poetry if a man has the genius to conceive them. But no! his rooms will soon be crowded by the vanity of the town,—his prices will be raised,—money, the bane of nobler views, will fill his pockets, or at least those of his dependents, while his own desires expand,—he wishes to become a dandy, an epicure, or a gentleman, ‘*a bonnes fortunes*,’ ruins himself, perhaps, by his own extravagance,—continues to make portraits, and takes three times more orders at half-price than he can live to finish,—executes beautiful heads to which his scholars put bodies, and then leaves his surviving admirers to lament the bad taste of the country that gives no encouragement to the higher branches of the art. We do not wonder much that gentlemen prefer the likenesses of their wives, or perchance their mistresses, to the Siege of Troy, or even the Day of Judgment, when the picture, like the town, may not be taken for ten years, and the real day of judgment may arrive before its image.

We entirely agree then with our author, (vol. i., p. 322) that the main doctrine of Sir Joshua's Discourses, elegant as they are, and embracing much sound criticism, corresponds not either with the character of English art, or the determined taste of the country;—but admirably did his practice correspond with both, and raised them to a height which we fear they may not be destined to reach again. We agree with Mr. Cunningham in criticism on his theory, as distinguished from his practice; but we cannot agree with him, that a want of lofty conception was that which disqualified Reynolds, in his own opinion, for the style of Raphael: we should rather attribute the course he took to his consciousness of deficiency in correct facility of drawing, for on this the charm of Raphael's frescos depends, and this it was now too late for Reynolds to learn.

After he returned from Italy, his talents soon raised him to that estimation which he lived but to justify and increase. Who now remembers Liotard, who, as a novelty and a lion, shared with him for a moment the celebrity of the metropolis? His manners and conversation, his pure and modest life, and unrivalled talent, drew round him whatever was worth courting in the society of London, and beloved in that circle, he continued to adorn it till, in his turn, he descended to the grave. The friend of Burke,

of Johnson, and of Windham, wants no vouchers for his private character; the lovers of art will find his best eulogium in his paintings.

His acquaintance with Johnson began in 1754, and after extracting from Boswell the well-known anecdote about the reading of the Life of Savage, our author proceeds with the following remarks on the Doctor, which we are not sure that we entirely understand.

‘The rough and saturnine Johnson was very unlike the soft, the graceful, and flexible Reynolds. The former, the most distinguished man of his time for wit, wisdom, various knowledge, and original vigour of genius, had lived neglected—nay, spurned by the opulent and the titled—till his universal fame forced him on them.’—p. 248.

Johnson, we all know, began life in obscurity; he was poor, and far removed from the intercourse of ‘the opulent and the titled.’ Can Mr. Cunningham blame them for not discovering his genius before he had published those works by which alone his very existence could be revealed to them? If, indeed, the celebrated ‘Duck, which Samuel Johnson trod on,’ had introduced him, as an infant prodigy, to some high-born blue-stocking, who would have undertaken his education, and circulated his juvenile poems, ‘the opulent and the titled’ might have escaped this censure; but we should not have had ‘Rasselas,’ or the ‘Lives of the Poets,’ and Johnson would not have a tomb with those that are honoured in the land. But it did turn out that, when the genius was shown, it was most abundantly recognised and honoured,—and under circumstances of which Mr. Allan Cunningham does not feel the force.

‘When, after life was half spent in toil and sorrow, he came forth at length from his obscurity, he spread consternation among the polished circles by his uncouth shape and gestures, more by his ready and vigorous wit, and an incomparable sharpness of sarcasm, made doubly keen and piercing by learning. His circumstances rendered it unnecessary to soothe the proud by assentation, or the beautiful by fine speeches. He appeared among men not to win his way leisurely to the first place by smiles and bows; but to claim it, take it, and keep it, as the distinction to which he was born, and of which he had been too long defrauded.’—p. 248.

Now, who reads this, without perceiving that the tone, the manners, and peculiarities of Johnson, were powerful obstacles to his reception? It is true that his genius triumphed over them all; that he was not only respected for his virtues, and revered for his piety, but admired and cultivated for his wit and eloquence. But the opportunity of displaying these was probably retarded by the coarse and dictatorial ill-breeding of the possessor, the effect of conscious talent and of a vulgar origin, and his merit would have been sooner known had it been more amiably accompanied. We yield to none in the veneration paid to that great name, but we claim for the gentlemen of England the merit of appreciating virtue and talents when they really are proved, and we warn

them against presuming their existence before the proof is clear. "The danger lies the other way. We hear enough of genius—

'Each mother claims it for her booby son;
Each widow claims it for the best of men,
For him she mourns, for him she weds again.'

Painting *geniuses*, reading such a passage as we have quoted, may suppose themselves injured after the fashion of Johnson, by not being admitted to Almaack's, or invited to dine with the Duke of Sutherland. These volumes contain more than one example of such discontents. Again, we say let *geniuses* learn wisdom from Sir Joshua, and the consequence of wanting it from Barry. Good breeding, good nature, and kindly feeling will create friends in every class, while coarseness, rudeness, and envy will counteract even genius and wit, where they exist, and are simply odious and contemptible without them.

If it be true, as Mr. Cunningham alleges, that 'disappointment and neglect had for ever roughened Johnson,' we should like to hear at what period he was smooth? Alas! the sad gifts of Nature were the causes of Johnson's infirmity of temper. We know not only what he did, but what he resisted, and how much he overcame; and the nobleness of his nature shone brightly through the cloud of melancholy, and the disadvantage of early habits. But we cannot class among his merits, the very foibles which were disadvantageous even to Johnson—nor allow respectful pity to pass into the weakness of undistinguishing admiration.

The friendship of Johnson for Reynolds was given to the man, and not to the artist. Johnson certainly undervalued an art which he talks of, in his letter to Baretti, as 'what we call in to our assistance to rid us of our time.' This has been imputed to envy by one ingenious biographer; and to Johnson's disgust at the personal worthlessness of too many artists, by Mr. Cunningham. Did neither of them recollect that Johnson was as nearly *blind* as possible, which is, at least, a more obvious reason for his not being an admirer or judge of painting?

Mr. Cunningham (vol. i. p. 250) seems to think it not only remarkable, but astonishing, that Sir Joshua through life preferred to the company of men employed in the same walk with himself, the general society of whatever was eminent in London, and lived with men of literature and business, rather than with painters, and men whose talk was of pictures. Nothing more surely marks the elevation and scope of his understanding. No man could be more zealous for the progress of the art he loved, none more assiduous in its cultivation. When we reflect that, notwithstanding the constant demand upon his time for portraits, he painted upwards of one hundred and thirty pictures on historical or fancy subjects, many of them of the greatest excellence, and compare these with the lofty dreams of others, which at best ended in miserable abortions, though half their leisure was spent in meditating on them, and the other half in writing and talking of them, we can-

not accuse him of neglecting opportunities. Let it be remembered, too, that these were the works of a man whose society was as acceptable to the good, the learned, and the wise, as his pictures were to the lovers of art. But, in truth, no man of high and great attainments ever confines his admiration of genius to the sphere in which he himself excels. It is only the Cockney Phœbus, or the College pedant, who never ranges beyond the limits of his own puny Parnæsus, and wastes life in twaddling and jangling with its inmates, or dirty efforts to raise himself by their assistance. The real man of talent leaves his art in his study, and finds its materials in the world. He loves to contemplate excellence, in pursuits most alien to his own, but which it is his province to illustrate and portray. Shakspeare and Homer must have found pleasure in associating with mankind of all classes. Milton was a stern statesman and an active politician. Scott despised the cant of literature, and Byron hated it. Did Sir Thomas Lawrence live much among painters?—or does Mr. Westmacott, or does Allan Cunningham's own friend, Mr. Chantrey, live habitually among the sculptors? Reynolds knew all that could be said, or at least was likely to be said, about painting, and sought and found in Burke and Johnson what the academicians had not to bestow.

The incidents of his life are few and well-known; the excellence of his pencil is now universally acknowledged. His knowledge of the principles by which colours are blended into harmony, and the fine eye with which he preserved the scale and arrangement of these, must have struck every lover of the art who has witnessed the splendid and brilliant effect which his pictures produce when collected (as many of them were a few months ago) within the walls of the British Institution. Some beauties have indeed been lost, from the perishable colours which he occasionally used, but enough remains never to be forgotten. We cannot agree with Mr. Cunningham's sentence, that Sir Joshua's historic pictures have 'little of the heroic dignity which an inspired mind breathes into compositions of that class.' They have at least more dignity than any painter of the English school has hitherto breathed into such subjects, and, what is better, the dignity is never theatric dignity, nor contaminated by affectation. It is indeed less ideal than that of the great Italian schools, and more obviously selected from living nature; but he found it there, and not in the Opera House, the usual standard of grace and elegance with those who know no better. There is nothing that is false or melo-dramatic in his representation.

It would not be difficult to defend Reynolds from some minute criticism which has found its way into these pages. Of the Ugolino, it is said, that 'he looks like a famished mendicant; deficient in commanding qualities of intellect, and regardless of his dying children.' Sir Joshua painted the same head in his picture of the Banished Lord, which has been often admired for the lofty resignation that it expresses. He re-

peated it in several sketches, and, as his model was a well-known beggar, the criticism was obvious—but Reynolds was not mistaken in his choice. The head is not devoid of intellectual dignity; and who expects the Count not to appear *famished*, when dying of hunger in the Torre del Famé, or his looks to be directed to his children, when he recollects the horrible description—

'Io non piangeva, si dentro impietrai.'

We never beheld the face without feeling the full force of that immortal line. Again—in a group of *Charity*, some critic had commended the affectionate expression of the *Mother* to the children around her. Mr. Cunningham asks, 'where is the charity of a mother taking care of her own children? He might, however, have commended the affection with which she fondles the children, which this critic, but not the painter, mistook for her own. We will not pursue these trifling oversights: the pictures speak for themselves; and in the words of Fielding, we assure the reader, that 'if he has seen all these without knowing what beauty is, he has no eyes; if without feeling its power, he has no heart.'

As Sir Joshua, in his historical and fancy pictures, often studied his heads from real life, so in taking portraits he not unfrequently tried to give them a more permanent value, by connecting them with poetical or imagery subjects. Mr. Cunningham is unnecessarily discomposed at this mixed practice. The best historical painters of the highest schools of Italy converted pretty women, generally their favourite mistresses, into Madonnas and saints; and we have seen it gravely urged by the Rev. Vicar-Apostolic Dr. Milner, in his *History of Winchester*, that Protestantism must be the 'grave of sensibility,' since those old Italians' conceptions of divine female purity and piety are infinitely more animated than the rival personifications of Mr. West, or even of Sir Joshua. Andrea del Sarto seems not to have been so judicious. His model was his wife, as may be seen by her portrait, now in the Pitti Palace at Florence. She is not very attractive, and yet, by means known only to the initiated, had great sway over her husband. He is said to have been henpecked into this choice of a model; but we observe with sorrow, that his Madonnas, though inspired by the same glowing religion, have by no means the fervour of Raphael's, who was a gay bachelor. The devotion of Italy must have been most effectually cooled, if we may judge by the test of Meng's Holy Families, and the inspiration of the recent school. Mr. Cunningham, however, objects that a modern lord would make an indifferent Jupiter, and we are not aware that any of their lordships ever sat to Reynolds in that character; though we have seen, by a more adventurous artist, the late Duke of York, attended by an enormous eagle, on the ceiling of one of our noblest mansions, in the capacity of commander-in-chief of gods and men. We hope the fashion is not likely to become very ge-

neral. Pretty women, however, in spite of all Mr. Cunningham can say, have a prescriptive right to be treated as goddesses, and even as angels, if the scrupulous conscience of the deputy lord-chamberlain had not taken alarm at the profaneness of the designation. The exquisite and brilliant portrait of Mrs. Hale, in the character of Euphrosyne, now in the gallery of Lord Harewood, is an inimitable example of Sir Joshua's success, in producing a splendid and most interesting work of art, thus ingeniously grafted on a likeness. But in many of his most admired and popular compositions, he has, in fact, pursued the same plan. The *Snake in the Grass*, a painting that rivals Titian himself, is one in which the Nymph was copied from actual life. Hope nursing Love—now in the possession of Mr. Morritt of Rokeby—is another,—not taken merely, as Mr. Cunningham seems to suppose, as the portrait of Miss Morris the actress, but because Miss Morris's face, and it is a very pretty one, furnished the expression he wanted for his imagined allegory. The deep heartfelt content of the girl in her employment, trying to repress the restless mischief of the little winged urchin at her bosom, is beautifully expressed by the sweet smile of her lips; and here we would observe, that nobody, except perhaps Correggio, ever painted smiles like Sir Joshua. They are frequent in his pictures, and are always characteristic, always expressive of the emotion of the mind, which it was his object to represent, and in harmony with the action. They are smiles of affection, of simplicity, of playful cunning, or intelligence, or sensibility, and never the unmeaning simper of affectation, or the mere outbreak of animal spirits and hilarity. With all his brilliancy, Lawrence did not rival him in this great perfection.

Sir Joshua, it seems, incurred in some degree the malevolence of Gainsborough, but if he regretted, he does not appear to have returned it, and how he deserved it we are not told;—but we are told, 'that when Gainsborough asked sixty guineas for his "Girl and Pig," Sir Joshua gave him a hundred,' and then reminded, that he 'could afford to aid him both in fame and purse.' This is one of Mr. Cunningham's *hints* which we cannot approve of—he has evidently allowed himself to imbibe from certain very obscure sources, what we must call a narrow prejudice against Sir Joshua. In truth, the same kind spirit appears to have actuated the man through life; he never lost a friend when in poverty, or forgot one when in prosperity. When Madame Le Brun became a candidate for fame, and, on the strength of two bad French portraits, the lioness of the day, Reynolds held the following characteristic dialogue with Northcote:—

"Pray what do you think of them, Sir Joshua?" Reynolds—"That they are very fine." Northcote—"How fine?" Reynolds—"As fine as those of any painter." Northcote—"As fine as those of any painter!—Do you mean living or dead?" Reynolds, sharply—

"Either living or dead." Northcote—"Good God! what, as fine as Vandyke?" Reynolds—"Yes, and finer."—vol. i. p. 296.

His quiet contempt of competition and exaggeration cannot be more strongly marked; and yet because Barry, in his splenetic craziness, hated Reynolds, for being loved by Burke, and admired by the world, it is elsewhere asserted, and it is insinuated here, that Reynolds was not free from jealousy of Barry! We cannot read their lives, much less compare their works, and believe in these dreams of disappointed artists, or the gossip of partizans in an academy; the thing is impossible. The beautiful eulogy from the pen of Burke, with which Mr. Cunningham concludes his life of Sir Joshua, will be remembered long after these petty squabbles are forgotten; and let it not be unobserved, that it was written by the wisest, kindest, and most judicious friend that poor Barry ever possessed, or ever quarrelled with.

Every mistaken rule which Reynolds had ever laid down was indeed carried into its full effect by Barry himself, and every wise advice which Burke gave, or Sir Joshua practised, as certainly neglected. He disdained colouring, as inconsistent with the dignity of the art, of which it is, after all, the distinguished criterion. As even Raphael and Michael Angelo were inferior to the ancient statuary in ideal beauty, he raved about his love of antiquity, and despised Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt, and all that Sir Joshua adored in private. He dwelt with statues, drawings and casts from the antique; painted the death of General Wolfe, and represented the French and English armies in primitive nudity, after the manner of the ancients. With Barry, a difference of opinion was an affront, a controversy was a quarrel, advice an insult, and competition a deadly and irremissible injury. And what was there to balance all these social absurdities and annoyances? He could talk of beauty and grace, but he could represent neither; and his boasted visions, when transferred to canvases, ended in an extravagant jumble of classical common-places, applied as preposterously to stupid modern allegories, as the naked forms of the palestra had been to the soldiers who fought on the Heights of Abram. The absurdities of his pencil were, with equal absurdity, defended by his pen, as if we could be persuaded or scolded into admiration of works which must, after all, be liked or disliked for their own impression. The true apology for Barry is in the state of mind, which Mr. Southey's narrative furnished to these volumes places so graphically before us. The co-existence of partial insanity with strong and powerful, but ill-directed talents, is unfortunately too common to excite surprise, and too melancholy not to claim forbearance. As a warning, indeed, Barry's life (very amusingly detailed in the second of these volumes) may be of use, otherwise we should have felt inclined to quarrel with the low price of admission allowed by Mr. Cunningham, as door-keeper to this Temple of Fame. We as-

sign the title of *eminent* artists to those only whose works, whether applauded or neglected during their lives, have been sought after and valued since their decease. Short as the period is that has elapsed, it has been enough to destroy that reputation, the child of party spirit and envy, which once attached to Barry—and it is rapidly reducing to their true dimensions the flighty mediocrity of Romney, and the scientific but powerless labour of West.

The best of Romney's works were only portraits of Lady Hamilton in various characters; and Lady Hamilton was undoubtedly a beautiful woman and an admirable actress. West was a good and amiable man; his vanity was so mixed with good nature as to be simply amusing; and his glorious self-consequence in fancying that, when he walked *with Mr. Fox* in the Louvre, the crowds that followed were attracted by 'the reputation of English art,' is indeed quite delightful. Of him may justly be said what Mr. Cunningham somewhere says of Mr. Payne Knight, that he mistook the knowledge of art which he possessed for natural taste and genius. He understood rules, and had studied composition both in form and colouring; he loved his art, and drew well. His small finished sketches, and his death of Wolfe and Battle of La Hogue, had many beauties, and few faults; but the beauties were not of a high or striking order, and the faults were those of deficiency, least likely to be remedied. He was the Sir Richard Blackmore of painting, and, with all the outward forms and ceremonies of the painters most admired, receives now much the same degree of attention as is bestowed on the congenial poetry of the medical knight, whose aims were as lofty and whose execution was as prosaic as his own.

With such sentiments on these heroes of the academy we cannot pursue Mr. Cunningham through his charitable labours, in detecting the latent excellencies of artists whose claims rest on still lower achievements, or even on one or two lucky pictures, much less on what has ever abounded—the glory of unfinished sketches—and drawings, which might have become good pictures if their authors had but possessed the means or patience to complete them. Lord Aldborough and Lord Eochan delighted in Barry, —Cumberland, Hayley, and Miss Seward worshipped Romney.—George the Third himself was an admirer of West,—but we prefer the criterion of the auction-room, and the lists of Mr. Phillips and Mr. Christie.

Gainsborough daily rises in price and estimation: he was the first of our painters who taught his countrymen the charm of English landscape. Wilson had imported to our shores his own poetic style, formed certainly with taste and skill, and varied with considerable power of imagination, but yet ideal, and, though not servilely copied from the great masters of Italy, still formed on their example, and compounded of their materials. 'His landscapes,' says Mr. Cunningham, 'are fanned by the pure air, warmed with the glowing sun, filled with the

ruined temples, and sparkling with the wooded streams and tranquil lakes of that classic region.' They are so; and here was probably one of the causes why the English public were unjustly slow in appreciating his real merit. A few of his works were well sold, in consequence of the reputation he had acquired in Italy, but the demand was soon supplied; and the insensibility of the public to exotic beauties left him very undeservedly in indigence. His own personal character, however, seems to have been partly the source of this neglect. It is admitted, indeed, that he was coarse and repulsive in his manner, or, as Mr. Cunningham prefers to express it, 'that he was a lover of *pleasant company*,' (a phrase admitting of very various construction,) 'a drinker of ale and porter—one who loved *boisterous mirth* and *rough humour*, and' (as he adds with much *naïveté*) 'such things are not always found in society which *calls itself select*. What then,' he says, 'could the artist do?'

Certainly, with such tastes, he could do nothing but what he did; yet it was quite as natural, in those whose habits and tastes were different, to prefer more delicate and moderate potations, more polished mirth, and company which they considered as *pleasant*: and even Reynolds might be excused for disliking the man who must equally have disliked what such a man would call the dulness of Reynolds's best society. Mr. Cunningham may be assured that genius, far superior to any which Wilson ever possessed, will not make a *gentleman* (and Reynolds was in all respects one) associate with companions of low, coarse, and repulsive habits. As mere lions, they may for a while be indulged and stared at, but the novelty once over, the disgust returns, and after being tolerated for a while through compassion, in itself humiliating, they are at last left to more congenial allies. We blame the world for not buying good pictures, but we cannot condemn them for avoiding bad company. That Reynolds's *distlike* went further has not at least been shown; and that he was not an indiscriminating admirer of Wilson's paintings is unfairly ascribed, we think, to 'cautious malignity,' and a wish to 'damn with faint praise.' The lecture on which this charge is founded was, as Mr. Cunningham himself admits, not delivered till Wilson was dead, and it could not hurt him, and yet its language proves, as he supposes, an old and rooted spleen. That Reynolds was actuated by such motives we do not believe. Sir Joshua's criticism on the Niobe appears to us much more just than Mr. Cunningham's; but at any rate, before it can be quoted as an instance of *malevolence*, it must be proved not only false, but insincere. It is singular enough that in this part of Cunningham's narrative Reynolds should be charged with extolling Gainsborough out of envy to Wilson; and that he should be charged just as broadly with envying Gainsborough himself, in a subsequent page. Well might Reynolds prefer the society he lived in to that of his brothers in art. Even his wise and sensible reserve was a wound to their

self-complacency, and every criticism a presumed mark of his envy or an invidious eulogy on some hated rival. His patience and forbearance were more admirable than his paintings.

With all his merit there is a heaviness and opacity in much of the colouring of Wilson which Gainsborough avoided; but, on the other hand, there is a truth of representation in Gainsborough which even Wilson had not attained. The peasantry, the woods, and cottages of England were his materials, and he had studied them from childhood. Luckily, too, no systems of ideal beauty in this department of the art had limited its range to the precincts in which Claude, Poussin, or Salvator had excelled. Ruysdael, Cuyp, and Hobbima, Ostade and Rembrandt, had already proved the extent of its domain, and Gainsborough ranged, like them, through its wild and sequestered scenery. He saw nature also with a poet's eye, and retaining all the appearance of homely truth, reflected it with increased beauty and more forcible expression. There is a fine *selection* of real life about his peasantry, and of real scenery in his landscape, more impressive, because apparently unstudied and fresher, than the elaborate though poetic compositions of Wilson. If there is less elevation in his conceptions, there is more of facility, exuberance, and vigour in the expression of them. These are all merits of the highest order, and not the less so for being more easily and more extensively recognised by untutored minds. They are also united to others more immediately technical,—a clearness and transparency both of lights and shadows, and that magical *luce di dentro* in some of his pictures, which marks the great masters of colour, and gives to his sunshine and shadow the effect of reality. What Gray's *Elegy* did for our peasantry, was achieved with perhaps hardly less success by the pencil of Gainsborough.

We owe much to the last hero of Cunningham's third volume—Fuseli: he exemplified most of the problems which artists and sometimes authors find it difficult to solve. His hand was ready and his sketches clever,—his diction fluent, and his love of art undoubted,—but he was the dupe of a false system, and mistook himself for a man of genius, soaring beyond human ken into the deep serene of the empyrean, when he was only skimming about the dark and narrow circle of his own cloudy metaphysics. Who does not perceive in his designs the abortive efforts of an adequate imagination to embody ideas confusedly conceived, and after all incapable of being represented? To fail in great attempts may be the fate of a gigantic mind, but it is only a weak understanding that is in danger of straining at impossibilities. When Mr. Cunningham tells us that his 'colouring is like his design,' we perfectly agree with him, and also that it is original, for it is entirely unnatural. We do not, assuredly, know the shape or complexion of Milton's Satan or Hamlet's Ghost, but our respect for their characters prevent us from accepting Mr. Fuseli's re-

port of their appearance. The Royal Academy of Egypt had anticipated his great discovery in the representation of supernatural personages, and we recommend their practice, as even more compendious and intelligible than his. In Belzoni's tomb, and in many others still extant, all the gods and goddesses are represented as *pea-green*,—a still more supernatural colour than that which distinguishes them in Fuseli's works. But his mortals are almost of the same hue with his archangels, and the painters of Pharaoh had more variety. The *genius* of Fuseli has been praised—and his is not a solitary case—by men who confound the delirium of a common, with the inspiration of a lofty mind: but we are astonished at the limited range, no less than at the flighty absurdity, of his extravagance. He is the Macpherson of his art; and, indeed, his writing is somewhat akin to his painting. We fear Mr. Cunningham himself quotes the following passage because he thinks it fine. There is, indeed, 'a power in his diction,' for it has blinded his admirer to his want of meaning; or, if it has a meaning, we shall be most thankful for a translation of it into any comprehensible dialect of English or of Greek:—

"Form, in its widest meaning, the visible universe that envelopes our senses, and its counterpart, the invisible one, that agitates our mind with visions bred on sense by fancy, are the element and realm of invention; it discovers, selects, combines the possible, the probable, the known, in a mode that strikes with an air of truth and novelty. Possible, strictly, means an effect derived from a cause, a body composed of materials, a coalition of forms whose union or co-agency imply in themselves no absurdity, no contradiction: applied to our art, it takes a wider latitude; it means the representation of effects derived from causes, or forms compounded from materials heterogeneous and incompatible among themselves, but rendered so plausible to our senses, that the transition of one part to another seems to be accounted for by an air of organization, and the eye glides imperceptibly, or with satisfaction, from one to the other, or over the whole: that this was the condition on which, and the limits within which, the ancients permitted invention to represent what was strictly speaking impossible, we may with plausibility surmise from the picture of *Zeuxis*, described by Lucian in the memoir to which he has prefixed that painter's name, who was probably one of the first adventurers in this species of imagery. *Zeuxis* had painted a family of Centaurs: the dam, a beautiful female to the middle, with the lower parts gradually sliding into the most exquisite forms of a young Thessalian mare half reclined in playful repose, and gently pawing the velvet ground, offered her human nipple to one infant centaur, whilst another greedily sucked the feline udder below, but both with their eyes turned up to a lion whelp held over them by the male centaur, their father, rising above the hillock on which the female reclined,—a grim feature, but whose ferocity was somewhat tempered by a smile."

—vol. iii. pp. 312, 313.

We particularly recommend the pic-

ture of *Zeuxis*, as described by Fuseli, to the students of our poetic school of art. It will have all the relish of the celebrated Roman dinner in Peregrine Pickle, even though some ignoble brother of the brush may be tempted in contemplating it to exclaim with poor Pallet, "Bless me! what beastly fellows these ancients were!" Again we say that we thank Fuseli. He cured us of supernatural aspirations—he cured us of the systematic sublime and beautiful,—he showed us the superiority even of common nature to the self-excited enthusiasm of prosaic minds. He died at eighty-four, an age nearly equal to that attained by Titian and Michael Angelo, and left above eight hundred sketches, and pictures numerous enough, but of which we believe not one, if exhibited without his name, would now pay for the paint and canvass which were wasted on it. Yet he drew well and with ease, and decanted readily and justly on others, when not warped by his own narrow theories.

At fifty, married as he was to a kind and faithful woman, who "worshipped his genius," as Mr. Cunningham assures us, though without high birth or delicate breeding," he became at first sight the object of one of Mary Wolstonecraft's numerous affections. Mr. Cunningham shall tell the sequel. Our friend Allan, on this and some other occasions, displays a spirit of scepticism as to appearances and consequences, infinitely amiable, but indicating more familiarity with clay models and marble philosophers than their prototypes of flesh and blood. We pity poor Mrs. Fuseli, but the story is irresistible:—

"At the table of Johnson, the bookseller, Fuseli was a frequent guest, and in all conversations that passed there was lord of the ascendant. There he met his friend Armstrong, who praised him in the *Journals*; Wolcott, whom he hated; and Mary Wolstonecraft, who at the first interview conferred upon him the honour of her love. The French revolution was at that time giving hopes to the young and fears to the old. Fuseli was slightly smitten; but the cap of liberty itself seemed to have fallen on the heart as well as the head of the lady; who conducted herself as if it were absurd to doubt that the new order of things had loosened all the old moral obligations, and that marriage was but one of those idle ceremonies now disposed of for ever by the new dispensation of Lepaux and his brethren. With such notions Mary Wolstonecraft cast bold eyes upon the Shakspeare of canvass. And he, instead of repelling, as they deserved, those ridiculous advances, forthwith, it seems, imagined himself possessed with the pure spirit of Platonic love—assumed the languid air of a sentimental Corydon—exhibited artificial raptures, and revived in imagination the fading fires of his youth. Yet Mrs. Fuseli appears to have had little *serious cause* for jealousy in this mutual attachment."—vol. iii. p. 297.

Mr. Cunningham then introduces the following quotation from "The Life of Mrs. Wolstonecraft." Could he transcribe the passage without laughing?

"She saw Mr. Fuseli frequently; he amused, delighted, and instructed her. As a painter, she could not but wish to see his works, and consequently to frequent his house; she visited him; her visits were returned. Notwithstanding the inequality of their years, Mary was not of a temper to live upon terms of so much intimacy with a man of merit and genius without loving him. The delight she enjoyed in his society she transferred by association to his person. She had now lived for upwards of thirty years in a state of celibacy and seclusion, and as her sensibilities were exquisitely acute, she felt this sort of banishment from social charities more painfully than persons in general are likely to feel it. The sentiments which Mr. Fuseli excited in her mind taught her the secret to which she was in a manner a stranger. Let it not, however, be imagined, that this was any other than the dictate of a refined sentiment, and the simple deduction of morality and reason."

Social Charities! Refined Sentiment! Morality and Reason!!

We have neither space nor time to notice the less prominent artists whose lives are here recorded. Some of them are justly characterized, but their works alone retain any interest in the public mind. There is good sense in Opie's lectures, and talent in his coarse but vigorous pencil. He obeyed his own eye and his own feeling, and without genius was at least true and original. We regret Bird, and his studies of real life, to which he rose from painting tea-boards in Birmingham. A few more pictures like Chevy Chase would have given him a more universal praise, but his humbler subjects were full of life and nature. He studied other painters, and his talent died before him. The lesson is not unimportant to those who, like him, excel in any original manner of their own. A more extensive observation of nature may, and will, extend their powers,—the study of art without it enfeebles and contracts them. Morland was a vulgar drunkard of great natural talent, and his works were much better than his life. Of others we have little to observe. Mere portraits, unless stamped with merit even greater than Hoppner's, are more valuable to history than to art; and Northcote is a tamer Opie, engrafted on an imitator of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The rest are of a faith not allied to many good works, but still respectable.*

We turn from these, but Lawrence deserves more consideration. He had genius, as well as mere talent, and it was of that precocious kind which, by making the possessor wonderful as a child, often ruins its own promise. He was, as we all know,

*We should, indeed, except *Conway*, the fantastic miniature painter, of whom, and his musical parties, Mr. Cunningham, had he known much, would probably have thought it right to tell us little. We remember that *set well*—and wonder how our author should have contrived to converse with no one capable of giving him a hint of the true state of the case which he decks out in the flourishes of sentiment and romance.

made a show of when only five or six years old, by his father, an innkeeper at Devizes, and then able to spout poetry or draw likenesses at the pleasure of the company who resorted to the house. Continual drawing gave him readiness, and at ten he was taking portraits at Oxford and Bath, in crayons, which he practised till he was seventeen. He must have learned facility, and much correctness of design and observation, from this constant employment in drawing from actual life; and he then began to paint in oil and study colour in the right school, for he nimbly successively at Rembrandt, Reynolds, and Titian. His own estimate of his powers was just, though self-confident, when he told his mother, in one of his juvenile letters, that, excepting Sir Joshua, he would risk his reputation for painting a head with any in London. In truth his hand obeyed his mind more correctly than theirs, and he had begun to learn the art in which of all English painters he and Reynolds alone have excelled—that of fixing in the memory the marked and characteristic but transient expression of the face, and then painting what he *knew*, correcting only by what he saw when the individual was before him as a *sitter*.

Encouraged by Reynolds with just commendation, he soon convinced the world of his talents by his well-known portrait of Lady Derby, then Miss Farren, and was employed by the Royal Family, and even proposed as an associate of the Academy by George III., and supported by Reynolds and West, though in contravention of their rules, when but twenty-one years of age. He had also the honour, for it was an honour, of incurring the enmity and being abused by the ribald pens of Wolcott and John Williams, to both of whom Mr. Cunningham pays the undeserved compliment of recording their forgotten slanders. He escaped from a much worse danger, when, induced by the criticism of the day, he attempted, *invita Minerva*, to strike out of the admirable and pleasing style which was now natural to him, into the gigantic grandeur of Milton, as expounded by Fuseli. He choose too, after long meditation, as it appears, precisely the subject most unfit for painting, and which he, above all those who ever attempted it, was perhaps the most unfit to paint. He liked poetry, admired Milton, was desirous of outshining Fuseli, whose fame was still rife in the Academy at least, and with much pains constructed an immense Satan. It met, if we are to believe Lawrence himself, the applause of the 'circle of taste,' but assuredly that circle, in his acceptance of it, must have been a very select body. The piece was even abused by Fuseli, who complained that Lawrence had stolen his devil from him. It certainly has much the appearance of one of Fuseli's nightmare monsters, and is as unlike as possible to any conception of the 'excess of glory obscured,' ascribed to the arch fiend by Milton.

Fuseli probably thought his own imagination quite equal to that of Milton, Homer, and Shakspeare united; so he only blamed

the evil and prosaic generation in which his lot was cast, and went on devising devils, deities, and ghosts, in evidence of his superiority to the time, and in spite of its obstinate insensibility. Lawrence had more tact, and, with his usual good sense, took the hint, and condescended to return to common humanity, a subject which he could not only represent, but embellish. His portraits of Kemble in different characters are fine and well-coloured pictures; but like all pictures of the class, they rather give the actor than the character assumed. In these, however, and in his works generally, there are excellencies and beauties which rank him in the English school as second only to Reynolds. His design, from an early period, was better than Sir Joshua's, and his colouring forcible and natural. It continued so, and acquired additional strength, variety, and facility, till he had the happy opportunity at Aix-la-Chapelle, Vienna, and Rome, of painting the warriors, statesmen, and sovereigns of Europe, and receiving the testimony due to his established talents, from all the foreign artists, as well as their employers. He also studied with a discerning judgment, and used, with sound good sense, the lessons held forth by the immortal works of the Italian masters. The fruits appear in his portrait of Pius VII., and still more in that of Gonsalvi. On these and his other portraits of men whose names must ever be prominent in English and European history, his future fame might securely rest. They are, with scarcely an exception, strong and well-drawn likenesses, characteristic, and exquisitely painted. Wellington, Castlereagh, Canning, Peel, Croker, Stowell, Eldon, Brougham, Scott, Southey, Davy, Moore, and others not unworthy of being named in the same sentence with them, will live to the eye of posterity on the canvass of Lawrence. No man ever struck out a first sketch designed in chalk, as the ground-work of the head to be portrayed, which conveyed an image at once so spirited and so true of all the leading characteristics of the subject. Some of these mere sketches are really precious works, and so are many of his unfinished paintings. In them is seen the strong and accurate transcript of his mind; indeed, in some cases, the expression is more clear and definite than that retained in his more perfect pictures. In many of these, the inferiority of the figure, whether left to the execution of his scholars, or carelessly and rapidly added by himself, detracts from the merit of the head; but independently of this, the accumulation of minute and careful touches, that give a countenance and complexion its last finish, sometimes leaves a degree of opacity, injurious to the original conception. Such cases there are; and yet there can be no doubt that the great distinguishing excellence—the one peculiar and unrivalled merit of Lawrence as a portrait-painter, consisted in the exquisite elaborateness of his drawing of the face. We once heard a distinguished living artist say candidly, 'Sir Thomas's drawing begins where the rest of us leave off.'

Lawrence was in his day the most successful painter of English female beauty, and consequently a great favourite with our women. We shall be accounted blind, perhaps, if we venture even a qualified dissent from their unanimous verdict, as Mr. Cunningham himself gives their portraits by his hand a preference over those of our less attractive sex. We own the flashing brilliancy of their dark eyes, and the inviting simper of their lips, but we still prefer the varied smiles, and above all, the clear and bright hue, where any is left, in the faces and bosoms of their lovely grandmothers, by Reynolds, to the white fairness of Lawrence's complexions. The arms and necks of their favourites are too chalky for our taste, and thanks to the suburnt complexions of our gentlemen, the defect is less conspicuous in the male portraits of Lawrence. The warm, sunshiny glow of Titian's Italian beauties, and the florid blowziness of Rubens' dames, were tempered by Reynolds to that exact tone, which is the boast of our English climate, when shown in its most becoming rays. The lights and shades of Lawrence are as true, perhaps, but not so judiciously selected. That he softened defects and flattered plain women, if such can be supposed to have sat to him, may be excused; but we deny that even his art ever produced beauty equal to that of some of his fair originals.

Other artists have confined their ambition to the lucrative practice of portrait-painting, from love of money, but Lawrence made himself dependent on that line of art, from the want of it. He received prices unknown to any earlier professor, but between carelessness, extravagance, and measureless benevolence, he was for ever in difficulties; and these occasioned in him, as they too often have done in others, some reprehensible subterfuges. Mr. Cunningham mentions the capricious humours of his wealthy and noble sitters, who grew tired of their portraits before they were half finished. He ought in fairness to have added, that Lawrence received on the first sitting, one-half of the large price due to him for a finished picture; that from such a temptation he rarely turned away, and continued to levy these contributions, when his undertakings exceeded all possibility of their accomplishment, so that many a fair or distinguished subject remained, after one or two days' attendance, for eighteen or twenty years, unable to procure another sitting, and certainly not the better for the lustrous which intervened. From many of these ill-used and neglected claimants, death relieved him. His rooms were full of unfinished portraits: we wish not to comment on the fact; the character and circumstances recorded in his biography sufficiently account for, but assuredly do not justify or excuse it. We remember, however, that when a friend pressed him for information as to the possibility of finishing a lady's picture at forty, which was begun at twenty years of age, he said with some humour, that 'nothing could be more easy; he had only to take off a ringlet, and add a wrinkle for each in-

tervening year, and the likeness continued as progressive as the life.' We did not hear whether she herself was satisfied, or encouraged him to complete his work, after this candid exposition of his resources.

Sir Thomas's conversation was often lively and entertaining, and always inoffensive, his manners smooth and courtly, but evidently assumed and professional. To complain, as some did, that they were artificial and insincere, would only evince that want of knowledge of the world, which Lawrence had acquired probably before he left Devizes. Who ever retained a really natural manner, during compulsory or unavoidable intercourse with five or six hundred strangers of all ages, ranks, and tempers, when popularity and even subsistence depended on pleasing? We own that Sir Thomas had not acquired the perfection of the art, that of concealing entirely its exertion. He was one of the most attentive of listeners, and one of the smoothest of talkers, but still it was rather like the polished obsequiousness of an inferior, than the natural and unconstrained even bearing of an equal.

In the letters of Lawrence we may certainly trace a degree of lurking vanity, which, though his good sense concealed it in the general intercourse of the world, still left him at heart somewhat of a coxcomb. He indited sundry bad sentimental verses, and made or talked of love to the two daughters of Mrs. Siddons, till the small gossips, who deal in such information, found out and declared that he *deserted* one of them for her sister; and that this infidelity cost the life of the damsel. It was scarcely worth while to record this little romance so solemnly; as Mr. Cunningham immediately avows his own disbelief of the story, and displays its absurdity, by reminding the reader that Lawrence still continued to enjoy the intimate friendship of Mrs. Siddons herself, and of John Kenble, her brother, the two persons, whether from character or connexion with the lady, of all others the least likely to forget such an injury and insult. It appears certain, in our author's own words, that the poor girl 'died of disease and a doctor;' and surely, under these circumstances, we needed no such apology for the painter, as that which Mr. Cunningham produces from the MS. of 'a lady with compassionate tenderness of heart, and a disposition more than merciful:'—

'His character was beautiful, and much to be loved; his manners were likely to mislead, without his intending it. He could not write a common answer to a dinner invitation, without its assuming the tone of a billet-doux; the very commonest conversation was held in that soft low whisper, and with that tone of deference and interest, which are so unusual, and so calculated to please. I am myself persuaded that he never intentionally gave pain. He was not a male coquette; he had no plan of conquest.'—vol. vi. p. 191.

Since the days when Lady Pentweazel and the charms of Blow-bladder-Street succumbed to the insidious allurements of Mrs. Carmine, no painter appears to have main-

tained such a reputation for gallantry as Sir Thomas. He painted the portrait of our late Queen Caroline, then Princess of Wales; was admitted as a visiter to Montague House, and involved in the well-known 'Delicate Investigation.' The commissioners of his majesty's council acquitted the lady, and consequently the artist; but Lawrence, conscious of his own consequence, thought it necessary to revive the public confidence, by voluntarily making oath before a magistrate, that his attentions to her Royal Highness were *entirely Platonic*.

Nor was this the only delicate affair which his biographer feels it a duty to dwell upon. A very pretty Mrs. Wolfe, the separated wife of a Danish consul, 'having no domestic duties to perform, and much leisure to bestow on others,' bestowed a good deal of it on Lawrence. She was 'young, beautiful, and had a soft low voice like Sir Thomas himself.' As our friend Falstaff says, 'Would you desire better sympathy?' 'He called Mrs. Wolfe his Aspasia, and exclaimed Pericles! Pericles! Pericles!' Mr. Cunningham, because the lady after a time retired to Wales, and from other private but unassigned reasons, believes also in the Platonic priority of this interesting flirtation. As the consul did not institute any investigation, and Sir Thomas made no affidavit on the subject, we are compelled to leave the question in obscurity, but it is important to the dame's honour, that a lady (unnamed, but 'who knew Lawrence well') has assured Mr. Allan Cunningham, that 'his love lay all in talking.'

Sir Thomas was, it seems, beset by as many temptations as ever befel St. Anthony; nay, even on the verge of threescore years, and after the decease of Mrs. Wolfe, 'he was still exposed to the designs of the fair.'

'A young lady of beauty and accomplishments confidently requested a matron, one of the earliest and latest friends of the painter, to inquire what he meant by his soft and persuasive speeches: in a word, if he desired to marry her or not. When this was mentioned to Lawrence, he made answer, "Why, yes, I admired her once for her beauty and cleverness, and thought of marriage; but I soon discovered that she would not suit me as a wife, and ceased to pay her any attention. She has often pained me by her remonstrances and inquiries since; if women will go such lengths, who will pity them?" A man of mature years can have no excuse for tampering, however lightly, with the affections of any woman. One of his female defenders says he gave no wilful pain—never trifled with feelings to please his own vanity; and that, amidst all his soft looks, speeches, and billets, his views rarely went beyond the indulgence of a sort of romantic civility, is more than probable; but he might have known that ladies, whether lovely or otherwise, are not apt to put figurative constructions on compliments and attentions.'—vol. vi. p. 256.

These tender tales are of course illustrated with a description, somewhat romantic, of the face and figure, which occasioned such wild ravage among the softer

sex; and we think all this alarming in a volume meant to form part of a Family Library. Must we not also tremble at the effect which such indiscreet disclosures may produce on future exhibitions, and the progress of the arts we love? The learned world, we know not why, have, like Mr. Cunningham, taken much pains to ascertain the nature and precise degree of passion with which great men have been inspired by their mistresses. Interesting, however, as such discussions appear to be, we do not observe in our fair countrywomen any ambition to become the topics of similar speculation, and even if they indulged such a wish for posthumous celebrity, it might be checked unpleasantly by the erroneous vigilance of husbands and fathers, ordained, as every dinner at the Crown and Anchor reminds us, 'with manly hearts to guard the fair.' How many lovely faces, on which enraptured artists are now allowed to gaze, may be withdrawn when the scrupulous papa shall have pondered on the life and loves of Sir Thomas Lawrence! What lovely bride, or blooming matron, will be allowed to transmit her smiles on canvass, or immortalize the favourite poodle, turban, and bird of paradise, if, in addition to the stipulated payment for the representative, the original itself, it is surmised, may be only too apt to become the prize of the fortunate Apelles, and her susceptible tenderness to be recorded in the pages of some future Allan Cunningham, with a minute disquisition on the result, and a balance-sheet of probabilities as to the return it met with?

The loves of Lawrence, it is to be observed, seem, unlike those of Raphael and Titian, to have had little influence on his pencil; at least few here recorded are immortalized in poetical or characteristic pictures. Considering this fact, and also the great undecided question raised by Mr. Cunningham, as to the nature of the love itself, on which we should take no evidence *post mortem* short of an affidavit, we doubt whether the historian of this great painter's life ought to have indulged the world with so many quite unprofessional disclosures. However, we trace in these abstracts only a very brief and modest compliance with the fashion of the time:—if Mr. Cunningham had thoroughly imbibed the spirit of some of our late books of reminiscences, nothing would have been so easy as to have given, in the lives of his artists, those of all the people of fashion in England who either sat for their portraits, or left their cards, or might have been expected to do so.

Whatever Lawrence may have been in the boudoirs of Mayfair, as a painter, and in his intercourse with men, he was guided by good sense and that knowledge of the world, which his early vocation acquired for him. He came to the Academy with a self-confidence that prevented him from adopting the style of others, or bowing to the criticism of the school. He was encouraged by Reynolds to study nature, and no one ever did so with a more unmeasured eye. He early acquired the first and great desi-

deratum, the power of catching and retaining the characteristic and transient expression, and could stamp it on the speaking countenance in durable lineaments. He could, and often did, add to this the natural and enforced action or attitude peculiar to the person whom he portrayed. At the same time, he could generalize or soften all that was displeasing, or counter to the main impression. He painted well, clearly, and with great knowledge of colour, though in this his eye was less discriminate than that of Reynolds, and his imagination and invention were both less fertile and less select in composition of attitudes and accessory details. There is more dignity and more poetic feeling, as well as more richness, glow and harmony, in the compositions of Reynolds than in those of Lawrence. Where the tone of Sir Joshua's colouring has been preserved, his pictures cannot be hung near the other's without making them look comparatively feeble and cold. They are both of them, however, far superior in strength and in facility to the artists who were their rivals or contemporaries, and the later works of Lawrence attested still a progressive improvement,—the happy effect of his more extended observation of the great fathers of the art and the masterpieces of Italy.

We have often reflected, during the perusal of these volumes, and of those which treat on similar subjects, on the advantages and disadvantages derived by artists from the contemplation of the Italian models. As on the similar question touching foreign travel, no general proposition can be affirmed: the whole depends on the previous acquirements of the individual. Had Titian and Correggio been sent early to study under Michael Angelo, the result would, in all probability, have been that the world would have never seen the *Notte*, the *St. Jerome*, or the *Martyrdom of Peter*. Reynolds and Lawrence carried their own skill already attained to Rome, and enriched their minds with the treasures they had learned both to value and apply. The less proficient students, like our raw boys from the university,

'Travel Europe o'er,
Lose their own language, and acquire no more.'

We will not cite living names, but we may safely say that those artists amongst us have been uniformly the most successful, who have formed their own style for themselves, and drawn it directly from the nature around them. We have a school of landscape already as superior to the rival efforts of foreign academicians, as their glowing climate is superior to our clouds and showers; but while our painters are sketching and tinting in the fields, theirs are meditating on Claude and Gaspar in their galleries. Had Claude himself pursued their plan, his success would have been like theirs, but though his composition is artificial, its parts were all studied from actual scenery, and his matchless lights and skies, the evening and morning shadows, the rich or pearly atmosphere he loved, were transcripts of those daily viewed

from his Pincian Villa, and such as still illuminate the magnificent view which it commanded over the domes and towers of Rome. To us the lights and colouring of Italy appear ideal, but in fact the gleams of Calcott, Collins, or Copley Fielding are not more true to nature than the lights of Claude and Gaspar. Has the successful portrayer of English life, in its more rustic forms, been neglected or unrewarded; or have the skill and style thus attained by the careful observation of nature been found incompatible with the display of higher talent, and a more extended range of art, when those, who had already enriched us with original and native excellence in a humbler shape, acquired new objects of emulation by judicious travel, or tried execution on a larger scale?

To conclude—originality, even in a small way, is better than the cleverest imitation. We prefer a simple ballad to the most *crack* prize poem; and we cannot help preferring Gainsborough even to Wilson, and Hogarth to a thousand Barrys and Fuselis, except, indeed, when he meant to be sublime in his turn. Such a genius as another Reynolds might indeed revive or create a taste for the higher branches of the art, but while London is the scene, and its verdict the reward of his professional labours, we warn him against Cockney sublimity, and trust that he will not, without great caution, study grace in Drury Lane, or rural simplicity at Highgate. There is more reason for this caution, than many will be induced to believe. Amongst the numerous able men whose lives are here recorded, and the still more numerous candidates for fame, who direct their ambition to this branch of the fine arts, few indeed have been of such rank and education as might at once ensure their reception into the really enlightened society of the metropolis. It is true, that in our mighty Babylon exists the greater part of that society from which alone the student of real genius can hope for just appreciation; but to be found, it must be courted, and to be enjoyed, it must be deserved. If early habits have disqualified the aspirant for such success, and early flattery has given him an overweening opinion of his own professional powers, he will at best become the wonder of some amateur coterie, perhaps the oracle of a subordinate circle. We know of no place where men of true talent and sense are so sure to be distinguished, and none where secondary skill and acquirements are so apt to be misled into vulgar pretensions and disgusting affectation. The paltry 'poetry' now published, bears the stamp of these in every lineament, and painting, as Mr. Cunningham observes, is a kindred art. Sense and talent exist in every rank, and are in all alike, but the world is not made up of them. The artist that would study unfettered and undisguised nature will perhaps find her most frequently in those who, from rank or understanding, are above mere fashion, or, from obscurity and situation, are independent of it. All between are infected; and the conventional *minauderie* which Mr. Cunningham seems

somewhat inclined to charge on the courtly and titled subjects of Reynolds' and Lawrence's portraits is not a whit more fictitious than the far less agreeable airs of their inferiors, which pass with the uninitiated for natural simplicity. We suspect that Reynolds himself discovered more real and unaffected grace in the lovely daughters of our highest aristocracy, than in those to whom elegance was an object of *fashion*, and for the same reason that West observed it in the Indian savage of North America. Mr. Rush repeatedly bears witness, in the Narrative of his Residence in England, to the simplicity of manners which characterizes the highest and most select circle of our society, 'the result,' as he justly observes, 'of the greatest refinement.' From the stress laid on this observation the fact evidently surprised the amiable republican; and we are sure it is a fact which would never be suspected by those who draw their notions of society in this metropolis from such meretricious trash as the 'novels'—already, it seems, *standard novels*—of fashionable life.

From the Athenæum.

TOUR OF THE AMERICAN LAKES.

'*Tour of the American Lakes, and among the Indians of the North-West Territory, in 1830, &c., by C. Colton. 2 vols.*—We are a little weary of books on America; but a '*Tour on the Lakes, and among the Indians*,' had something of promise in it—the route seemed to lie out of the beaten track; and we turned over the leaves of the work before us with renewed curiosity; but surely never book more truly "held the word of promise to the ear and broke it to our hope." The writer, it appears, proceeded no further than a steam-boat carried him; he saw little more of the Indians than must be seen by all back-wood travellers; and he seemingly knows less than most persons, for what he has to say might, with only decent condensation, have been compressed into twenty or thirty pages. Three-fourths, indeed, of the first, and the whole of the second volume, is most wearisome manufacture. We have, for example, a chapter entitled, '*A Geographical Description of the Lakes*,' written, we are honestly told, "from recollection and a glance view of the map," as if no one but the writer knew the geographical position of the lakes, or could find a map at which he might take "a glance view." Another chapter is written to prove that the Indians are descended from the ten tribes of Israel—a speculation which has not even originality to excuse its absurdity. We are also favoured with a History of Detroit, and an account of the Burning of Deersfield, which "it is understood, happened in the *early history* of what was then called the British Colonies." We have a whole chapter containing 'Specimens of Indian speeches of *former times*,' which have been printed in a hundred different works. Specimens, too, are scattered about of the eloquence of modern times, which the author, it appears, 'took down with his own hand,' but

unfortunately his manuscripts "were left behind" in America, and, therefore, "to supply the defect, he has taken the liberty of constructing" the speeches here given; but we are assured that he "ought to be qualified" to do this well, for an Indian chief once said to him, "You talk our talk better than we can talk it for ourselves;" which, being of opinion that most of the eloquent speeches attributed to the Indians have been "constructed" by gentlemen who had left their manuscripts behind; and that their "talk" is generally most prolix and wearisome, we sincerely believe: indeed, we doubt whether the most eloquent among them could have "spun a yarn" equal to an octavo and a half, all about nothing; or, if the writer pleases, "the policy of the American government" and the *North American Review*.

From the same.

ALMANACH AUF DAS JAHR 1834.

This little volume, published at Carlsruhe, has been sent to us by Mr. Schloss. If it be not the most splendid, it is assuredly the most curious of all the Annuals. It contains portraits of General Jackson, the King of Prussia, and the young King of Greece, with sixteen illustrative engravings, and a due proportion of letter-press: it is neatly bound with gilt leaves, is enclosed in a pretty case, and is, after all, but little larger than a lady's thumb-nail! As it is small beyond all known bibliographical proportions, and therefore beyond our power to describe, we shall give an outline of its exact size.



From the same.

COLERIDGE.—There are poets whose fame has arisen as much from a sense entertained of their genius as from the charms of their productions. To this class belongs Samuel Taylor Coleridge. His poems are various and unequal: sometimes vigorous and soaring; often tender and moral; frequently gentle, insinuating and persuasive, and studded all over with fine thoughts, expressed in a brief clear way. There are passages, too, of great boldness, and gushings out of a singular and whimsical fancy. On his incomparable 'Genevieve' he has lavished all the melting graces of poetry and chivalry; in his 'Ancient Mariner' he has sailed, and in his 'Christabel' flown, to the very limits of invention and belief, and in his chaunt of 'Fire, Famine and Slaughter,' he has revived the vehement strains of the sibyls, or rather furies, and given us a song worthy of the prime agents of perdition. These poems are of first-rate excellence, each after its kind; it is true that 'Christa-

bel' is a fragment, and so peculiarly wild in conception, that it startles even poetic-minded critics; but it overflows with poetry; there are indications in it of a higher reach than the author has elsewhere ventured upon, and a vein of superstition runs through the whole, bestowing a wild supernatural grandeur upon it, which is in harmony with popular belief. The poet seems either to have exhausted his invention, or else felt conscious that he had flown too high in the regions of fancy for ordinary minds to follow him, for he stops in his aerial tour, closes the page, and refuses to make any further revelation. He seems to have had in his mind the romance of Merlin, a monkish fiction, and a fine one, but difficult to deal with in these matter-of-fact days. The 'Ancient Mariner' arises out of feelings common to our nature, and contains a lesson, and a wondrous one, on our kindness to the dumb but living creation around us. The Mariner wantonly shoots an albatross, reckoned a bird of good omen with sailors, and is punished, with all his crew, for his cruelty. The singular way in which this is told, and the superhuman adventures of the seamen and their ship, render this ballad both daring and original.

His translation of 'Wallenstein,' I have heard commended, by good judges, as superior to the drama whose language it professes to speak; and his 'Remorse,' though a play for the closet rather than the stage, has passages full of passion and fire. In prose his powers are not at all equal; he is occasionally, indeed, graphic and lively, as when he gives an account of his voyage; often dramatic, as in the description of his success as a preacher of lay sermons; but he is too frequently obscure and mystical.

He was born in the year 1773; was educated at Christ's Hospital, where he reached the rank of Grecian, and distinguished himself by his eloquence; he soon made himself known as a poet; married one of the sisters of Mrs. Southey; wrote political articles in a newspaper; delivered lectures on poetry; and published his collected works, in two beautiful volumes. He now resides near London, sees company on the Friday evenings, and sends away all strangers charmed with the eloquence of his conversation. He has written nothing of late; as his fame will be settled by his best poems, he is as sure of future reputation as any poet of this age.

LEYDEN.—The 'Scenes of Infancy,' the 'Mermaid, and the Court of Keeldar,' will long attest the genius of which we were too early bereaved in the death of John Leyden. He was born of humble parents, near Ancram, in the year 1775; distinguished himself at school, not only by the facility with which he learned every task, but by a sort of impetuous enthusiasm which soon sought vent in song, and procured him the notice and friendship of Scott, then his near neighbour. He contributed the two fine ballads to which I have alluded, to the *Minstrelsy of the Border*; for fancy, fluency, and beauty, they may be compared with the best of Scott's, though inferior in truth of man-

ners, and in true old ballad fire. The 'Scenes of Infancy' have many picturesque passages, and record the traditions, and delineate the landscapes of pleasant Teviotdale, with equal feeling and truth; original nerve is wanting where it cannot well be dispensed with, and the work may be accused of lulling us with sweet sounds, more than elevating us with bright brief bursts of natural emotion. The miseries to which a poet, who had to trust solely for support to song, was likely to be reduced, were present to the mind of Lord Minto, when, without solicitation, he offered Leyden a situation in the East Indies; this was accepted with rapture—for the poet could do nothing in a common way—and, parting with Scott, not without tears, he sailed for his new land of promise. Sir John Malcolm has related with what assiduity Leyden set about the acquisition of the native languages, and the extraordinary ardour with which he discharged his duties. His fine genius promised to open to us the literary treasures of Persia and Hindostan, and much was looked for by all who knew him, when, in 1811, he had to unite himself to the expedition despatched against Batavia, and fell a victim to fatigue and the wear and tear of an over-ardent mind, and a severe climate. I never heard Scott name Leyden but with an expression of regard and a moistening eye.

LAMB.—Critics are said to have checked some poetic spirits, and if this be true of any, it is of Charles Lamb, who was handled so rudely by the critics of the *Edinburgh Review*, that he forsook the Muses, and, directing his mind to prose, acquired a reputation, under the name of ELIA, not destined soon to die or be forgotten. There is, nevertheless, much quaint feeling in his verses; he has used the style of the good old days of Elizabeth in giving form and utterance to his own emotions; and, though often unelevated and prosaic, every line is informed with thought, or with some vagrant impulse of fancy. He was born in 1755, and educated in the school of Christ's Hospital, where he was the companion of Coleridge, and distinguished for a quick apprehension and a facility in acquiring knowledge. In his earlier days he became acquainted with Southey and Wordsworth, which induced some critic, more ingenious than discerning, to number him as a follower of what is erroneously called the Lake School. The tone and impulse of the Lakers are all of our own times; the hue and impress of Lamb's verse is of another age: they are of the country, he is of the town; they treat of the affections of unsophisticated life; he gives portraits of men whose manners have undergone a city-change; records sentiments which are the true offspring of the mart and the custom-house, and attunes his measure to the harmony of other matters than musical breezes and melodious brooks. His prose essays, and sketches of men and manners, are in a bolder and happier spirit; there is a quaint vigour of language, a fanciful acuteness of observation, and such true humanities and noble sensibilities sparkling everywhere, as

rank him among the most original critics of the age. Nor is he otherwise in company than he is on paper—his wit is unwearied, and his gentleness of heart ever uppermost, save when he chooses to be sarcastic, and then he soothes whomever he offends, by some happy and unhopd for compliment.

CAMPBELL.—The nerve and impulse of the new school, and the polish and elegance of the old, unite in Thomas Campbell. He is of the west of Scotland, the son of a second marriage, and was born at Glasgow in 1777, when his father was seventy years of age. He went to school early, and wrote verses almost as soon as he mastered the use of his pen; at college he carried away all the prizes he contended for, much to the delight of his mother, who had become a widow, and rejoiced in the success of her only son. Having distinguished himself as a Greek scholar, where Greek is said not to abound, he obtained the situation of tutor in a family in Argyleshire. We soon afterwards find him in Edinburgh, where he was countenanced by Dr. Anderson, and had acquired celebrity as a poet through the 'Dirge of Wallace,' and other shorter pieces, handed about in manuscript. He was not more than twenty, I believe, when he published 'The Pleasures of Hope'—a poem which he shakes his head at now, but which, nevertheless, exhibits high imagination, deep sensibility, a clear eye for the picturesque, and a burning thirst for freedom, with a noble scorn for all that is sordid and slavish. His next effort was 'Lochiel and the Wizard,' with 'O'Connor's Child,' the first is heroic and high-souled, the latter tender and affecting. There is a grand flow in the versification of the first; a hurrying march of words, and such an infusion of northern sentiment and manners as made it welcome through all the heathy dominions of the Gael. The 'Gertrude of Wyoming' is the poet's own favourite, and he is certainly right in his affection: there is a quiet grace, a melancholy beauty—a sort of Niobe-like suffering and sad repose about it, which open every heart, and moisten every eye. If it wants the fervour of 'Lochiel,' and even of some places of 'The Pleasures of Hope,' it abounds more with what is lastingly impressive—images of domestic gladness and scenes of retired love. His 'Theodoric,' published in 1824, shares largely in the same beauties, though less happy and natural in its delineations.

His martial lyrics have much passionate energy, united to regularity and classic elegance: a concise vigour, a glowing rapidity of words, and such liquid harmony of versification, as make them more than a match for all kindred compositions, save the 'Bruce's Address' of Burns, and the 'Donuil Dhu' of Scott. They have, likewise, a tenderness which softens the rigours of war, and calls upon us, amid the earthquake voice of victory, to sympathize with the fortunes of the vanquished or the fallen: I allude to the concluding verses of 'Hohenlinden' and 'The Battle of the Baltic,' all who read this will be at no loss to remember similar passages, connecting the sternest

scenes with the gentler sympathies of life. He has not limited his studies to poetry; some ten years or more ago he published *Specimens of the British Poets*, accompanied with dissertations on their merits; the selections were, in general, judicious, and such as showed the peculiar talents of the writers; and the criticisms were distinguished for taste, liberality, and acuteness. He undertook a *Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence*, and dropped it after writing a score of pages; he now promises a memoir of Mrs. Siddons. He has almost given up his allegiance to the muse; but now and then verses worthy of his palmier days drop from his pen. Poland has monopolized his affections of late, and he lives in the hope of seeing a crown on her head, and Nicholas driven back to his deserts.

Campbell is of middle stature, well made, with a quick eye and a quick temper. He has been accused of absence of mind, but never of unkindness of heart. He was made Lord Rector of Glasgow by the free impulse of the youth of the West;—it was a deep snow when he reached the College Green, the students were drawn up in parties, pelting one another; the poet ran into the ranks, threw several snow-balls with unerring aim; then, summoning the scholars around him in the hall, delivered a speech replete with philosophy and eloquence—it is needless to say how this was welcomed.

MOORE.—With all her eloquence, feeling, and fancy, Ireland contributes little—at least, less than she ought—to the imaginative literature of the empire; for what she pleases to send we are thankful—the quality is good. She has, at present, one representative at the court of Parnassus—I mean Thomas Moore. Of his personal history I know but little, of his works much. He was born in Dublin, in May 1780; and having, both by wit in conversation, and genius in verse, made himself known early, was admitted at once to the society of the courtly and the noble. The first thing I heard of him was, that he was the companion of our young nobles and the guest of the Prince of Wales; the second was, that he was the author of *Tom Little's Poems*—in which, amid much wit and fancy, there is a colouring of licentiousness. For this he was so sternly rebuked by the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, that a hostile meeting was the consequence; with the upshot I have no further knowledge, than that the poet and critic both survived, and became intimate friends. His next work was more worthy of his talents—this was the *Songs of Ireland*: they appeared in successive numbers, and their object was, to give to the finest of the Irish airs words of corresponding sentiment, and of a national character. In this he has not always succeeded: there is a liquid ease, a dance of words, and a lyrical grace and brevity, in them all; but there is, likewise, an epigrammatic point and smartness, a courtly and a knowing air, so to speak, alien to the simplicity of the music and to the nature of song. It is true they give us much of the sparkle and the gayety,

and the complimentary mood of polite company, and have no rustic Corydons or milk-maid Phillises, or sentiments which savour of the sheep-fold and smell of tar. In one word, there is not a little affectation in them, put-on graces, and artificial raptures. These faults are nearly balanced by beauties: there are innumerable bursts of true feeling; sallies of lofty indignation against the enemies of his country, deep sympathy with her woes, fine glancings back to days of traditional splendour, and a bright hope for the future—in which, I trust, he is a true prophet. In true love, too, he has written much that is gentle and persuasive; he has pictured tenderly the soft intercourse of pure and innocent hearts, and given affection a tongue eloquent and pathetic.

His '*Lalla Rookh*' is an Eastern story: 'a succession of songs of varied beauty, united by prosaic bonds,' in the words of a critic in the tale, who, speaking with the decision of Jeffrey, pronounces judgment on the strains as the youthful minstrel utters them, and is neither complimentary nor sparing. The shining deeds, the sparkling diamonds, the lustrous rubies, the odorous gums, and the sweet-smelling flowers, with which the whole work is bestrewn, call up the sneering mirth and the withering denunciations of this self-elected judge; and it must be confessed, that he who mimics Jeffrey stumbles sometimes upon such sharp and sagacious things as belong to the strictures of his prototype. His remorse and contrition, when he discovers, to his mortification, that he has been criticising a true prince instead of a peasant minstrel, was suggested, it is supposed, by the change which came over the mood of the *Edinburgh Review* when it discovered that Byron was a Whig. The poem has been circulated over the world, and Moore's name is known in the uttermost ends of the earth. His satiric poems are keen and cutting—a sort of poetic nitric acid. When the Prince of Wales became Regent, he new-modelled his household, and turned a cold shoulder on many of his early companions: Moore was a sufferer, it is said, and resented it in a series of crucifying poems, which are not only popular now, but promise to continue so. In person the poet is small, dresses smartly, has a lively and bustling air, and is kind and obliging.

WILSON.—The west of Scotland, as I have shown, produced Burns, Grahame, and Campbell; I have now to add a fourth—John Wilson. He is a native of Paisley, and was born in May 1789. The affluent circumstances of his father enabled him to have the benefit of a classic education; he obtained the rudiments of his learning in Glasgow, and went from thence to Oxford, where he obtained prizes in his college: one of them was an essay, in verse, '*On the Merits of Ancient Sculpture*'—there is a flow of words and the dawning of pure taste. He courted public attention, first, in his poem of '*The Isle of Palms*': it exhibits scenes of enchanting beauty, a prodigality of loveliness united to uncommon sweetness and tranquil grace. '*The City of the*

'Plagues' succeeded: a noble and deeply pathetic poem—a picture of London, suffering under the calamity which laid her streets and squares desolate. It possesses great dramatic interest, and displays picture after picture of private suffering and public misery: the darkness is relieved by such flashes of light as few bards have at command; in the abodes of despair there are rays of hope let in—on the brink of the grave flowers of beauty are scattered; nor do we tread the floor of the charnel-house but in joy mingled with fear. His most dolorous scenes are redeemed back to our sympathy by inimitable touches of nature; and we rise from the spell of perusal sobered and elevated.

His poetical powers are very varied: that is, he can handle any subject in its own peculiar spirit. His 'Edith and Nora' is one of those fairy-fictions of which he once promised a volume; there is a wondrous beauty shed over the landscape on which he brings out his spiritual folk to sport and play, and do good deeds to men: nor has he wasted all his sweetness on the not insensible earth; he has endowed his fairies with charms from a hundred traditions, assigned them poetic and moral tasks, and poured inspiration into their speech. Another fine poem of his is 'An Address to a Wild Deer;' for bounding elasticity of language, hurrying thoughts, and crowding imagery, it is without a parallel. Indeed, throughout all his smaller poems there is a deep feeling for nature; an intimate knowledge of the workings of the heart, and a liquid fluency of language almost lyrical. He is distinguished, in all his compositions, for splendour of imagination, for loftiness of thought, for sympathy with all that is grand or honourable in man, for transitions surprising and unexpected, but never forced, and for situations such as appear to an eye which sees through all nature. He may be accused sometimes of an overflow of enthusiasm about his subject; nor has he escaped from the charge of sometimes overflowing sentiments with words. In person he is the noblest looking of all our poets; in company he is free, companionable, and eloquent; never hesitates to do a good deed to a deserving person, or give the young and the meritorious a lift on the road to fame. He is a foe to all affectation, either in dress or verse, and mauls the fop of the toilet and the fop in poetry with equal wit and mercilessness.

SHELLEY.—Percy Bysshe Shelley, one of the most inspired and unfortunate of modern poets, claimed descent from a family of old standing in England: he was born in the year 1792; acquired all knowledge on which he set his heart with great readiness, and would have finished his education in Oxford, had he not been obliged to retire from college, because of the freedom of his religious speculations. He had before this given proofs of regard for the muse, and was become known for the ardour of his verse, as well as for its mysticism. On quitting college, he married a young woman, of whose beauty he was enamoured: his love

was unfortunate: she died early, not without suspicion of having suffered from a broken heart; and whatever sorrow Shelley felt at her death, was not lessened by the rigour of the law, which deprived him of the society of his children, because he believed not all that the church believed. This aided in filling his mind with gloom and resentment. He carried his feeling into his poetry, and in 'The Revolt of Islam,' and 'Prometheus Unbound,' stories which some resolve not to understand, assailed all old and established things, whether of faith or government, and called loudly for reformation and change. His admirers, in these mystic strains, perceived a high and godlike philosophy; others saw a design to overturn church and state: nor were men wanting who called the poet mad, and his verses nonsense; but the bulk of mankind agreed that the poems were rapt, fiery, and energetic. As a poet, however, he is in nearly all things too shadowy and mystical: his 'Prometheus Unbound,' for instance, is a magnificent riddle. His 'Cenci,' however, comes from nature; and some of his smaller poems have a concise beauty, and an antique grace about them, such as have seldom appeared since the time of Milton. He perished in a storm on the coast of Italy, and his body was burned, and the ashes placed in an urn. He was an accomplished gentleman—had great grandeur of imagination—a fine sensibility: was not without humour, and abounded in pathos, such as sinks at once to the heart.

KEATS.—Of John Keats no memoir has been written—which is mentioned to the reproach of good friends and gifted ones, who survive him. He was a native of London, and was born in 1796: he received a good education, and when young, chose the profession of a surgeon, which induced critics to reproach him with walking the hospitals. He gave early indications of courting the muse, and when under twenty, published a singular poem called 'Endymion,' which his admirers describe as filled with noble fancies, and dreamy and delightful. His 'Hyperion' and other works are less mystical; but they have all more or less of the obscure and the dark, save a remarkable fine fragment, called 'The Eve of St. Agnes,' founded on an inland tradition, which says, he that dares to stand at the church-yard gate on that eve, will see all the individuals who are in the following year to die, come trooping to the burial ground, in the order in which they will be buried. The Editor of the *Quarterly Review* happened to be looking out for a victim, when the works of Keats appeared: the stern son of Crispin forgot the arts which caused himself to rise, and, what was worse, overlooked the manifold beauties of the poems—he saw nothing but folly and fine words. To such a review, there was no other mode of reply but a horsewhip or a brace of pistols; and Keats had courage fit for anything: but long before the review appeared, a consumption had begun to sap the functions of life, and the young poet had, in the homely but expressive phrase, "taken

death to him." A warmer climate was recommended, and he went to Italy; but the sunshine and balmy air of that land, which continues health to the slavish and the undeserving, wrought no change in Keats: he drooped and died, and was buried in the stranger's ground, as consecrated earth must not be polluted with the dust of a heretic.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES has been long and favourably known by his sonnets and short poems: they possess a quiet beauty, an easy elegance, and a truth of sentiment, which keep hold of the heart. He was one of the chief combatants in the late Pope controversy, in which all who engaged had the singular merit of being wrong: poetry is found in art as well as in nature, by those who have any wish to find it.

WILLIAM SOTHEY made us his debtors, by giving an English dress to 'The Oberon' of Wieland: a poem which caught the fancy and employed the pencil of Flaxman. He has lately helped us to a portion of Homer, which seems more accurate than Pope, and less graphic than Cowper: he has merit too as an original writer.

WILLIAM CARY is best known to the world through his incomparable translation of Dante: some of his versions of the French minor poets might be a model to all who desire to translate a poet in the spirit of his times—they are easy, fluent, and simple. He is one of the first scholars, and worthiest men of the age, and for a small salary, which even Hume would desire to enlarge, takes a subordinate charge of books in the British Museum.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, the deep-mouthed Bæotian of the satire of Byron, is known to the lovers of song, by his 'Gebir Count Julian': a work less read than it deserves, for it contains passages of peculiar force and no ordinary beauty.

HENRY HART MILMAN's genius inclines to the dramatic; yet, in his regular poems, amid much elaborate splendour, there are scenes of natural emotion, touching pathos and manly sentiment. His 'Samor, Lord of the Bright City,' is a British tale of a day too remote for modern sympathy; and the story of 'Belshazzar,' is familiar to all who know the Scriptures, and excites little hope in the reader—for what dare a poet do more than inspired men have already done?

WILLIAM TENNANT, in his very original poem of 'Anster Fair,' gave Frere and Byron more than a hint for 'Whistlecraft' and 'Beppo': nor is it unjust to say, that the imitators have not at all equalled the life, the naivete, the ludicrous dashed with the solemn, and the witty with both, which characterize the poet of Dollor.

LEIGH HUNT has scarcely obtained such fame as his talents deserve. His 'Rimini,' though not without affectation, has high merit, both in conception of character, and conduct of story; there is a singular ease and richness of expression, a quick sensibility, and a ready feeling for beauty, both of nature and life; he drops in, now and then, as if by accident, a homely but expressive phrase, which awakens many fine associa-

tions. His prose is gossiping, graceful, and searching, and charms many readers.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTOR, better known as BARRY CORNWALL, has taken a strong hold of the public heart by his fine dramatic scenes, and, latterly by his very varied and exquisite lyrics. In the former he revived the grace and natural emotion of the older dramatists: the 'Lysander and Ione' has wonderful sweetness of sentiment and fancy. His prose is simple in its construction, and has much of knowledge and nature.

THOMAS HOOD is, perhaps, better known to the world as a dextrous punster than as a true poet; in his 'Little Odes to Great Folks,' he dallied with words till he made them wanton, and, by force of a peculiar fancy, compelled the language to bear the burthen of meanings alien to its nature. Yet no one could read these sprightly and laughable things without perceiving the spirit of a true poet; his 'Dream of Eugene Aram,' places him high among the bards who deal in dark and fearful things, and intimate rather than express deeds which men shudder to hear named. Some other of his poems have much tenderness, and a sense of nature animate and inanimate; but he has left the company of the serious Muse for the society of her with the light foot and the merry eye—and the world has smiled on his choice.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.—When Aaron's rod sprang out and budded, those who saw it could not marvel more at the dry timber producing leaf and bloom, than we did when Motherwell, an acute and fastidious antiquarian, appeared as a poet, original and vigorous. His lyrics are forceful and flowing, with more of the strength of Burns than of his simplicity and passion.

ALEXANDER ALARIC WATTS is distinguished among poets for sweetness of versification, tenderness of sentiment with occasional bursts of true emotion. He has taste in art as well as in literature. He has wit too, and humour, and bitterness; and lately exercised them at the expense of sundry of his brethren.

THOMAS PRINGLE is a poet and philanthropist; in poetry he has shown a feeling for the romantic and the lovely, and in philanthropy he has laboured to introduce liberty, knowledge, and religion, in the room of slavery and ignorance.

WILLIAM KENNEDY, the author of 'Fitful Fancies,' and 'The Arrow and the Rose,' has fancy and feeling, nor is he without sudden bursts of manly vigour; but he is unequal in execution, and occasionally overstrained in language.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY is a poet at once devout and satirical. He has been sternly censured and highly praised; his chief fault lies in choosing topics too holy and heavy for human handling, and his chief merit is fluency of language and moral fervour of thought.

ALFRED TENNYSON has a happy fancy; his originality of thought is sometimes deformed by oddity of language; and his subject has not unfrequently to bear the weight of sentiments which spring not naturally

from it. He has lyrical ease and vigour, and is looked upon by sundry critics as the chief living hope of the Muse.

Ebenezer Elliot has sung of that public grievance, the Corn Laws, with the bitter energy of a man famishing on the high-ways. He heaps up images of scorn and loathing till he approaches the sublime. There is much truth amidst his satire, and many moving passages mingled with his invectives. But when the price of corn falls, the fame of the poet will fall in proportion, for such is the penalty paid for pouring out fancy and feeling and sarcasm on fleeting matters. He has, however, other chances of reputation; some of his pictures of domestic life are graphic and forceful; he has inherited not a little of the power of Crabbe—and, like Crabbe too, he sees the dark side of all things, and comes to the peasantry of his country, like the priest in Burns, with tidings not of hope, but damnation.

George Darley is a true poet and excellent mathematician; there is much compact and graceful poetry in his 'May Queen;' and, in 'The Olympian Revels,' a dramatic freedom and fervour too seldom seen in song.

There are other bards of these our latter times, who have sung well and found listeners, and who deserve a place even in a brief account like this: Croly, and Clare, and Moir, and Malcolm, ought not to be forgotten, when the labours of the Muse are mentioned; and others, also; but I have already said too much about the sons of song; besides, a weariness of soul has come upon me, for I have not been insensible of a gradual descent from the commanding heights of genius on which I took up my subject. I must not, however, close accounts with poetry without introducing some of those female spirits who sing with energy as well as grace, and hang the garlands of their fancy on the highest altars of the Muse.

JOANNA BAILLIE,—"Sister Joanna," as Walter Scott loved to call her, is a poetess of a high order; she is at once vigorous and gentle, sarcastic and moving, homely and heroic. Her genius is of the dramatic kind, and her "Plays on the Passions," display such variety of powers as have obtained her the name of the Female Shakspeare. Her regular poems abound in noble sentiments, and her songs have all the life, humour, and simplicity of the early Scottish lyrics. In conversation she is shrewd, lively, and agreeable, and her looks are full of genius. I have never seen either a bust or a portrait of her, and this is more to be lamented, since she stands not only at the head of female writers, but takes precedence of many of the "lords of the creation," both in quickness of imagination and massive grandeur of thought.

FELICIA HEMANS is the authoress of many a plaintive and mournful strain. She has shown high sentiment and heroic feelings occasionally, but her affections are with the gentle, the meek, and the wounded in spirit. It ought to be remembered, that in the

strife of song she vanquished all the male professors who entered the lists. Some one who desired to do a good deed to the Muse, offered fifty pounds for the best poem on the memorable conference which ensued between Wallace and Bruce, after the fatal fight of Falkirk. There were many competitors; the muse with the waywardness of her sex, refused her effectual aid to any save Felicia, and enabled her to carry away the money and the fame. Her genius is of the domestic kind, and her best songs are rightly named of the "Affections."

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON is, next to "Sister Joanna," the most successful poetess of our day. She is the L. E. L. of many a pretty poem: nor has she sung only a tender ditty or two, and then shut her lips to listen to the applause they brought; she has written much; sometimes loftily, sometimes touchingly, and always fluently and gracefully. She excels in short and neat things; yet she has poured out her fancy and her feelings through the evolutions of a continuous narrative and intricate story. The flow of her language is remarkable; her fancy is ever ready and never extravagant. Her chief works are 'The Improvisatrice,' and 'The Venetian Bracelet;' nor has she hesitated to try her hand in prose also, and in a long story: 'Romance and Reality' displays ready wit, much sprightliness, and an extensive acquaintance with the world. She is young; pleasing; too, in company, and lively without effort.

MARY HOWITT has shown herself mistress of every string of the minstrel lyre, save that which sounds of broil and bloodshed. There is more of the old ballad simplicity in her compositions than can be found in the strains of any living poet besides; her language is vigorous, but not swelling; and always subordinate to the sentiments, whether of tenderness or of love.

From the same.

SONG.

BY FELICIA HEMANS.

Look on me with thy cloudless eyes,
Truth in their dark transparency lies;
Their sweetness gives me back the years
And the free trust of early years.

My gentle child!

The spirit of my infant prayer,
Shines in the depths of quiet there;
And Home, and Love, once more are mine,
Found in that dewy calm divine.

My gentle child!

Oh! Heaven is with thee in thy dreams,
Its light by day around thee gleams;
Thy smile hath gifts from vernal skies—
Look on me with thy cloudless eyes!

My gentle child!

From the Spectator.

CHEAP AND DEAR COUNTRY.—ENGLAND AND INDIA.

WE believe there is no such thing as absolute cheapness in the world—no spot upon

the face of the habitable globe where a gentleman with limited means can live and lay by. Travellers and penny-a-liners very often, indeed, publish accounts of places where the prices are astonishingly low; but the luckless economist, who acts upon their suggestions, shortly discovers something in the social or geographical state of the most favoured spot, which makes the "odds all even." If wages are low, servants are idle, incapable, stand upon etiquette; you require, according to the heat of the climate and the training of the people, from three to twenty hangers on, to do the work of an accomplished "man," or of a maid of all work. If provisions are plentiful, skill is wanted to render them eatable,—the cookery turns your stomach; or the public opinion of a limited society—a very *clique*, though it may call itself a state—dooms you to solitude, unless you submit to squander your small substance upon unnecessary pomp and circumstance. "The poor inhabitant beholds in vain" the richest raw materials springing spontaneously around him. Spanish mahogany may grow at his door; but talent is wanted to turn it to account. It must twice cross the Atlantic and be charged with two freights, with a frightful succession of profits, and an unconscionable expense for packages, before the original claimant can call himself master of a dinner-table. The cotton-plant may be indigenous; but it must go to Manchester and back, before even the grower can encase his neck in a cravat. Australasian fleeces, rivalling those of Spain and Saxony, may whiten the primeval plains; but unless the dwellers in the land dress *a la Crusoe*, they must pay very dear for their broad cloth. Luxuries, as if to spite the economist, change their nature. In England, pine-apples sell for 10s. 6d. and upwards; in Jamaica, they may be had for the gathering; but the inhabitants pine for apples and pears, which are selling here for two a penny. In short, all things find their level. In cheap countries, we throw away our money upon others; in dense and highly polished societies, we spend it upon ourselves. We would not be understood to deny that places cannot be found where a little money may be made to go further than in others; but go it must, and too often "what hath the owner thereof but the sight of it with his eyes," as it is going?

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. In England, profits are low and prices high. But counteracting causes are in motion, lessening the evil, and enabling the present lower profit to command perhaps nearly as many of the conveniences and luxuries of life as the higher rate did formerly. The general decline of profits creates a competition of ingenuity, and stimulates invention in effecting improvements of all kinds, from a pin to a steam-engine. The difficulty of finding employment for capital, encourages experiments and speculations, in bridges, canals, rail-roads, and mechanical and agricultural improvement, sometimes fortunate, sometimes the reverse, to the speculators themselves, but mostly beneficial to the public. The cost of transmitting raw

material, so heavy in a cheap country, is reduced to a minimum; the modes in manufacturing it are greatly improved; and both these circumstances, with the low rate of profits, tell favourably in the last price. Thus, in England, wheat is on an average 7s. a bushel, and bread is 2 1-4d. the pound; in the Eastern district of Upper Canada, the medium price of wheat was only 5s. 3d. a bushel, yet bread was 2 1-4d. and 2 1-2d. the pound. And though the lower profit be disadvantageous in one sense to the sellers, they reap the benefit when they have to buy. Even the great bugbear to the new school of political economy, population, is not un-mixed evil. In thinly-peopled countries, *gross* profits may be greater, but look at the drawbacks upon them. The numberless articles that in a densely-peopled and highly civilized country contribute to every man's convenience, or facilitate his business, cannot be had, or must be brought from a distance of hundreds or thousands of miles. In London, we may send a letter six miles for two pence, six times a day; throughout England, it will be conveyed daily more than four hundred miles for fifteen pence. In a very cheap country, a postman must be hired, for a short distance, at the cost of a day's wages; for a long journey, you must wait till a "traveller" passes, or compass your communication at a tremendous cost. Consider, too, the numberless callings, in a polished society, for supplying our wants, both natural and artificial, in the cheapest mode; the savings effected by skill and practice; the waste which takes place where an extensive division of employments is necessarily unknown, and the awkward manner in which every thing in such places is performed at last. Look, again, at the saving in time which is effected by the rapidity of communication in thickly-peopled places, where a low rate of profit creates competition and improvement. Take an instance: "sixty years since," a journey to Edinburgh and back occupied a fortnight; at present it is accomplished in four days. Here, saying nothing of expense, many days are added to an active life, which would otherwise be so much waste time, passed neither in pleasure nor business.

It is, indeed, in facility of communication—in the improvements effected in travelling—that the great advantages of a nominally dear country are shown. And this brings us back to the second edition of Captain SKINNER's pleasant *Excursions in India*: the reperusal of which has given rise to these suggestions, by the contrast which it suggested between

TRAVELLING IN ENGLAND AND IN INDIA.

In India, most things are cheap; in England, all things are said to be dear. To a superficial observer, the East is the land of luxury, where captains and even subalterns are literally clothed by their servants, and fare sumptuously every day. In England, the same class of *braves* cannot accomplish a footboy from their "pay and allowances." Yet the advantage is not all on one side;

and the experienced might incline us to decide in favour of the waiter at a club, against twenty natives, each of whom was competent to one thing only. On a journey, the difference is still more favourable to Old England. Whether on a public or a private expedition—on whole or on half-pay—the captain turns out the very *beau idéal* of a traveller, in a country where profits are small but conveniences great. He carries a large part of his wardrobe on his back, because at every halting-place he can procure what he wants; the remainder he puts into a travelling-bag, and himself into a stage or a steamer; and feels satisfied, that at the close of day he shall have accomplished from one to two hundred miles, without trouble, anxiety, or fatigue—every want provided for, almost every wish anticipated. Let us turn to his fellow on the shores of the Ganges. We think we see him, with a red skin, a face swollen by self-importance and musquitto-bites, surmounting a hard black stock; his whole figure as stiff as buckram, and his person perspiring at every pore. As he dreams of the barge which is to carry himself and his household, when he hears of the kitchen which is to follow in his wake, and when he sums the number of his retainers, his heart (if a novice) “distends with pride, and, hardening in its strength, glories” over his brother in England, condemned to the mixed society of a steamboat or an inn. With what reason, let Captain SKINNER, in his slight but effective manner, tell us.

It was a month after the order had been given before the boats could be procured; the officers were obliged to hire their own, but those intended for the men were pressed by the commissariat.

When the boats were all ready, the crews were found to have deserted, and, an impression was again to take place. With budgerows, horse-boats, baggage-boats, cook-boats, hospital and soldiers’ boats, the scene was the most extraordinary that can be conceived. Every officer had a sort of Noah’s ark attached to his budgerow, and the uproar to fill it with its various animals was terrible; unwilling horses, and obstinate cows, with goats and sheep, running in all quarters; men, women, and children, of all colours and costumes; carriages, gigs, palanquins, coops of poultry, ducks, geese, and turkeys, scattered about, cackling and hissing with all their might, were to be seen in every direction. Until we were fairly launched, I do not think any person seemed to be perfectly possessed of his judgment, for every thing in this country appears to be devoted to the most irretrievable confusion, when a move, or a change of any description, is about to take place.

It is impossible to describe our course through the labyrinth of creeks and lakes; sometimes the trees rising to a great height from the water, rich in foliage and full in blossoms, render it truly beautiful. Our progress through them is very slow and dependent on the tides. The skill of the Manjees by no means accelerates it; we not unfrequently find ourselves in the midst of the wood dismayed by the branches. The

pilots seem to vie with each other in steering as close as they can to the point of danger. I was this morning literally whipped out of my bed; the branches of the trees among which we had contrived to get, broke through the Venetian blinds of my budgerow, and, as my boat still moved on, tore the musquitto curtains off my bed, and flogged me out of my sleep. I rushed forth instantly, to resent the indignity, when the gelaies on the opposite side, as we bumped from tree to tree, played like the arms of a telegraph, and nearly knocked me down. When I reached the deck of the boat, the confusion was terrible; I found that almost the whole fleet had got entangled in the forest, the last boats having followed the leading ones, which, mistaking their course, were now obliged to thread their way out. The dandies were mounted on their roofs, endeavouring to cut away some of the branches which were tearing the choppers off them as fast as possible; the vessels were running foul of each other every instant, and many a crash of a broken plank was heard; while the sound of voices, English, Irish, and Bengalee, mingled their discord. The wildness of the scene, the intermixture of the boats, the ignorance of our situation, and the quarrelling of all parties, made really a savage picture.

The passage was much more tedious than a sea voyage of double the time. It was not till the thirteenth day that we were able to land; as long a time as might have carried us from England to Gibraltar.

The hurricanes are magnificent, both in their approach and retreat, but somewhat uncomfortable during their operation. Our boats were moored on the first night we experienced one beneath a high bank of soft sand, that threatened every moment to fall upon us; wherever purchase could be found for a rope one was fastened, so that the vessels were in a line, and made fast from every possible quarter. The sky had been some time darkening; we were prepared therefore for the onset. Clouds of dust announced the approach, and filled our budgerows and the thatched boats, which rocked up and down as if they had been at sea, and bumped each other at a most alarming rate. The boatmen and servants were all drawn up in front cooking their food, “thinking no evil,” when the storm burst; their fires were soon extinguished, their cooking-pots overthrown, and their clothes and turbans cast down the wind: every one rushed on board as well as he could. It blew tremendously, and a violent storm of hail accompanied the wind; the hailstones were as large as hazel nuts, and rattled on the roof of my budgerow at a rate that made me fear it would be beaten in; heavy rain and the loudest thunder succeeded, while the lightning played so vividly about our thatched boats, that they appeared to be on fire. It was dreadfully dark, but the bursts of fire from all sides lit up our situation splendidly. The lightning did not appear to break from any one quarter of the heavens; the whole firmament was flame! it seemed to open every moment and disclose a sheet of living fire. Many people were not able to reach their boats, and were seen clinging to the posts to which they were

moored, in perfect despair. Now and then the cracking of a rope and the breaking away of a boat from its fastenings, added to the confusion; several got loose and drifted into the middle of the stream; the natives screamed for assistance which could not be granted, for no one could tell precisely where they were driving to; every description of thing seemed to be travelling down the wind,—hats, turbans, loose straw, broken cooking-pots, lighted wood, and even fragments of the cooked messes.

As our boats must now be towed, we find it extremely wearisome indeed. Sometimes we can only make three or four miles a day, calculating from the position of the leading boat when starting, and the last when halted. What can be more "melancholy slow," than a string of three hundred vessels following each other round the windings of a river, bumping constantly against the banks, at the rate of half a mile an hour, the shores either covered with reeds so high as to prevent the possibility of seeing over them, or being shelving banks of white sand, dazzling the eyes, and flying like powder before the lightest breeze, at this season of the year, when the water is at its very lowest.

We are generally apt to associate safety with river-navigation, if there be no other advantage attending it; but this is not a constant companion here; the cooking boats—very essential ones, by the by—being the smallest, are frequently in imminent peril, and two or three have been completely lost. Our floating kitchens, indeed, afford considerable inconvenience; they are much slower sailers than the budge-rows, and it is not unusual for a hungry party to wait in anxious suspense for hours before the lagging dinner can reach it. Our budge-rows are sometimes able to gain the northern side of a broad creek, while the cook boats stick in the sand in the southern; the only consolation to be found is in a view through a telescope of the curling smoke which should be from the fire that is cooking your dinner.

On sailing up the Ganges, my boat happened to be moored by the side of a large budge-row, in which a somewhat choleric gentleman was, as I conceived at rest; all his boatmen and servants, to the number, I dare say, of twenty-five or thirty, were sleeping, rolled up in their white shawls, upon the roof of the apartment in which he was lying, which rose like a poop above the deck. It was a beautiful night, and in the neighbourhood of Colgong, one of the most romantic parts of the river. I was seated on the deck, although it was past midnight, enjoying the scene, when my contemplations were disturbed by an unusual splashing in the water. On turning in the direction of the noise, I saw the unfortunate men leaping and tumbling into the river from the boat of my passionate neighbour, who was standing like a madman on the deck, brandishing a stick over his head. Never shall I forget the scene. He was not unlike Lieutenant Lismahago in his appearance. The moon lit up his bald head, for he had thrown his nightcap at one of the people, in a rage at not being able to reach him with his stick; and while he stood in the midst

of the wild scenery around, with nothing on but his shirt, dispersing the sleepers, I would have given the world for Smollett's pen to have perpetuated the scene.

The boatmen, who are always expert swimmers, and did not seem to lose their presence of mind by the sudden transition, very soon reached the shore, and gazed in astonishment, as well as myself, at the comedy in which they had taken such unexpected and conspicuous parts. I conceived some terrible offence must have been given to have called for such unpromising severity—for every one was driven from his berth. I was soon relieved from my suspense, however. The victor strutted two or three times over the deserted field; then turning towards the routed enemy, who seemed ready to rally on the banks, shook his stick at them, and cried out in Hindostanee, "I'll teach you to snore, you scoundrels!"

This is travelling by water. Let us take a glance at its pleasures by land.

It was sunset before we reached Juallapore: and having, with proper foresight, sent our cooks and dinners forward, although the tents had not arrived, the "kitchen range" was soon established, and all appeared to be going merrily on. Under shelter of a high hedge were arranged spits with peacocks and partridges, while soup, rice, and currie, were boiling as fast as they could around; and, though last not least, the oven, which had been formed in a bank of clay close by, was "heating" as well as could be expected, when suddenly the hues of sunset were obscured, and a dark cloud rose in the north-west; a low murmur ushered the approach of something destructive to our plans, and in a moment after the tipphoon (hurricane) was upon us.

The tents had arrived a few minutes before, and were in the act of being pitched; they were scattered, however, in every direction. Dust rolled in billows about us, and all was in the direst confusion! Our spits and cooking-pots were soon thrown prostrate, and the flying fragments of burnt wood denoted a farewell to the possibility of retrieving affairs for some time. Every one being interested in their restoration, flew to the rescue; and it was quite laughable to see the schemes adopted to remedy the disaster. The servants contented themselves with shouting and scolding to the utmost of their strength, while their masters, more concerned in the matter, scrambled after the dispersed feast.

We had a singular adventure last night, though not a very rare one. After we had been some time in bed, and indeed asleep, a violent storm of thunder and lightning, with heavy rain and wind, arose so suddenly that it knocked down every tent and nearly smothered the sleepers. When I awoke, I found myself so entangled in canvass, that I feared I had got into my winding-sheet. On escaping I found our encampment the most ludicrous scene possible. Most of the servants, as they generally do, had fled for shelter; while their masters, in their shirts, were holding the weather-ropes of their tents, with as many natives as they could collect, to prevent their being carried quite away. Our passionate fellow traveller, of whom I have before spoken, was

now of great use, for he dashed after the skulkers, and soon brought them to the height of the fray. It thundered most violently, and poured with rain, while the wildness of the scene was heightened by the screaming of the hyenas around, which seemed from their clamour to be in great numbers. We were at least two hours before we could get our tents rearranged, and then every thing was so wet, we thought it better to sit up for the rest of the night.

We now take a second leave of Captain SKINNER; though several passages yet remain which would bear upon the point,—such as the commencement of his "Walk over the Himalaya Mountains," when he had to hire sixty bearers; his losing himself in a flooded plain; and his stoppage by a swollen river. We might also, had this been a first notice, have instituted a comparison between hunting in the temperate and the torrid zones, and transferred to our pages some graphic sketches of a tiger chase. But for these, and for much other agreeable matter, we must refer the reader to the volumes, if he has not yet had the good luck to peruse them.

From the United Service Journal.

FRENCH PRIVATEERING IN THE WEST INDIES.

No. II.

THE depredations committed upon our commerce by the notorious privateer's man, Captain Love; his spirit of enterprise; his daring intrepidity, and many qualifications, forming altogether an extraordinary character, had created a sort of emulation among our naval officers for his capture, and all were on the *qui vive* to intercept him; and as he was considered to be a native of some part of Great Britain or Ireland, the Commander-in-Chief was determined, should he be taken, to send him to England for trial as a rebel against our king and country. Since the demoniac Teach, better known by his piratical name of "Blackbeard," and other sea-robbers in these seas, whose infamous exploits have been so well recorded, no rover had made himself more conspicuous than the said Captain Love. He had been captured in the revolutionary war by H. M. S. Thetis, and sent home for trial in the Proselyte frigate; but effected his escape the same night that ship anchored in Plymouth Sound, and was not heard of until the renewal of hostilities, when he again appeared on the Jamaica station, enriching himself by the capture of four merchant vessels. Captain Perkins, commanding the Tartar frigate, who was himself a very extraordinary character, accidentally took Captain Love prisoner; but such was the insinuating address and persuasive manner, covering the most consummate dissimulation, of that wonderful rover, that, to the astonishment of most persons, he coaxed the Captain of the Tartar, and got clear off! I do not now recollect exactly the circumstances of the event,

but I think he obtained a boat for the purpose, as he made Captain Perkins believe, of searching for some barrels of salted meat, among which the Spaniards had put a great quantity of doubloons, and buried in the sand, until a favourable opportunity of recovering them. As may be supposed, he disappeared in the woods, and was believed to have perished; but he soon came to life again, creating terror among the merchantmen.

It was after this escape that all eyes were on the look-out for him; and it fell to the lot of the Hon. Lieut. — (noble by deeds as by birth) to take the king of the rovers. H. M. S. —, whilst cruising off St. Jago de Cuba, sent an armed boat away in chase of a schooner, there being at the time no wind. In the morning the boat returned, having recaptured the schooner, which had been taken two days previously by a large French privateer, commanded by the celebrated Captain Love, who was himself in the captured vessel, on his way, it appeared, to St. Jago, to superintend the sale of his numerous prizes. When the Lieutenant boarded the schooner, which was an American, he was met by a gentlemanly man, who welcomed him on board, and congratulated him upon his success in recapturing the vessel, of which, he said, he was the master. He then stated that the privateer's men belonging to Love's vessel, on the approach of the man-of-war's boat the last evening, had taken away a large amount of specie, and landed in a sandy cove not far off. After detailing this circumstance with seeming anxiety and earnestness, he requested the Lieutenant to allow him the schooner's jolly-boat with four of her crew, (his own men,) to endeavour to find the money, which he knew the privateer's men were going to bury in the sand, and proceed on to their own vessel, which was at anchor in Escondido, and that it would not occupy him more than an hour to go, and return with the money, the schooner being at this time close to the shore.

This story was indeed plausible, events of that sort occurring frequently; but there was something peculiar in the dress and in the manners of the man, that did not bespeak him an ordinary American master, and suspicion at the moment crossing the mind of the Lieutenant, that he was no other person than the celebrated privateer's man, induced him to tax the hero with an intention to deceive him. Finding it useless to dissemble, the would-be American master, without further hesitation, and with the utmost *sang froid*, acknowledged himself to be "Captain Love," and he was immediately after recognised by one of our men, who had served on board the Thetis.

This singular man was about five feet ten inches in height, admirably proportioned, and extremely active, with a shrewd penetrating eye, and a pleasing intelligent countenance, bearing a striking resemblance to the portrait given of the intrepid but unfortunate Mungo Park in his book of travels. He was a perfect linguist, well read,

of polished manners, and very pleasing address, and a most entertaining companion. Such is the outline of this extraordinary character. According to report, Love was said to have been a native of Ireland; but he strenuously denied this; affirming that he was by birth a Frenchman, and that it was merely on account of his Scottish education, and the turn his manners had taken from that circumstance, that the world had done him the honour to pronounce him a subject of the King of England. The master of the frigate perfectly recollected to have been at the same school with this second Paul Jones at Glasgow, which Love unhesitatingly acknowledged, although, as he observed, that event was not likely to be very favourable to him. His speech was that of an Englishman,—alike free from the Irish accent and the lowland brogue of the Scotch.

The officers of the frigate were not a little pleased at having intercepted this grand picaroon, who had for so many years appeared in these seas as the leading star of Gallic enterprise; but his having twice escaped whilst a prisoner impressed them with the idea that he would, in some way or other, get off. It was the Captain's determination, however, that every care should be taken to prevent it whilst he remained in the ship.

Experience proved to us (what indeed has been long manifest) how little dependence can be placed in men unpossessed of those honourable and upright feelings which ought to exist in the bosom of every individual commander employed by civilized nations in a state of warfare, and with what justice the system of privateering has been so universally stigmatized. In every war where private armed vessels have been permitted, the most oppressive and unjust transactions have occurred. Here the vessels cruising under French colours were certainly not a remove from pirates;—no vessel came amiss to them; to flags in amity with France they paid no respect; and disregarded the universal laws established among civilized nations. As a proof, in the short space of seven or eight days, we retook a Dane, a Swede, and several Americans! And on this subject (although the time and circumstances have long since passed away) we cannot help reflecting upon the conduct of the latter government, which ought to have imbibed a very different feeling towards our country than that of hostility; as, in the recapture of American vessels out of number, and the preventing many from capture, by the vigilance of our ships of war, the mercantile interests of the United States were greatly benefitted, and, in truth, we may be said to have been the protectors of its trade, and therefore to have deserved rather its gratitude than its resentment. No doubt, the more sober and thinking part of the citizens thought and felt that we were entitled to this; yet it is surprising to reflect what unconcern the government of the "States" (which, as a neutral, was the greatest sufferer during the war) affected towards the

flagrant acts of injustice perpetrated by French armed vessels on its shipping,* and at the same time how unceasingly, and with what asperity, it blustered forth its anger towards England for having exercised the right of search, and for possessing herself of those of her subjects that had been seduced from their allegiance through the machinations of the republican citizens.

After Captain Love's capture, the frigate anchored in Cumberland Harbour, Cuba, and Lieutenant ——— was sent out in the schooner he had taken, to cruise. This gallant young officer immediately sailed in quest of Love's privateer, although he was assured by that rover that she mounted fourteen guns and had a crew of a hundred men. The Lieutenant found the privateer, as was reported, moored in Escudido (Hidden Port,) a few miles to the eastward of Cumberland Harbour, and, laying his vessel close to the entrance, engaged her for sometime, but without effect. Considering that the boats might be more successful, he returned to the harbour, and informed the Captain of the circumstance. The ship was soon under way, and on arriving, at the close of day, near where the privateer lay, the boats, well manned and armed, were sent in under the command of the First Lieutenant. The night was dark, and, to prevent any notice of the approach of the boats, the oars were muffled, and the strictest silence enjoined. It was late before the party reached the entrance to the hidden port, there being some difficulty in finding it out during the shade of night; and, notwithstanding the utmost endeavour was used to discover the proper channel of entrance, it failed; the boats grounded when just within the points; and, whilst exerting all the means within their power, with as little noise as possible, to extricate themselves, they were saluted with a heavy discharge of musketry from each side, and a broadside from the schooner within. Our officers felt the awkwardness of their situation extremely galling; and the most strenuous efforts were used to push over the shoal in the direction of the privateer, and towards the land on either side; but most unfortunately they had got upon the very centre of the coral shoal; their attempts to force the boats over only served to fix them further on. In this dilemma, the marines returned the enemy's fire, whilst the seamen were endeavouring with all their wonted energy and characteristic perseverance, to get the boats clear. Fortune was unpropitious. The brave fellows now began to drop from the effects of the cross fire they were exposed to; and all hope of forcing the boats over being given up, the commanding offi-

*The Americans, by permitting French privateers to fit out in their ports, were unwittingly "laying a rod in pickle" for themselves, although, no doubt, the motive for its admittance originated in their feeling of enmity towards England. Within their "waters," nay, even up their rivers, French privateers have plundered their vessels immediately after enjoying the hospitality of the good citizens!

cer reluctantly ordered a retreat; this distressing alternative, after incredible labour, was effected. The cutter, commanded by the acting master of the frigate, succeeded, in consequence of her light construction, in getting over the shoal, and was gallantly pushing for the privateer, when she was brought up, not by a shoal, but by a hawser, which the wily rovers had stretched across the inner part of the channel of entrance. All his exertion to cut or to pass it was ineffectual, and he was compelled to retreat with the rest of the boats.

To have attacked a privateer of such force and so well manned in the daytime, perhaps would not have been justifiable. She was in a situation to have defended herself against treble her number, as the channel is so narrow, and bordered with bushes and shrubs, that a bush party of twenty men would be sufficient to pick off half the assailants before they could arrive at the anchorage; at all events, had it been practicable without a dreadful waste of valuable lives, it had been effected by the Captain of the frigate, for a more gallant spirit never breathed.

The disappointment, as may be supposed, was very keenly felt both by officer and man, who had not been accustomed to failures of this sort; but being entirely unacquainted with the impediments of the place they had not calculated upon anything but success. After the return of the party at day-break, the frigate was worked up close to the weather-point of Escondido, where the privateer lay, like a spider in the midst of her snare, and opened a heavy fire from the quarter-deck guns upon her; she soon warped out of sight; and I believe sustained little, if any damage, as only part of her masts could be seen from the frigate's deck.

In this unfortunate affair, the serjeant of marines and a seaman were killed; the Hon. Lieut. — (a ball through each arm,) and several men were wounded. The privateer belonged to Captain Love, who, having directed their plan, matured for any similar occasion, before quitting his vessel, calculated accurately on the ill success of the affair. He assured the officers that no man but himself could succeed in the attempt to cut her out, and pleaded against the attempt with much energy, to prevent, as he said, a useless effusion of blood; his advice, as has been already seen, was disregarded, as all on board considered that the honourable feeling of humanity did not actuate him in this instance, but that his motive sprang from an apprehension of the result proving unfavourable to his interest, well knowing, as he acknowledged, what gallant exploits British seamen were capable of performing.

A very gallant little affair occurred whilst the frigate lay in Cumberland harbour: a midshipman was sent in the jolly-boat, with four lads, to board a schooner coming in, which proved to be a recapture by Lieut. — in the armed schooner; just after quitting her, a small felucca privateer made her appearance round the point, within a short distance of the boat; the mid com-

manding her immediately gave chase, notwithstanding the disparity of force. A running fight ensued, which continued until eleven o'clock at night, when he with his four lads resolutely boarded the privateer just as she struck upon the rocks; the crew of the felucca were so surprised at the intrepidity and perseverance of our small party, that, as soon as their vessel struck, they jumped overboard, and swam towards the beach; the gallant mid and his equally resolute supporters instantly plunged after them, and hostilities were renewed actually in the water! sometimes swimming with one hand and fighting with the other, and sometimes wading. This singular contest continued until the combatants reached the shore, when such of the privateer's men as were not badly wounded, sought safety from their juvenile pursuers in the depth of the forest; seven, however, were taken prisoners; one was killed, and most of them wounded; the remainder effected their escape, and, it is probable, joined Love's schooner at Escondido. The prize was brought in triumph to the frigate; she had one gun, several swivels, and some musquitoons. The next day, two row-boat privateers were captured; these had on board bale goods, silks, &c., which had been plundered from some American vessel. There is little doubt, if the circumstances of this case could have been fully investigated, that these picaroons deserved to be hung, on the score of piracy, with as much justice as the notorious Captain Kidd, or any other seawayman, that suffered for his robberies.

Some weeks after captain Love had been on board the frigate, a serious conspiracy was discovered among the prisoners of war on board, which had for its object the securing or murdering the officers and crew, and the seizing of the ship. Extraordinary as this project may appear, preparations were actually making for putting it in force. Fortunately, however, for both parties, the scheme, (like many other deep-laid ones) was accidentally discovered by a black man, one of the carpenter's crew, and consequently frustrated. The black, who was a steady, intelligent, and useful man, was in the habit of setting his tools upon the grind-stone, kept within the manger-board, in the evenings after his work. Upon several occasions he met two or three of the Spanish prisoners sharpening some knives, and which, after the second time, they attempted to conceal from his view. At first, he paid no attention to the circumstance; but its frequent recurrence exciting his suspicions as to their purpose, he, one evening, secreted himself sufficiently near to overhear their conversation; fortunately he understood and spoke the Spanish language. A short time put him in possession of their secret: the sharpeners of the knives, who appear to have been chosen men, but not very discreet, were heard distinctly to say, that as Captain Love was to head the enterprise, they had no doubt of soon possessing themselves of the frigate, and that nothing was easier than to cut the throats of the officers and crew who were asleep; this

was to be effected when the ship was at anchor, there being then but a quarter-watch upon deck. The black carpenter immediately acquainted the officer of the watch with the conversation he had overheard, and the Captain was instantly informed of it; who directed that Love should be put in irons, and placed under the eye of the sentinel at the cabin door, and that the knives of the prisoners should be taken from them.

The next morning the hands were turned up under arms, and the whole of the prisoners, with their daring leader, mustered upon the quarter-deck. Love, on being charged with the intention of heading a conspiracy against the captain, officers and crew of his Majesty's ship, peremptorily denied any knowledge of it; he appealed in eloquent and forcible language, sufficient indeed to have convinced a less discerning man than our captain, upon the absurdity of an attempt of that sort, with no more than fifty or sixty men, and those for the most part Spaniards, and assured the captain and officers, that although he had in his lifetime performed some strange actions, yet he was "not mad enough to undertake so desperate, ridiculous, and barbarous an enterprise; Sir" (he continued to say, addressing himself to the captain,) "you have caused me to suffer an indignity (that of being put into irons) which was never before offered me; treat me, Sir, with that lenity, with which I have always treated your countrymen when my prisoners,—this is all I ask of you; I solemnly disclaim having had any intention of participating in the murderous plan just described." Our orator certainly delivered his address in the most dignified manner, and although he appeared earnest, yet he was perfectly collected and cool: notwithstanding, however, all his protestations of innocence, his eloquent speech and lofty style, there was little doubt entertained of his having been the instigator of a plan for seizing the ship in some way or other, and as this could not have been accomplished without first getting rid of the officers and ship's company, it could not be considered unjust or unreasonable to conclude, that the plan stated by the Spaniards was that by which he intended to attempt the execution of his wishes!

Our hero was permitted to speak for a long time in vindication of himself; but as it appeared almost certain that the charge against him was not unfounded, the captain of the frigate, who felt extremely indignant at the base conduct of the man who had been, in every respect, treated as an honourable prisoner, determined not to allow him the liberty he had hitherto enjoyed, and which, by his own imprudence, to use no harsher term, he had forfeited; he was, therefore, remanded to the sentinel at the cabin-door, there to have a shackle placed upon one of his legs; but in consequence of some language of bravado and defiance which he uttered, both his legs were shackled, which had the most extraordinary effect upon his spirits. Upon any other cause, at least without the apparent atrocity connected with this, we might have felt compassion

for the man, who had really begun to interest us by the sprightliness of his disposition, his talents, and the suavity of his manners; but under present circumstances that could not be,—most providentially the sanguinary scheme was averted, but that could not wipe away his guilt.

From the restless disposition of our celebrated rover, from his unconquerable aversion to inactivity, and an ardent desire to shine above all competitors for fame, in the line of life he had chosen, I conclude that it was not alone the desire of effecting his liberty which actuated him upon the above-mentioned occasion. Had he succeeded in getting possession of the frigate, he would have performed an unparalleled action in every sense, and consequently he would have stood, in his capacity of rover, among his compeers without an equal. Before the transpiration of the conspiracy, Love had messed with the midshipmen, and expressed himself not only satisfied with the treatment he met with, but spoke highly of the liberality exercised towards him by the captain, whom he pronounced to be one of the smartest seamen and active commanders he had ever met with; in fact, he expressed himself as being quite comfortable, and, to all appearance, I never saw a man more gay and happy under any circumstances: yet at this very time, if we are to credit the Spaniard's account, he had commissioned a dagger for each heart;—if so, how well practised the duplicity of this desperado; under what a light heart and cheerful countenance he hid the most desperate and sanguinary designs!

Among other strange things in the adventures of his roving life, with which Love used to amuse us, was that of his having in almost all the Spanish islands, and in the principal towns of Spanish America, a wife, a house, slaves, &c.! and he assured us, that the amount of his property was so great, that, like Simon Taylor of Jamaica, he could not correctly calculate it. He found it, he said, a very agreeable thing to have a house wherever he went, and that in every place he was caressed because his means enabled him to assist the needy, and to keep up a splendid establishment; thus making things agreeable to all classes. If at any time he met with ingratitude in lending money to those who never returned it, it gave him no concern,—another cruise replenished his coffers; and as he always laid it down as a maxim applicable to the people with whom he dealt, that a sum lent was a sum lost, he never felt annoyed at the occurrence; yet he would but be doing justice to the Spaniards of Old Spain to say, that he found them generally very honest in all pecuniary matters.

In the possession of such riches, from which he might derive all the comforts and luxuries of this world, it seems extraordinary that he should, notwithstanding, court a life of such constant inquietude; subject to privations of every kind,—to peril and vexation! A mind absorbed in avarice,—an eye that could never be satiated with the sight of gold,—might doubtless account sufficient-

ly to those not knowing the character of this enterprising rover, for the constancy with which he pursued his restless career; but Love was of a very different stamp; indeed he was the reverse; he was prodigal to a proverb, with his money. Among the privateersmen, "to be as generous as Captain Love," was often applied as a compliment to others. We heard many accounts of his generous actions, and the facility with which it was possible for almost any individual, either really distressed, or assuming a condition of want, to obtain money from him; and the treatment he exercised towards his English prisoners was so generous and humane, that it obtained from him, in turn, such attention as is shown to the officers of the regular service belonging to the enemy, when prisoners of war, until the unlucky conspiracy.

We were desirous of learning from himself, (as the accounts were various on the station,) in what manner he effected his escape from his Majesty's ship *Proselyte*, which conveyed him to England, on his being captured before the peace of 1802. There happened to be, he said, a French officer, his fellow-prisoner, a resolute and active man, on board, and the night after the ship had anchored in Plymouth Sound, this man and himself contrived, whilst the captain's cabin was unoccupied, to get into the jolly-boat that was suspended astern, and silently lower her down into the water, allowing her to drift with the tide until out of sight of the frigate, when they pulled to the nearest shore undiscovered. This instance of taking prompt advantage of circumstances places the man's character in a clear light; it was impossible to reflect on the event without admiring the action, however we had reason afterwards to be displeased with him. Energy was his forte, and it was one of his observations, that a man who embarked in a hazardous course of life should never "let his head go a wool-gathering." It was also his frequent remark, in that jocular strain of expression used by buoyant spirits, and which he knew so well how to employ, that in the last war, when his health was declining from the effects of a tropical clime, we had humanely sent him to England to recover it; and he supposed it was our intention to perform the same friendly act towards him at this time; but, he added, always with great earnestness, as if confident of his power to effect his resolve, that as his inclination at present was not for a change of climate, he would lay a bet with any one among us, that before he was a month in Port Royal harbour, he would take "French leave;" and if he lost, he would most punctually cause the sum at stake to be paid to the winner. How little was it suspected, at the time, that his words would be verified!

We fell in with the *Bellerophon*, 74, off St. Domingo, on her return to Jamaica, and took the opportunity to get rid of our troublesome guest. Sir J. T. Duckworth, the naval commander-in-chief, being fully acquainted with Love's character, had sent him on his arrival at Port Royal, on board

one of the prison-ships, with orders that he should be put in irons, and have two sentinels placed over him—a precaution hitherto unpractised; and as an additional security, a captain of one of the regiments that did duty on board those ships was sent down from Kingston to take the command, with a subaltern under him, to prevent the possibility of the enterprising rover's escape; but it appears that, notwithstanding all these prudential measures, which, had they been exercised for the security of an ordinary prisoner, would have appeared not only extraordinary, but needless,—this *rara avis* got clear off. And what is really singular, not only with the irons on, but with the sentinels who were placed to guard him, without any other person on board the ship knowing it, and without the admiral or any other officer, notwithstanding diligent search and inquiry, being able to trace how he had effected his escape, or whether he was gone!

Reflecting on the escape of this wonderful privateer's man, it certainly appears very extraordinary, especially as such seemingly sure measures were adopted for the better security of his person. I do not recollect the result of the investigation of this mysterious affair, or indeed if any inquiry did take place; but I think we may reasonably conclude that he must have succeeded by the aid of gold. It is probable, in the first place, that he must have had some friend or friends in Kingston, among the numerous foreigners that sojourned in that place, who provided him with the boat or canoe for transporting himself and the worthless soldiers (who, if I recollect right, were Germans) that were stationed over him,—and it is barely within the line of probability that he escaped without the knowledge of the other sentinels. Gold, and flattering promises, no doubt seduced his guards; but that they should get clear of the island without leaving a trace of themselves behind is, indeed, "passing strange!" I do not know whether the officers on guard the night of his escape were blamed, but we may readily conceive their surprise and mortification when daylight appeared and discovered to them the flight of their charge; nor can we well imagine a more unpleasant situation for officers of responsibility to have been placed in.

After Love's wonderful escape he was not heard of again until he re-appeared in his privateer off the island. Our men-of-war were on the alert, but none were so fortunate as to capture him. By the last accounts that were heard of this extraordinary character, it appears that his Majesty's brig *Elk*, whilst off the island of Navassa, between St. Domingo and Jamaica, fell in with and gave chase to Love's privateer, during which a heavy squall, attended with rain, came on and completely obscured her from view; the *Elk*, running off the wind without daring to reduce her sail, unfortunately came in contact with the privateer, and striking her between the masts, cut her in two, and passed over the wreck, providentially, without endangering her own safety! At this critical moment, Cap-

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tain Love, with his usual presence of mind, was seen to cut away the small boat from the stern of his sinking vessel; and the time just allowed the English officers of the brig to observe that he got clear of the wreck! This circumstance was perfectly accidental, and, as I understood, happened in consequence of the Elk bearing away to save her masts (then under a press of sail) from being carried away by the violence of the wind, and the privateer having lowered her sails and rounded to the wind, as well, it may be supposed, for the same purpose, as for eluding the vessel of war in pursuit of her. When the squall ceased, no vestige of the unfortunate schooner could be seen, and it was doubtful whether Love had swamped in his little boat, or got clear off, with his accustomed good fortune. The Elk had run some miles to leeward before the squall ceased; it is therefore possible, but not probable, (unless, indeed, some vessel was at hand at the time,) that the great privateer captain may have escaped. It is true, that he might have gone before the wind in his boat, and landed on the S. E. side of Jamaica; but if this had been the case, some account of the event would have been made public. It is also possible he may have reached Navassa, and been taken off by some passer by, if the accident occurred to the eastward of that islet. The greater probability is, that he perished, and was buried in the interminable depth of that element upon which he had so long been a terror:—

"No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or fame from the merciless surge;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,
And winds, in the midst of the ocean, thy dirge!"

The adventures of Captain Love, if they had been collected and detailed in a narrative, would have yielded, for diversity and singularity, perhaps to those of no other adventurer. Whether he was or was not a British-born subject, admits of doubt: he spoke the French language with purity, as indeed he did the English; but there was a certain *je ne sais quoi* about the man, that did not bespeak him a Briton. I certainly, at first sight, should have taken him for an American of the United States, but his speech told at once that he was not a Yankee. The impression of his being an Englishman was strong on the minds of all the naval officers serving at Jamaica.

Never, perhaps, was there a man, take him altogether, that appeared so complete a master of his profession, or that ever displayed more energy and skill in execution, or courage and presence of mind in the moment of danger. It was his conviction, he said, that the more hazardous a game a man plays in warlike pursuits, the more he is likely to be successful; and he thought that many of the privateersmen, particularly among the Spaniards, were not enterprising or bold enough to succeed in their

undertakings. Their timidity brought them often into scrapes, and ultimately led to the capture or destruction of their vessels. These observations, applied generally, may be found true. The fruit of bold temerity, however, is not always success; as much depends upon the judgment of the leader, as upon the courage of himself and followers. An officer, of whatever nation, who commands a party or a vessel, unless he be possessed of quick discernment, to take advantage of circumstances as they arise, will often find to his sorrow, that mere animal courage is not alone sufficient to insure success. Our hero was in the habit of going over from St. Jago de Cuba to Port Antonio in Jamaica, in the force traders, and thence overland to Kingston. In these excursions, he assured us that he made it his business to learn every particular respecting the vessels at the different ports; the names and descriptions of those of his Majesty's ships that he had not seen or encountered in his cruises; their rate of sailing, the character of the captains, &c. And upon these topics he has frequently conversed with the officers of the navy, at billiard-tables, coffee-rooms, &c., without their having once suspected that he was any other person than a loyal Englishman! Thus he obtained every information he could desire, and then returning to his vessel at St. Jago, commenced his cruise with certainty of success, that could not attend any of the others not in possession of such information; and which may account for his having made so many prizes, and accumulated so immense a fortune.

It was universally known at Jamaica, that Jacque Matthieu, the vice-king of the rovers, had repeatedly, after dark, stood in with his schooner towards the *Palisados*,* and dropped a small canoe with two trusty men, who, after drawing their light vessel over the spit, re-embarked on the inner side, and paddled to the town of Kingston; there they remained the whole of the following day, purchasing fresh provisions, vegetables, and other necessities, and obtaining information of the sailing and destination of the merchant vessels then lying in port. At night, when all was quiet, they returned by the same route they had come,—when, by agreement, the privateer was in shore to receive them.

During the absence of the frigate in search of Love's privateer, the prizes left in Cumberland harbour had a narrow escape; but the restless and enterprising spirit of a young mid belonging to the E— frigate prevented any serious occurrence. At the close of the day on which the ship sailed, the lieutenant left in charge of the prizes sent a boat to the harbour's mouth to reconnoitre; she returned with the intelligence, that two feluccas were working up alongshore, and only a few miles to leeward. The lieutenant lost no time in pre-

*The narrow spit of land, or rather sand, covered with mangroves, that stretches from Rock Fort to Port Royal, and which forms the outer line of the Sound on which Kingston is situated.

paring to resist them, should they attempt to cut the prizes out. He got a spring upon his cable, and removed the men from the different vessels into the tender, leaving a mid only in each, whom he enjoined to keep a strict look-out, and on no account to show a light.

Night approached before the enemy's vessels had gained the harbour; and, as they could not have seen the prizes, it was conjectured that they might be ignorant of there being any there. At 10 o'clock, the sound of their sweeps was distinctly heard, and shortly after a light was seen upon the beach. All was silent in the prizes, waiting anxiously for their advance or departure. In this state of suspense our party remained until past midnight, when a small boat was observed approaching the lieutenant's schooner. It was at first doubtful whether she came from the privateers to reconnoitre, or from one of the prizes, to communicate intelligence. She was permitted to come alongside, and Mr. R——, a midshipman of H. M. S. E——, stepped upon deck. He informed the lieutenant, that, impelled by a zeal for the service, and a desire to discover what the strangers were, which he could not surmount, he had, with the greatest caution, paddled his little boat to the shore, near the spot where the light appeared. There, to his astonishment, he saw a large assemblage of privateersmen carousing and singing *a la boucanier*, around a fire lighted upon the sands of the beach, near which their two vessels were anchored. He was within a dozen yards of them, separated only by some mangrove trees, through which, by the light of the fire, he could observe their movements, and it was his opinion they were rovers.

Upon this information, which, although obtained without orders, was nevertheless welcome, inasmuch as it dispelled uncertainty, the lieutenant thought it his wisest plan to let the regaling Dons know that he was armed, (the launch's carronade was mounted on board,) and prepared to resist any attempt that might be made upon the vessels under his charge. Accordingly, a fire from the carronade, &c., was directed towards that part of the shore where the light appeared, and which very soon had the desired effect; for a salutation at that dead hour of the night, so unexpected, as may be supposed, not only discomposed the supper party, but caused them to retire so precipitately to their vessels, that some of their fire was left behind them. In a short time after they were heard sweeping; and as the sound gradually became fainter, there was no doubt of their retreat; and I dare say, with watchful eyes in the rear, expecting the approach of some man-of-war's boats. On receiving the fire from our schooner, it is probable that their first and only conjecture was, that a British vessel of war was at anchor, unseen by them on entering; a precipitate retreat was, therefore, the only chance, as it appeared to them, they had of escape. Had they not been alarmed by the firing from our schooner, it is also probable that, when daylight

showed to their awaking eyes the group of defenceless vessels within their grasp, that, even allowing them but a small share of enterprise and prowess, they would have attacked, and, from their force and number of men, have succeeded in carrying one or two.

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

FAIR ANNIE MACLEOD.

A TALE.

By Mrs. Crawford.

THOSE attachments that take place in early life, contrary to the wishes of tender and not ambitious parents, seldom, if ever, end happily. The *ignis fatuus* of passion, which leads the young and trusting maid to the arms of her lover, vanishes when the cares of her own creating press upon the heart of the wife and mother.

In my native village, before I had entered upon that world which owes, like some descriptions of beauty, half its enchantment to the veil that shades it, I was acquainted with a young maiden, whose personal and mental attractions were of that cast which romance loves to portray.

Annie Macleod was the belle of our little hamlet. She had a bright and loving eye; a cheek ever dimpling with the smiles of gladness; and a fairy foot, which was as elastic as the stem of the bonnie blue bell, her favourite flower. Annie had many lovers; but one, a stranger at Roslin, was the chosen of her heart. To him her hand was often given in the dance; and many were the inquiring glances at, and frequent the whispered surmise about him, by 'kerchiefed matron and snooded maid. Annie's was a first love: and, like every thing that is rare and beautiful, when seen for the first time, was irresistible. Just emerging from the girl into womanhood, with all the unweakened romance of nature playing round her day-dreams, and colouring the golden visions of her sleep, the manly beauty of the stranger's countenance, and the superior refinement of his speech and manners to the youth of that sequestered hamlet, came with all the power of enchantment to ensnare and bewilder her innocent mind.

Rumours about this favoured stranger at length reached the ears of Annie's mother—unfortunately, she had no father. Questioned by her parent, her answers were in character with her youth and simplicity. She knew nothing of the stranger; but 'was sure he was a gentleman, for he had offered, and really meant, to marry her.' Mrs. Macleod, upon this information, acted without delay. She forbade Annie, on pain of her maternal displeasure, to see the stranger again, unless he, by his own conduct, proved himself to be worthy of her. But on a fine Sabbath morning, when going to kirk, dressed out in all her pretty bravery, and blooming as the rose-coloured ribands that

tied her bonnet, Annie met the stranger at the place where they had so often held tryste together; and there Robin Bainbogle, as he crossed the rude bridge that leads over a wild ravine to Roslin Castle, saw, as he said, "the bonnie lassie for the last time, wi' a face like a dripping rose." Tears Annie might, and probably did shed—but that day she fled from her home.

Years passed away. The mother of the lost girl sank under this blow to her parental hopes. The young maidens, Annie's compeers in age and beauty, became wives and mothers; and the name of "fair Annie Macleod" was seldom mentioned but by sage matrons, to warn their daughters, or by chaste spinsters to draw comparisons to their own advantage.

It was on a dark and stormy night in November, 1792, that the pious and venerable pastor of — was sent for to attend a dying woman. Wrapped in his plaid, the kind man walked hurriedly along the common footway to a settlement of squalid cottages, such as vice and poverty usually inhabit. In one of these cottages, or rather huts, he found the object of his search. Pale, emaciated, and sinking away, like the flickering light of an exhausted taper, lay the once beautiful—the once innocent and happy Annie Macleod. What had been her fate since she left her mother's roof 'twas easy to imagine, though the veil of secrecy rested upon the particulars of her history. Her senses were at times unsettled; and it was only during the short gleamings of a sounder mind, that she was able to recognise in the Rev. Dugald Anderson, the pastor of her sinless youth, and to recommend to him, with all the pathos of dying love, the pretty, unconscious child that slumbered at her side. That done, her heart, like the last string of a neglected lute, broke, and the spirit that had once so joyously revelled in its abode of loveliness, fled from the ruined tenement of beauty for ever.

"And these are the fruits of love!" said Anderson, bitterly, as he eyed the cold and stiffened features of Annie. "Oh! monstrous violation of that hallowed name!"

"Of a troth, 'tis a sair sight!" said an old woman, the owner of the hut; "and I count me the judgment of the gude God winna sleep nor slumber on sic doings, as the ruin o' this puir lassie."

"No," said Anderson, emphatically, "the justice of God may seem to slumber, but is awake. Accursed is the seducer of innocence; yea, the curse of broken hearts is upon him. It shall come home to his heart and to his spirit, till he lie down and die, in very weariness of life."

The pious pastor took home the little Alice to the Manse; and after the remains of her mother were decently interred in the village kirkyard, a simple headstone, inscribed with her name, told of the last resting-place of "fair Annie Macleod."

Some years subsequently to this melancholy event, the good pastor of — went out, as was his wont, to "meditate at eventide." As he stood leaning over the white wicket gate, that opened from his garden

into the churchyard, thoughts of early days and early friends came trooping to his mind.

"No after friendships e'er can raise
The endearments of our early days;
And ne'er the heart such fondness prove,
As when it first began to love."

The last rays of the setting sun shone full upon the windows of the chapel, reflecting from them a thousand mimic glories. His eye glanced from the holy edifice to the simple tombs, partially lighted by the slanting sunbeams, as they quivered through the branches of the patriarchal trees, which here and there hung over the forgotten dead. Suddenly a man habited in a foreign garb advanced up the broad pathway leading from the village. Looking about him, he at last stood opposite a white headstone, over which a decayed yew threw its melancholy shadow. It was the headstone that marked the grave of the once joyous Annie. As if oppressed by some sudden emotion, he sank rather than leaned against the hollow trunk; but soon again returning to the grave, he knelt down, and burying his face with both hands, appeared to weep. The good pastor, interested in the scene, stood gazing unobserved at the stranger, who, after the lapse of a few seconds, rose up from his knees, and turned away as if to retrace his steps. Then again coming back, he stooped down, and plucking something from the green sward, kissed it, hid it in his bosom, and with rapid step left the churchyard.

Anderson returned into the Manse, drew a chair to the hearth, sat down, took up a book, laid it down again, and walked out into the little court that fronted the village. A feeling of curiosity perhaps led him to glance his eye over the way, where stood the only alehouse in the hamlet, when he saw the same stranger come out, and, crossing the road, stop at his own gate. To his inquiry if the Rev. Dugald Anderson was at home, the good pastor, answering in the affirmative, courteously held back the gate for the stranger to enter; while the little bare-footed lassie who opened the door, seeing the visitor with her master, bustled onwards, and ushered them into the best parlour, carefully wiping with a corner of her blue-checked apron the tall, spinster-looking elbow chair, and then withdrew to tell the young Andersons what "a bra' gallant the master had brought hame wi' him."

The stranger's appearance justified Jennie's encomiums. Though past the summer of his life, the unextinguished fire of youth still lingered in his dark full eye; and his tall athletic person accorded well with the lofty bearing of his looks, and the refined courtesy of his manners.

"I believe," said he, addressing Anderson, "you have the care of a young girl, whose mother died some years since?"

"You mean the daughter of Annie Macleod?"

"The same; and it is to ascertain her situation in your family, that I have taken the liberty to wait upon you."

"Her situation in my family, my good

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sir," said the worthy man, "is that of a daughter to myself—a sister to my children. The calamity which robbed her so early of her mother was an inducement, but certainly not the only one, to my becoming her protector. I was acquainted with her mother in the happier years of her life; and the friendship which I had felt for Annie Macleod revived in full force when duty conducted me to her death-bed. I there pledged myself to be a father to the fatherless; to keep her unspotted from the world—the pitiless world, as the dying mother called it, in the lucid intervals of her wandering mind."

"What!" said the stranger; "did sorrow overcome her reason?"

"Alas! yes; for many weeks before her death they told me that her senses were completely gone; and when I saw her in the last mortal struggle, the delirium of mind was only partially broken in upon by flashes of reason."

The features of the stranger became convulsed, and he seemed to wrestle with some violent emotion.

"You were a friend—perhaps relative, of the unfortunate Annie?" rejoined Anderson.

"Yes—I was a friend;—that is, I—I—knew her," said the stranger.

"Then you will like to see my little charge;" and without waiting reply, the good pastor left the apartment: but almost immediately returned, holding by the hand a pretty fair-haired girl, with dark blue eyes, that seemed made for weeping. "This," said Anderson, leading her towards the stranger, "is Alice Macleod, or, as she calls herself, Birdalane."

The stranger drew her to him; and taking her hand, gazed long and earnestly in her blushing face. "Why do you call yourself Birdalane, my pretty child?"

"Because nurse called me so, when she used to cry over me, and say I had no mother and no father to love me, and give me pretty things, like Donald and Elsie Anderson."

The stranger's eye fell, and tears hung upon the dark lashes that swept his cheeks. He rose, and walked to the window; and Anderson heard the long-drawn sigh that seemed to burst from a heart laden with old remembrances. Presently turning to the pastor, he said, "I am satisfied, good sir, fully satisfied, that this friendless one cannot be in better hands, to fulfil her mother's wish, and keep her 'unspotted from the world.'" Then presenting a sealed packet, he added, warmly grasping Anderson's hand, "Be still a father to that orphan girl, and God requite you tenfold in blessings upon your own!" He stooped down, kissed the wondering Alice, and hastily left the apartment. Anderson went to the window, and in a few moments he saw a groom lead out two horses. The stranger mounted one, and putting spurs to his steed, Anderson

* *Birdalane*, means in Scotch the last, or only one of their race—one who has outlived all ties.

soon lost sight of him in the windings of the road.

The worthy pastor, dismissing the little Alice to her playmates, prepared to open the packet. In an envelope, upon which was written—"A marriage portion for the daughter of Annie Macleod," was a draft for one thousand pounds; and on a paper folded round a small miniature, the following words: "A likeness of Annie, such as she was when the writer first knew her." 'Tis now but the shadow of a shade. The beauty, gayety, and innocence it would perpetuate, are gone, like the hopes of him, who still clings to the memory of what she was, with all the tenacious regret of an undying remorse."

Some time after this event, business called Anderson to Edinburgh. One day, while perambulating the streets on his various engagements, he saw the self-same figure, which remained indelibly imprinted on his memory—the identical mysterious stranger, who had visited him at the Manse, issue from the castle gates, and descend with a slow step and melancholy air down the high street. Curiosity, or perhaps a better feeling, prompted Anderson to follow at a distance, and ascertain who he was. It was Lord —.

"'Tis even as I thought," said the poor pastor; "poor Annie fell a victim to the arts of Lord —. Alas! he was too accomplished a seducer, for such artlessness as her's to cope with."

The sweet ties that bind the sons of virtue to their social fireside are too simple for the epicurean taste of the libertine: the tender interchange of wedded minds, the endearing caress of legitimate love, are simple wild flowers, that wither in that hot-bed of sensuality, a corrupt heart. Never can the proud joy, the refined pleasures of a faithful husband, be his.

For high the bliss that waits on wedded love,
Best, purest emblem of the bliss above:
To draw new raptures from another's joy,
To share each pang, and half its sting destroy,
Of one fond heart to be the slave and lord,
Bless'd and be bless'd, adore and be ador'd,—
To own the link of soul, the chain of mind,
Sublimest friendship, passion most refined,—
Passion, to life's last evening hour still warm,
And friendship, brightest in the darkest storm.

To conclude. The little Alice never left the Manse, where she lived as her mother wished, "unspotted from the world." As she grew to womanhood, her simple beauty and artless manners won the affections of Donald Anderson, the son of her benefactor. They were married, and often when Alice looked upon the smiling cherubs that climbed her maternal knee, the silver-headed pastor, as he sat by the ingle in his elbow chair, would put on an arch expression, and ask her where was Birdalane now? while Alice, blushing, and laughing, would draw her little nestlers closer to her womanly bosom, and so answer the good man.

After a life of active charity, full of years

and good deeds, the venerable pastor of — slept the sleep of peace, in that church where he had often roused others from a darker slumber than that of death. After his decease, and written in the neat old-fashioned hand of his father, Donald Anderson found amongst his papers a manuscript, dated many years back, containing the history of Annie Macleod; which, with some slight alterations, and the omission of particular names, (for obvious reasons,) is now submitted to those readers, whose hearts will not permit their heads to criticise a simple and unadorned tale.

From *Tail's Magazine*.

YANKEE CRITICISM ON CYRIL THORNTON; OR, ARISTOCRATIC AND RADICAL MORALITY.

WE congratulate ourselves on obtaining a man like Cyril Thornton to illustrate aristocratic morals,—“a soldier and a gentleman;” we should have disdained Captain Dundas, even with his new rank of Major. Cyril Thornton is a man of talents and of honour—an exaggerated specimen of a perfect gentleman, born and bred under the aristocratic influences. Far, indeed, is it from being our desire to say anything harsh or disparaging of him. We conceive him one of those who merit compassion for involuntary error, and the best endeavours of those who have been better instructed, for enlightening their darkness.

From Cyril Thornton we must turn to the author of the work which bears this name,—the late traveller in the United States; to him we give full credit for being a quick observer, and excellent judge of many minor points in our boy Jonathan's style and manners. The author of Cyril Thornton, we confess all but supreme as a critic in *toggery*, equipages, wines, made-dishes, equipments, furniture, boots, oratory, shoe-blackening, canvass-back ducks,—whether the name shall be pronounced *Jeems* or *James* for the time being—and how far the grace or beauty of the American ladies is to be determined by their post-dated Parisian gowns and bonnets; and much more than all this; while we demur to his being the fittest judge either of the morals and religion, or of the political condition and institutions of America. His morality, as unfolded in Cyril Thornton, is that of the *unenlightened* aristocracy of Britain; his politics, as we find them in the book of travels, that of the *unenlightened* Whig aristocracy. We no more blame the individual, that the morality of Cyril Thornton is low and spurious, than we should condemn a Jew for loathing pork, or a Turk for worshipping the Prophet. This, however, must not prevent our impugning false judgments founded on false opinions.

In the Life of Cyril Thornton, it may fairly be presumed that the author brings forward his own ideas and principles in the

person of his hero. In philosophy, that work does not raise a hair's-breadth above its contemporaries, while, in morals, it in some points falls decidedly below them; and this, too, where we have a notion the writer intended to appear the very model of delicacy, refined sentiment, and exquisite sensibility, and the antipodes of everything vulgar, democratic, and Yankee. The writer is likely to hear with astonishment, as it is probably for the first time, that his work contains anything offensive to the highest morality and the purest taste; because it is undeniably level with, or rather above the standard of honour among the higher classes in Britain. The story of Mary Brookes, for instance, is evidently meant for a great hit. It is beautifully told! every critic will exclaim; and we have no doubt that it is the portion of the work over which the profusest flood of tears have been shed by the tender-hearted youths and maidens, even of the higher classes, and that which has acquired for the writer the reputation of extreme tenderness and amiable feeling; though a plain Yankee critic, or even an English one who durst speak truth, would hold up the conduct of the silken self-deluded Cyril, to unredeemable condemnation and withering scorn. We shall venture to take the liberty of subjecting that pathetic episode to the fiery ordeal of an imaginary Yankee examination. It is intended, we have said, for a great hit. Let not the author be shocked to learn that, in the eye of reason and truth, its moral tone is far below the adventure of Tom Jones with Molly Seagrim, in Fielding's reprobated novel. Tom, “a gentleman and a scholar,” and desperately in love with Sophia, was too much of an honest lad to desert his rustic mistress, until he had many proofs thrust on him of her loose conduct, and detected her amour with Square. May we quote to Cyril a little of Tom Jones' morality, *scamp* as he was? The ruin of the poor girl must, he foresaw, unavoidably attend his deserting her; and this thought stung him to the soul. Poverty and distress seemed to him to give no one a right of aggravating those misfortunes. The meanness of her condition did not represent her misery as of little consequence in his eyes; nor did it appear to justify, or even to palliate his guilt, in bringing that misery upon her. But why do I mention justification? His own heart could not suffer him to destroy a human creature who, he thought, loved him, and who had to that love sacrificed her innocence. His own good heart pleaded her cause, not as a venal advocate, but as one interested in the event, and which must itself deeply share in all the agonies its owner brought on another.” And, *sentimentally*, Cyril deeply shares in those agonies, or in raving agonies of his own; but nothing moves him to the resolution of Tom, “who passed a long sleepless night; and in the morning, the result of the whole was, to abide by Molly, and think no more of Sophia.

But Sophia herself was not equal to the angelic being which Cyril paints Mary

*See Bulwer's England and the English.

Brookes; the unfortunate girl who must be victimized because she is a maid of low degree, and of the most generous and disinterested feelings, and he the Squire's son.

The story is most apt to our purpose; and there may also be idler offices than probing to the fountain-head of those tears which fair eyes rain over the wo-begone Cyril, and high-born young gentlemen in similar distracting and delicate situations,—and in pointing indignation, not to the harsh father, nor yet to the loutish husband; but to the silken seducer, brimming over with melting sentiment, but blind to the plainest dictates of justice; without enlightened conscience, manly feeling, or true honour; the hood-winked worshipper of the Great World, and the Great World's Law;—and, above all, the idolater of *self*, the true aristocrat.

Suppose this youth reading his memoirs by the fireside of a plain New England Farmer:—(CYRIL reads.)

"I have already said that in the walks of my sisters, I was generally their companion. These were frequently directed to a cottage in the neighbourhood, of which there was apparently no other inhabitant than a young and beautiful girl, whom Jane occasionally employed in little works of embroidery and needle-work. In appearance and manners, she was certainly considerably above the common order of cottagers' daughters; and there was a settled melancholy on her countenance, evidently not its natural expression, which could not be regarded—or at least on my part certainly was not regarded, without compassion. The gloom and expression under which she laboured were clearly not constitutional; for the gleams of a spirit naturally light and joyous, broke occasionally forth, and like those of a winter's sun, seemed brighter by contrast with the heaviness and obscurity by which they were preceded and followed.

"But Mary Brookes (for such was her name) did not dwell in the cottage alone. She lived with her father, a rude and violent man, of whose character report did not speak very favourably in the neighbourhood. Isaac Brookes was sprung of respectable parents, and had commenced life in a station somewhat above that which he now occupied. He had been a farmer; but he was an imprudent man, given to irregular habits, and had not thriven in the world. His stock was distrained for rent, and he was ejected from his farm. Henceforward his hand was raised against every one, and the hand of every one was raised against Isaac Brookes."

This lovely girl had been affectionately and gently nurtured and educated by an aunt in comfortable circumstances; at whose death she returns to her bankrupt father's cottage:—

"It was indeed a home very different from the one she quitted. Isaac Brookes was still a widower; and his temper had become ferocious from poverty and disappointment. Deprived of all the comforts to which she had hitherto been accustomed, and treated by her father with cruelty and neglect, it was not to be wondered that her spirits sunk under a change of circumstances so sudden and severe. Her sor-

row, though deep, was silent and unobtrusive; if she wept, her tears were shed when no eye beheld them; if she sighed, it was in the solitary desolation of her heart, when there was no human ear to listen.

"Such was the situation of Mary Brookes, when, with my sisters, I first visited her father's cottage. A creature more interesting it is difficult to conceive. Her figure was tall, and its natural grace was, perhaps, rendered more remarkable by the simplicity of her dress, and the air of retiring modesty visible in every look and gesture. Her face was pale; but when she spoke there was a suffusion in her cheek, as if the sound of her own sweet voice had made her fearful. She was

A maiden never bold
Of spirit—so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at itself.

To me she seemed a being, whom, to gaze upon, was necessarily to love; who would find sympathy in every heart, and support in every arm. But it was not so. The punishment of the father had been extended to the daughter, and she was friendless. Who would show kindness or protection to the daughter of Isaac Brookes? To whom could she look for comfort or support in her sufferings and trials? To none. The superiority of attraction she possessed rendered her an object of dislike to the mothers, and of jealousy to the daughters; for it is always peculiarly galling to be excelled by the unfortunate. From my sisters, it is true, she received all the kindness and consolation which they were prompted by their own feeling hearts to bestow. And I, too—think of the beauty and distress of this fair creature—of her meekness in suffering—of her fragile frame gradually sinking under the heavy burden that was laid upon her, and think whether every generous impulse of my soul was not awakened in her behalf."

YANKEE, (*smiling.*)

Ah, I guess, Master Cyril; you are going to ask this pretty girl to marry you?

CYRIL, (*reads on.*)

"Alas, for poor human nature, that the indulgence of even our best and purest feelings should lead but to guilt and error!"

"In the company of Jane and Lucy, I paid several visits to the cottage of Isaac Brookes. Of him we saw nothing; for early in the morning he went forth and never returned till night; and Mary was left, sad and solitary, the live-long day, to the cheerless task of lace-making or embroidery.

"The strength of the spells she had cast around me daily increased; her image haunted me by night and by day, yet never was the thought of injuring a creature so innocent and defenceless, even for one instant harboured in my soul. No; in all my dreams—and they were wild and countless—the Searcher of hearts knows that

I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to a sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

"One day I visited the cottage alone, charged with a message from Jane, and I found Mary seated as usual at her work; but her eyes were

heavy and bloodshot, and she was evidently under the influence of deep depression. There was nothing in the circumstances of my visit to alarm the most scrupulous delicacy, far less to excite apprehension in one so simple and confiding as this poor girl. She saw—she could not but see—that I was deeply interested by her distress; nay, that could the outpouring of my blood have contributed to restore her to happiness, it would have been shed as water.

"Poor Mary! her heart leaped up within her at the voice of kindness, long a stranger to her ear; and, while she listened to the words of pity and of comfort with which I sought to soothe her,

She could not bear their gentleness,
The tears were in their bed.

"Most true is the old adage, that pity is akin to love. The stream of one passion flows into another so imperceptibly, that the point of union cannot be discovered; and we glide onwards with the current, insensible alike of our own progress, and of the direction in which we are carried, till we strike on some sunken rock, and are left perhaps to float a shattered wreck upon the waters.

"Day after day were my steps directed to the cottage; and anxiously did Mary watch, in her innocence and simplicity, for the accustomed hour, when her solitude would be cheered by my presence, her heart gladdened by my voice. From her own lips I listened to the story of her griefs. She told me her father pressed her to a hateful marriage with a gamekeeper on a neighbouring estate, a rude and violent man, whom she detested. That on her acceptance of his addresses depended her father's safety and continuance in this country; for on this condition alone had Pierce agreed to quash a prosecution for poaching, in which conviction was certain. Her tears flowed fast as she spoke, for her heart was torn by conflicting emotions. By a sudden impulse I caught her in my arms, and kissed the moisture from her cheeks; which in an instant glowed like crimson. She started back from my embrace with the offended dignity of maiden modesty; and I knelt down, and invoking God to witness the purity of my intentions, vowed to guard and to protect her with a brother's love. And thus her fears were calmed; but alas! from that moment our fate was sealed.

"The frequency of my visits to Brookes's cottage afforded, as might be expected, matter for village gossip, too interesting to be overlooked; and it became necessary that our interviews should be arranged with secrecy and caution. The heart of every woman tells her, almost instinctively, of the close affinity between guilt and concealment; and that of Mary shrank from it with fear and trembling. But she was young, inexperienced, and, above all—she loved. Our place of rendezvous was the tower on the hill already mentioned; and there we met at midnight, in silence and secrecy. Night after night these visits were repeated; and there did we linger till the dawn of morning—twilight gave the signal for departure. The Being who alone knew our weakness, knows likewise with what purity of purpose we trode the brink of the precipice to which our steps had brought us.

"Need I go on? The tale of guilty love, of hearts alike deceiving and deceived, has been often told. At length caution slept—we were but weak and erring creatures—Mary ceased to be virtuous—and the reproaches of my own heart told me I was a seducer."

The New England man having heard this length, he rubs the horny back of his hand across his moist eyes.

Dang it, now, Master Thornton, but this is mighty touching. But now that the evil is done, why, man, we all know the remedy, Master Cyril. We Yankees are rather strict with our boys and maidens—we are, as you know, of the old Puritan, crop-eared race; not of the King Charles' breed at all; yet we allow for cases when it would be the better alternative for an honest fellow like you to clap the muzzle of the rifle to his forehead, rather than marry the girl. But your innocent, beautiful Mary Brookes is no ambitious quean, no artful wanton. It was your *disinterested* self she loved, Squire,—not your rank! Come, man, have heart. Don't abuse yourself so outrageously. It may all be repaired. *Passion*, you may depend on it, is the true seducer. Though, in your country, it is but fair and manly to blame the man only; since the poor woman is, by countless odds, so much the deeper sufferer. This is quite as a humane juryman bolts twenty falsehoods, and sophisticates his judgment and conscience to let off a thief, rather than hang a man for stealing to the value of five shillings.

CYRIL, (*hesitatingly*.)

I am afraid, Mr. Jonathan, you do not quite comprehend all the delicacies of such an affair.

YANKEE.

Hang it, man, I do. You should have craved the parson's blessing first, certainly. But no help now. Better late than never. Go and kiss off the tears that burn on the abashed girl's cheek—take her to your heart, man, as your noble countryman, Robert Burns, did in a worse case; and as hundreds of them have done. You don't now, eh! Master Cyril? You surely don't think yourself,—the old Squire's disinherited son,—a man to be compared in a summer's day with Robert Burns? But I tell you, man, I am *not* a severe fellow: as a friend I would rather lend a hand to pistol you myself, than allow you to marry an unworthy woman. But poor Mary Brookes! How happy you must be as the lover, husband, and protector of this gentle, loving, and beautiful creature—formed, by your description, in the very prodigality of nature. CYRIL THORNTON, (*who, during the Yankee's harangue, had exhibited considerable uneasiness.*)

There must be a few words to that bargain, Mr. Jonathan. I am told, though it may be flattery, that those I have used are fair and soft ones, melting and rending fair bosoms with the tale of my love and my despair. My peasant countryman, Burns, in spite of his many vulgarities, I allow was a clever man. But I presume, Mr. Jonathan, there is a difference between the Corinthian capital of society, and its Doric base? The

moral rule of the lower classes can scarcely apply to us. You remember that "I am a scion of a stock of ancient descent."

"Though untitled, its dignity had always been baronial; and the frequency with which the names of my ancestors occur in the county records, as filling offices of provincial trust and importance, shows their influence to have been considerable. While it is due to truth and my progenitors to state thus much, I am quite ready to confess that our family-tree has produced no very distinguished fruit. Its branches have never been pendent with the weight of poets, heroes, statesmen, or philosophers. "If they have writ our annals right," births, marriages and deaths, the sale or purchase of land, the building of a house, or a donation to the parish church or county hospital, were generally the only events sufficiently salient, to afford footing even for the partial eloquence of a family historian. But if I have little reason to boast, I have certainly none to blush, for my ancestors. They were English gentlemen, fulfilling with propriety the duties of their situation, generally respectable in their relations to society; and leaving, when dead, nothing either 'to point a moral, or adorn a tale.'"

YANKEE, (*with roars of laughter.*)

What a hum-drum set of Squires! Tarnation, man, wont ye then marry this fine girl, whom you pretend to love so passionately; and who has given you every proof of her unbounded confidence in your honour and your love? You are not—I give you your due, Squire—one of the cold-hearted, calculating, canting, snivelling rascals, who make the tenderness of the woman who loves you more than herself, her reproach. Cheer up, Squire! Let me be your bridesman, and look forward to an improvement of the old breed, which shall give your illustrious house,—ha! ha! ha!—"heroes and poets;" ay, and honest men and bonny lasses, which we Yankees like as well. Seriously, Master Cyril, the rugged character of the poor girl's father gives her a double claim on your manly tenderness and fidelity; or, if it please you better, on your *chivalry*—on your generosity. In Yankee-land we should call it—justice.

CYRIL, (*betrayed into the vulgar attitude of surprise, tucking up his stiff shirt collar.*)

Friend Jonathan, you are, as I presupposed, a rather impracticable sort of person: I can scarce hope to make a *worky*, or a farmer understand the high strain of honour, the nice sense of feeling on certain subjects which prevail among individuals of a certain rank in Great Britain. It outstrips your imagination to conceive the horror and resentment every aristocratic matron—every well-educated young lady of any station in my country, would feel at the degradation of a man of my birth marrying the creature be—but this topic is torture to my feelings,

"Touches the nerve where agony is born,"

I must refer you to my memoirs. I have been told that the following passage has rarely been surpassed by the most touching of the sentimental German writers.

JONATHAN *sulkily reads on himself.*

Oh, Country Guy, the hour is nigh—
The sun has left the sea,
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea;
The lark, his lay who thrill'd all day,
Sits hush'd his partner by;
Breeze, bird, and flower, they know the hour—
But where is Country Guy?

Quentin Durward.

Sweetly selected motto, Master Cyril, and most *appropriate*; the tryst of young, innocent, happy love.—(*Reads.*)

"On the night following I was again at the tower, but the hour of tryst passed, and Mary came not. It was a moonless summer's night, and the air was sultry and oppressive. For long hours did I sit watching for the sound of her footsteps, in the path that wound along the hillside, and start at every rustling of the leaves made by the fox, as he stole through the bushes towards his earth in the furze cover,—but Mary came not, and the night passed in solitude and sadness. I lingered till day-dawn; and the song of the birds, that came forth to carol their sweet matins in the sun-rise, warned me that my hopes were vain, and I sought my pillow with worn spirits and an anxious bosom.

"My dreams were wild and dreary, and I woke only to encounter the fierce upbraidings of offended conscience. A lovely, friendless, innocent, and defenceless creature had trusted herself to my honour and protection, and I had plunged her in irretrievable ruin. What need was there to add new and more intolerable anguish to the griefs of one already desolate and oppressed? Why select as a victim, the most innocent, the most confiding, the most unhappy of her sex? In vain did I attempt to "lull the still small voice," by pleading that I too had fallen unwarily into the snare. The pitfall was not dug in my path—I had sought it—I had voluntarily courted the temptation under which I fell. Had I not sworn, and called on the Deity to witness my truth, to love her but with a brother's love, and to guard her honour stainless and immaculate? She had trusted me. To her innocent and unsuspecting heart, my promises had been as those of gospel truth. She had clung to them with woman's faith. In them she had embarked all that belonged to her in this world—her innocence;—and she had been betrayed. What was it now to say, that I had overrated my strength, or to deplore the fatal consequences of my ungoverned passions? Are not the consequences of his guilt lamented even by the most selfish and hardened sinner, when the enjoyment it afforded him are past? But what could avail regret, however bitter? The victim had fallen—the altar had been desecrated by the sacrifice, and the immolation of innocence had been completed. 'Vile seducer!' unprincipled betrayer of confiding love! Like Cain shalt thou be branded among men, and go down to the grave with the guilt of perjury on thy soul."

YANKEE.

Come, now, Master Cyril, you libel yourself too far, man; unless, indeed, this is a chivalrous prologue to playing the part of a villain.—(*Reads.*)

"Never till now had I felt the bitterness of an upbraiding conscience, and it goaded me to the

quick. There is no extremity of bodily suffering I would not have preferred to the mental agonies I then endured. I strove to escape from my own reflections, but could not,—like the wretch, who feels in his quivering flesh the flames by which he is surrounded, and attempts escape in vain, for he is chained to the stake.

"And Mary, too,—where was she? Might she not have been driven to some act of despair, and might not even the guilt of murder be added to my already dark catalogue of crimes? Was I not once more to see and comfort her, to join my tears with hers, to tell her how much her very weakness had endeared her to my heart? [AMERICAN.—*And to make arrangements for your marriage, no doubt, Mr. Cyril?*] I was indeed full of anxiety on her account, but I feared to venture to the cottage, for I knew my visits there were watched, and guilt is ever full of many fears.

"My steps were directed, therefore, to a part of the park, from which it was overlooked; and there did I sit for hours gazing on its thatched roof, and the little garden that lay between it and the road, neglected and full of weeds. The sun had gone down ere I quitted my station. No living being had approached the house, no smoke rose from its chimney top—it seemed tenantless and deserted.

"Sick of soul, did I return to Thornhill; I shrink from society—the caresses even of little Lucy were become hateful and distressing. I pushed her rudely from me; and while the tears started up into her large and blue eyes at my unkindness, I retired to solitude and suffering, in my own apartment.

"Night came, and the stars again saw me at my watch-tower on the hill-top. They rose and disappeared; but Mary's footstep had not gladdened my ear, nor her tall and slender form delighted my eye. Heavily did the sun appear that morn to raise his disk above the dark curtain of the clouds; and less than usually jocund, methought, was the jubilee of living nature in his return. I did not return home, but roamed onward through the woods; and, selecting the path that led to where the shadow of the dark green pines was deepest and least pervious, I cast myself on the ground, and listened to the melancholy sound of the waterfall that ascended from the glen.

"It was noon ere I reached Thornhill; a letter had come for me by the post, and I knew it was from Mary. I thrust it hastily into my bosom, rushed up stairs to my apartment, and having secured my chamber door from the possibility of intrusion, I opened it with a trembling heart. It was indeed from Mary, and gave melancholy evidence that her spirit, which till now had borne up against sorrow and misfortune, was at length broken. It contained no reproaches; she upbraided me not with my broken faith. She had foolishly, she said,—almost wickedly loved, where love was hopeless; and a dreadful punishment had followed her offence. She said, that all thought of happiness had fled for ever, and she now knew herself to be a creature alike alienated from God and despised by man. She told me, too, that her father now treated her with more harshness and cruelty than ever; that he even threatened her life, if she refused to pay the price of his safety by marrying Pierce; and

what could she do?—her heart was broken, and she knew not. She concluded by wishing me farewell for ever. We could never meet again. She had been guilty, but her nature would not suffer her to persist in guilt. Her love would cease only in the grave; it was mine unalienably, indefeasibly mine; yet she desired me to forget her. She was but a guilty, miserable, and worthless thing, unworthy of a thought; a weed tossed upon the waters, bound by no tie, and destined to be the sport of wind and waves.

[JONATHAN aside—*Poor girl! she judges herself too severely. Master Cyril will be off to tell her so, and make all right as fast as possible. I begin to have a better opinion of Master Cyril. With such fine sentiment there must be some truth.*]

"The letter was written with trembling fingers, and blotted with tears. Shall I attempt to describe the effect it produced on me? No. The feelings of suffering that letter cost me shall still rest undisturbed in their sepulchre; nor shall the grave be called on unnecessarily to open its ponderous and marble jaws, and cast them up again.

"Notwithstanding the expressed determination of Mary to see me no more, I felt it was necessary to my peace that at least another interview should take place. I wrote her a letter of comfort; I accused myself as the sole cause of her misfortune; I assured her of my undiminished, my unchangeable attachment; I entreated her to quit her father's roof, and accept an asylum from me; and I made a solemn vow never to intrude myself unbidden on her presence. Lastly, I conjured her by the love she bore me, to see me once more, to grant me at least the melancholy consolation of bidding her an eternal farewell.

"I despatched this letter by a sure channel, and with trembling anxiety awaited the answer. A day, and yet another day passed, and it came not. I could bear the torture of suspense no longer, and determined at all events to seek an interview. Prudence had hitherto withheld me from visiting the cottage of her father: but my mind was now in too high a state of excitement to think of prudence.

"There, therefore, I resolved to seek her. And I did so. My heart beat almost audibly as I approached the cottage. I lifted the latch, and listened for a moment to catch, if possible, some signal that the house was still tenanted by her so dear to me. No sound but the monotonous ticking of a clock broke the silence of the dwelling. I advanced slowly and on tiptoe, and through a half-opened door I beheld Mary, with her head bent forward to the table, and her face covered with her hands. A basket with her work lay beside her, but it was evidently untouched. I saw before me the creature whom I had ruined and betrayed; my heart was moved with something of awe and fear, and I almost dreaded to approach. For a moment or two I stood irresolute, and then I called her by name. Quick as lightning she started up, and gazing on me with a look of wildness, exclaimed, 'Oh! why have you come? God help me! my misery needed not this.'

"'Yes, God will help you, dearest Mary,' said I; 'let not your heart be cast down; accept shelter and protection from one who would peril body, nay soul, in your defence.' [JONATHAN—*But would not do her the only justice in*

your power—Fie! man!) She sank back into her chair as I spoke, and I advanced and knelt before her. 'Pardon, pardon the wretch who has betrayed you—mine was the guilt, not yours. Spare your self-reproaches, accuse him who is alone guilty, and who now sues for that pardon from you which his own conscience can never grant.'

"Mary's only reply was a loud shriek; quick and heavy steps were on the floor, and, turning round, I beheld Isaac Brookes and Pierce the gamekeeper. I was instantly on my feet, and turned to front the intruders. The face of Pierce was black as Erebus, and was marked, I thought, by an almost diabolical malignity. He had lowered the butt of the gun which he carried to the ground; and he stood, with his arm resting on the muzzle, regarding me with a settled scowl. The face of Brookes, though of a different character, was equally marked by evil passion. Its first expression seemed to be one of unmingled fury; but that soon passed away, and his countenance assumed, as he approached me, a look of sardonic, or rather of malignant suavity, more unpleasant than ungoverned passion, because more difficult to deal with.

"Your servant, young Squire," said he, slightly touching his hat; 'I thank you for your kindness to my daughter, and the care you seem to be taking of her; but when your honour thinks of visiting her again, you had better let me know before you come; because if you do not,' and his assumed mildness of expression was changed into a look of deadly determination, 'it may hap that evil may come of it,' glancing a look at the same time on Pierce's gun.

"I came, I assure you," answered I, feeling all the awkwardness of my situation, but making an effort to conceal it, 'I solemnly assure you, with no evil intentions towards either your daughter or yourself. My sisters are deeply interested for her, and I—'

"Thank them and you too," interrupted Brookes; 'you are very kind and condescending, and I am grateful, as in duty bound. In return, take one word of advice from me, and that is, neither to write to my daughter,'—and he produced at the same time my letter from his pocket,—'nor to visit her for the future, if you would live to inherit your father's estate. So, good morning to you, Sir.—Come, Mary, why don't you wish the gentleman farewell that's been so kind to you?—Good morning to you, Sir; and I recommend you to think on my advice.'

"I left the cottage immediately; and, as I passed the door, a peal of hellish laughter from within sounded in my ear."

YANKEE.

Your ears, Mr. Cyril! Don't you see, man, that you deserved to have them cropped? Was the English father, your father's poor neighbour or tenant, to fall on his knees, and respectfully thank you, the Squire's son, for the honour you had done him? Why, you sneaking, sentimental, chivalry-fellow,—here, in New England, the lads, ay, the very girls, would have tarred and feathered you! This is your high strain; your refined morality in Britain, is it? "Such were my first lessons in

morality," you say.—*Morality*. Squire? Why this is a morality would be kicked out of every dollar-making household in the States—hooted out of the New World, back to the high-minded aristocracy of Europe.—'They were bitter and severe.' To whom pray? to your humiliated, ruined, scorned victim; or, if it ease your conscience, call her the partner of your folly. But I presume it will not. The scions of chivalry rather court the punishment of the *eclat* of *bonnes fortunes*.—(*Reads again.*)

"Baffled in all my hopes, I returned home in a state of wretched depression. By my imprudence I had aggravated Mary's misfortunes, and exposed her to ignominy and violence. Her father, it was evident, was aware of our correspondence, and was thus furnished with an instrument of fearful power to bend his unhappy daughter to his wishes. I would have periled everything to protect her from the ferocity of her brutal parent. But what *could* I do? [AMERICAN—What *could* you do? Why could you not marry? In all your distress this simple idea never crosses your mind. Yours is not the kind of affection men cherish in New England!] Every avenue of communication between us was closed. If I approached the cottage, my steps were watched; if I wrote, my letter would probably be again intercepted by her father; and to incur detection in either case, what was it but to draw down on Mary's head persecution yet more severe, and add new dangers and difficulties to the labyrinth of those in which she was already lost. Now, indeed, all the fearful consequences of my crime were opened to my view. I beheld, in all its extent, the dark and fearful gulf into which, on the stream of passion, we had floated. I saw Mary perishing in the waters, and yet was unable to rescue or assist her.—Such were my first lessons in morality, and they were bitter and severe."

YANKEE.

Master Cyril, you do seem to have been in a sad taking, as we say vulgarly. I have many excuses for you. You get a cruel bad moral education, you real gentlemen. Perhaps you are going to act like an honest man at last.—(*Reads on.*)

"Deep, not vehement; fixed, not loud; and experience tells me that such sorrow is more difficult to bear, than that which comes suddenly, and like a torrent, upon the heart; which

Flows like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;

and which, sweeping down with the rapidity and desolation of a hurricane, like a hurricane also passes away. I felt no longer relief in the solitary indulgence of sorrow, but once more sought society, and strove to extract from it the only solace that remained for me—the power to forget.

"My sisters were engaged to pay a visit of some duration to a neighbouring family, and I agreed to accompany them. I was absent about a month, and during that period received no intelligence of Mary. Alas! had such intelligence never reached me, I had been comparatively happy; for I learned, on my return to Thornhill, she had become the wife of Pierce.

And now did the hurricane I have spoken of

rage in all its violence within me! I uttered curses and execrations on her father, on Pierce, on myself, nay, even on Mary. Why, I exclaimed, in my almost impious frenzy, had this horrid and accursed deed been suffered by the great Ruler of the world? Why had he not blasted with his lightning the perpetrators of a crime so black and unparalleled? Were those lips that I had kissed—that bosom which had throbbled against my own, to be contaminated by the touch of a low and brutal barbarian?"

YANKEE, (*bitterly.*)

The Game-keeper—the low rascal! presume to make the young Squire's mistress "an honest woman," as the vulgar of your country say, before the young Squire was tired of her! Oh, Master Cyril—I give you up.—I have no patience with your fine sentiments.

"There was almost madness in the thought, and yet it was a thought I was compelled to endure. To flee it was impossible; it haunted me like my shadow. I saw the look of conscious triumph on the face of the vile minion, as he gazed with gloating eyes upon his victim. I saw the convulsive shudder that came over her, as she recoiled with loathing from his touch. I could not go on. The picture was too horrible to be voluntarily contemplated; and, to avoid it, I would have plunged into the crater of a volcano. But what was past could not be recalled; and submission to the necessary course of events, in man not optional but imperative."

YANKEE in *extreme rage.*

"Danged fine, high-flown, sentimental slang-whangery this, Squire.—But fair words butter no parsnips, as plain folk say in the Old Country. And what, pray, does it all prove but your gross indelicacy, as well as your hard-hearted villany, in leaving the poor distracted creature you had taught to love you so passionately, and whom you pretended to love, though it was your noble self, and your chivalry, and the dull old Squires, your ancestors, that you really loved, Master Cyril.—to leave the friendless, ruined, and still-devoted girl in the power of circumstances you had made so terrible to her? That's the plain way of putting the matter in New England, Sir—ay, in Old England too. I refer you to your countryman, Walter Scott, or to William Cobbett else; or, if these authorities don't please you, to the historians of Margaret Lyndsay, or of Lucy Lethwaite, the victim of another English squire of high degree; who was not, nevertheless, in quite so dangerous a way as yourself, Master Cyril. That knave must have had, all along, a shrewd guess that he was a treacherous, cruel villain; and his remorse was deep and retributive at last. Now, you lull yourself to sleep, in the belief that you are the very martyr of a vehement, virtuous sentimentalism; and all the young ladies weep for your misery. Good jeer, how pathetic!— (*Reads again.*)

So you must see poor Mary, or rather Mrs. Gamekeeper, again, must you? You must; such is the overpowering necessity of your profound attachment, and your tenderly compassionate nature. You must say

farewell to the heart-broken wife of Pierce—the lost creature on whom, by your eloquent account, heaven had lavished all its choicest gifts to woman, but who was, for all this, not a whit the fitter to be the wedded companion of the disinherited representative of a race of dull Squires—porcelain English Clays—who dole out plum-pudding and blankets to old women at Christmas, and make them pay double for their bread and beef all the year round; by which means, I guess, they get little of either.— (*Reads.*)

"Having arranged my plans, I wrote a letter to Mary, in which I told her of my approaching departure—that it was necessary to my happiness that I should learn whether there was anything in which I could contribute to her comfort and tranquility; and, above all, that I should receive from her own lips, assurance of her forgiveness. I urged with all the eloquence I could command, that in the memory of having thus parted with her in kindness, I should alone hope for consolation when far distant, and conjured her, standing on the verge, as we did, of an eternal separation, not to deny this last—this parting request, to one whom she had once loved, who still loved her. My letter likewise indicated the hour and place of meeting on the following night; and if she agreed to this arrangement, I desired she would give signal of her consent by appearing at the window with a white handkerchief in her hand.

"Before sunrise I was at my post, but the execution of my scheme was by no means easy. There were servants about the house, by whom it would have been ruin to be discovered. Of Mary I had only caught a few occasional glimpses as she happened to approach the window, and no opportunity occurred of attracting her observation. At length, however, she came forth into the garden, singing, in a voice weak but exquisitely sweet a song whose mournful cadences seemed breathed from a weary and a bursting heart. Every note of it sank deep into my soul. She had approached nearly to the extremity of the garden, which opened by a small wicket into the wood; when I advanced, crouching as much as possible to avoid all chances of detection, and throwing the letter in her path, retreated hastily to my place of concealment. I feared the suddenness of the surprise might have caused her to scream, but it did not. When she saw the letter, she leant for support against a tree, as if suddenly bereft of strength; but, soon recovering, she took it up, and I saw her returning with tottering steps to the house.

"A long interval followed, which was passed by me in a state of restless anxiety. At length she approached the window, her eyes evidently swollen with weeping, and the white handkerchief was in her hand. She pressed it to her bosom and retired. I too, satisfied with the success of my mission, returned to Thornhill, screening myself as much as possible from observation, by directing my steps through the thickest and least frequented part of the wood.

"During the remainder of the day my mind was restless and uneasy. Our interview would of necessity be a melancholy one, and I almost regretted having sought it. Mary, I thought,

was too weak to support the agitation it must necessarily occasion; and the motives which had induced me almost to force it upon her, I feared were wrong and selfish. But the die was cast, and it was necessary now to stand its hazard; and when night closed in I was on my way to the place of meeting.

"It was a field distant about a quarter of a mile from Pierce's cottage, in the middle of which stood a group of chestnut trees, of uncommon size and luxuriance, and from this circumstance, it was distinguished among the country people as 'The field of the Five Chestnuts.' It was a green and sunny spot; such a one as the passer-by might pause to gaze upon, before he plunged once more into the dark shadows of the surrounding wood. Here and there a large tuft of broom glittered like a mass of molten gold; but I need not describe it, for, after all, it was nothing more than a pretty field, such as one may meet almost anywhere. Why I had selected it as a place of meeting I know not; but here it was, beneath the shadow of the chestnut trees, that Mary and I were once more to meet, and bid each other an eternal farewell.

"When I reached the appointed place, my watch informed me that the hour of meeting was not yet come; and, throwing myself on the ground, I endeavoured, both for Mary's sake and my own, to acquire fortitude and self-command sufficient to enable me to pass calmly through the approaching trial. The spot where I lay was too much sheltered for the wind to reach it; but the swiftness with which the clouds travelled in the sky, showed its influence to be powerful above. One moment a mass of opaque vapours veiled the moon, and the earth for a time was covered with the curtain of darkness. Anon, they had passed away, and the glorious planet again shone forth in her brightness.

"Such was the night: but my observations on the firmament were cut short, by perceiving that my watch already indicated the hour of meeting to have come. I started up, and, taking advantage of the glimpses of the moon, whenever in queenly royalty she came forth from her canopy of clouds, gazed anxiously around to watch for the approach of Mary. At length I saw a female figure at some distance, emerging from the wood. It was she—it was my once pure and innocent—my still beautiful Mary. With the swiftness of a greyhound loosed from his leash, I sprang to meet her. In a moment I was by her side—my arms were extended to fold her once more to my bosom, when the report of a gun was heard, and at the same instant I felt myself wounded. A bullet had passed through my shoulder—I staggered backward a few paces and fell.

"The circumstance of being shot, always produces considerable confusion in a man's ideas. I have no very clear remembrance of what passed around me, as I lay on the ground. But a shriek, loud and piercing as ever gave expression to human anguish, yet seems to tingle in my ear, when I revert to that moment."

YANKEE, (*dryly*.)

Served you right, Master Cyril! And so you were winged and doctored, and got an ensigncy; and dutifully received the paternal parting injunctions—your father saying,

"From any act of dishonour the blood that flows in your veins will preserve you; and to avoid acts of folly and imprudence, it is necessary to taste the punishment that follows them."

The old gentleman surely knew nothing of Mary Brookes. But I forget, he was a far-descended Squire as well as yourself, and an aristocrat as well.—(*Reads.*)

"Of Mary Brookes I saw—I heard no more; but I have since learned that she died soon after my departure. When I returned to Thornhill several years afterwards, I wished to shed a tear on her grave. But there was no stone to mark its site;—the sexton knew it not: Mary and her grave were alike forgotten.

YANKEE FARMER, (*slamming the book together, and pitching it behind the blazing logs, while he laughs derisively and furiously.*)

Ha! ha! ha! It's a tarnation pity, Master Cyril, that you had not found the proper spot to drop that precious tear upon. That distillation of your several years' sensibility might have laid the poor girl's pale ghost. Oh, man! man! how much sin, misery, and self-delusion, lies against the aristocratic influences under which you, and the like of you, in the Old Country, are bred! Are not you now, Master Cyril, "as a soldier and a gentleman, peculiarly fitted" to judge and pronounce on the state of the higher morals in a democratic state, or even in your own country?

CYRIL, (*earnestly.*)

But, surely, Mr. Jonathan, even you, with your odd Transatlantic notions, will allow that, in my case, marriage, though I had been so foolish as even to think of it, which I never did, would have been utter ruin and madness.

YANKEE, (*dryly.*)

Why, they all came, man—ruin, and madness, and death too—but not to *you*, Master Cyril.

CYRIL, (*hemming awkwardly.*)

I had not, as you know, one penny unless old Spreull had come down. I offered to take care of the girl; but the degradation of such an alliance—my family—our ancient race; besides, I never deceived her—I made no promise of marriage, I—

YANKEE, (*rudely.*)

Hold your tongue, man, with your not-deceiving, and your not a-penny; how many strapping feet and inches are there of you? Has your birth deprived you of the use of your hands and limbs? Are you all chivalry, fribble, and fine sentiment? You could handle a hatchet very well, I guess, if you liked. Mary Brookes, by your account, had the virtue of industry, till you broke her heart. Could it not have struck your aristocratic pate—if you had had a spark of Radical heart about you, it would—to have marched off right slick with your wife to our Backwoods, if there was nothing better for it?—Ay, man, you need make no faces about it; marched off with Mary under your arm, and the long rifle slung over your shoulder, to the Republican tune of *Yankee Doodle!*—Ha! ho! ho! Pardon my rudeness, Squire; but how like a stuck-pig you do stare; dismayed at the boorish audacity which sup-

poses it possible that one of *your* rank could act the straight-forward part of an honest man. Excuse me for believing, "that with a once warmly-loved, and still much-loved fellow-creature's happiness entrusted to you, *you* durst not have sported with a trust so sacred." Seriously, Squire, had marrying the girl you pretended to love subjected your honour to the *vulgarity* and American habitudes so pathetically depicted by your cousin, Mrs. Trollope, I could not have been so unreasonable as to expect it. Conceive a slip of a true old Squire-stock, on which Martinet or Dandy may have been for some generations engrafted, spitting out, and eating hominy and corn-soup, with wooden spoons, among upstarts and wood-choppers, a thousand miles to the westward of Warren's Blacking! ha! ha! ha!—and all, that a gentleman might behave like a Jonathan; please himself in his marriage, and act like a man of spirit, not divested of all humanity, and of an enlightened moral feeling. Come, now, Squire, don't sulk. If I have keel-hauled your aristocratic morals in one branch, remember your countrymen and countrywomen have taken my whole nation to task, scanning our mores with, all the while, a beam like a weaver's in their own eye.

From the Court Magazine.

THE FORSAKEN CHILD.

By Mrs. Norton.

"My boy! Henry, I cannot leave my boy!" Such were the words, wildly repeated over and over again, (as if they contained all the reasoning or argument of which she was capable,) uttered by Madeline Wentworth, as she sat convulsively sobbing, her face buried in her hands, and her whole frame shaking with a paroxysm of despairing grief. By her side stood a handsome sickly-looking man, on whose pale brow more perplexity than sympathy was visible, and who seemed impatiently waiting till the fit should subside sufficiently to enable her to hear him. Twice his lips parted, and his arm fell from the marble mantel-piece where he had been leaning, and twice he relinquished the attempt to soothe that misery of which he was at once the cause and the witness. At length the tempest ceased; the weary head sank back on his arm, and the weary eyes looked up to his in melancholy silence, as if hoping for counsel.

"Madeline! my beloved Madeline, calm yourself; believe me, I have not a selfish wish or thought concerning you. If you find you cannot after all make up your mind to take a decided step—if the society of your child can make such a home bearable—remain in it; I would not press you to do aught for which hereafter you might reproach me. It is not for the sake of my

own wild dream of happiness—to see those sweet eyes shining upon me through the long day—to hear those sweet lips welcome me ever or my return to *our* home with words of tenderness—to be able to call you mine—my own, that I have urged this measure upon you. It is because my heart is bursting at all that you endure; your tears, your complaints have maddened me. If I could know you away, safe from the brutality of the man to whom you have been sacrificed—if I could know you at peace, I should be happy, though I were doomed never to see your face again! Did not your own letter bring me to your side? that letter so full of love and of despair, that, surrounded as I was by fools and chatters, I could not repress the groan that burst from my lips as I read it! Did not your own promise embolden me to make arrangements for your departure while *he* was absent, and now, my Madeline, weakened by momentary agitation, you would relinquish plans which have been the work of months to contrive. You leave a home so wretched, that life seems scarce worth having on such terms; a man whose temper and character are so well known, that the harshest of condemning tongues will speak *your* name in pity and sorrow; and even those whispers," said Henry Marchmont eagerly, as she shrank from his side, "even those whispers you shall not hear. We will go to Italy, to Spain, to the wilds of America, where you will, so that we forget all but our own love, our own existence. Your child—nay, hear me without weeping, Madeline, hear me and *then* decide, (you have still the power to decide on remaining.) Your child will not be left desolate—an only son—the heir to a peerage. Do you think that ambition and self-interest will not watch him with as careful a solicitude as your own, if not with the same tenderness? Do you think that the boastful spirit of Lionel Wentworth will suffer the guards of his future prosperity to slumber? Even if the father had no father's feeling, he would foster and cherish his brother's heir. Lord Wentworth has paid his debts, settled an annuity upon him, and shown more apparent kindness than ever he evinced, till the birth of your boy gave a hope of continuing the title and estates in a direct line. Their whole souls are centred in that child. And you, my Madeline, you would relinquish my love, and drag on a life of wretchedness for a vain shadow—the hope of devoted affection from that little being whose first few years are all that ever can be yours. You think of your infant child; but will the boy at Eton, who neither sees nor comprehends your love or sour sorrow; will the youth at college, who considers a week at home a tax on his holidays; will the heir presumptive to the Wentworth property, finishing his education on the continent, and rarely writing you a hurried letter, will *he* be so great a comfort, so dear a pleasure, as to counterbalance all this lonely misery? Will there not be hours, days, years, when you may regret the love that could only end with

•Burns' Letter on his marriage.

life, that love which would have haunted your steps like a shadow, and given a new youth to your withering days?"

Madeline Wentworth left her home, her child, her husband, and learnt that there is no misery like the curse of remorse, no tears so bitter as those in which self-reproach is mingled. It was all true that Henry Marchmont had averred—true that her husband was selfish, brutal, violent; true that many had pitied her for being his wife; true that her boy was the spoilt idol of calculating hearts, in a family where there were no heirs; true that her lover was devoted to her, heart and soul; but which of all these truths quenched the agony of her heart, when as they sat together, awaiting the arrival of dinner at a comfortless inn on the road, the sunset hour brought to her mind a picture she never again was to witness? A picture of that little rosy head hushed to its innocent and early rest, with the white curtains drawn close round it to mellow the evening light, and herself bending tenderly, cautiously, silently above it: to print the gentle kiss, and breathe the whispered blessing of a mother's good night! It rose—it grew more and more distinct—that imagined scene; and as her head sank on her clasped and quivering hands, and the thought flashed through her brain that it might slip her name on the morning, or wait for a sight of her familiar face, and be checked by harsh and angry voices, Henry Marchmont's presence, and Henry Marchmont's caress, had no power to check the bitter exclamation—"My child! my forsaken child!"

Years past away—five years, whose comparative happiness might have stifled the voice of self-reproach in Madeline Wentworth's heart. Divorced from the man she hated, married to him she loved, watched, shielded, worshipped, and the mother of two beautiful children; might she not dream that Heaven's justice slept, or that for her there seemed so many excuses, that her crime was judged more mercifully than that of others? She was spared most of the common miseries of her situation. She had not to bewail the inconstancy or growing coldness of the being for whose sake she had forfeited the love and esteem of all beside. She had not to endure the mortification which the scorn of the more prudent could inflict; for no wounded bird ever crept away more wearily to die, than Madeline shrank from human notice. She had not to struggle with hardship and poverty, after having been accustomed to all the comforts and superfluities of a luxurious home. Henry Marchmont was well off; his uncle's estates and baronetcy were to be his; and not only his, but would descend to his boy; she was spared even that misery, that last worst misery: the consciousness that the innocent were to suffer for her sin—her children were not illegitimate. Of the one she had left, accounts were transmitted from time to time during the first few months which had followed her departure, through the means of the

nurse, who was sincerely attached both to the child and its mother; but afterwards Madeline had the sorrow to learn, that this woman had been sent away by Mr. Wentworth when he discovered that she communicated with her late mistress, and that her boy was placed under the care of a stranger who neither knew her love nor felt for her sorrow. Anxiously Madeline used to glean the vague reports which from time to time reached her of the well-being of this precious charge. Eagerly, when they received English newspapers, did she read over and over again the few words in the *Morning Post* which announced the annual departure of her former husband for his brother's country seat. "*The Hon. Lionel Wentworth and family for Wentworth Park.*" How often did her eyes peruse and re-peruse that sentence, and fancy that it contained intelligence of the life, at least, of her little one!

Once only she obtained fuller information, though from the same common-place source. As her glance wandered over the columns of the gazette, she was struck by a passage headed "Miraculous escape." The names were familiar to her; with a flushed cheek and beating heart she read the brief account of "an accident which had nearly proved fatal to the son of the Hon. Lionel Wentworth, a promising child aged three years;" the nurse was lifting him on the rails of the balcony to see a cavalcade of gentlemen on horseback, when he suddenly slipped from her hold and fell on the pavement below; it was at first supposed that he was killed, but, on examination, he was found to have escaped without even a bruise! In the agony of her feelings Madeline wrote to Mr. Wentworth, beseeching him to write but a single line, or even commission another to tell her whether the report in the newspaper were true, and whether the child had suffered any injury. To this appeal no answer was returned, and the next certain intelligence that reached her was the account of the marriage of Mr. Wentworth with a Mrs. Pole, a widow, whose restless spirit and love of meddling had, as Madeline well remembered, been the cause of much and serious discomfort in her home. Her boy—her gentle and lovely little Frank, was now under the control and dependent on the caprice of a stepmother! This was an unexpected blow. Mr. Wentworth was no longer young when she herself had been induced to accept him, and she had never anticipated having a successor. The event would perhaps have made a stronger impression upon her but for one which overwhelmed her with anguish and occupied every feeling: Henry Marchmont broke a blood-vessel.

No paroxysm of passion—no previous illness—no excessive exertion—gave any apparent cause for this terrible and sudden catastrophe. Mr. Marchmont's friends vainly inquired of each other "how Henry had contrived to bring on this attack?" Those appealed to shook their heads—some attributed it to anxiety of mind—

some to natural delicacy of constitution—all that was certain was that he *had* burst a blood-vessel and that he was to die.

He was to die! the graceful, gifted being, with whom, in the blindness of human hope, she had looked forward to a life of tranquil comfort—of devoted love;—for whom, in the blindness of human passion, she had deserted the ties that first bound her, and the station to which she belonged. How often had they vowed that years should pass away and find them unchanged towards each other—how often they had talked over the decline of their days, spent in retirement and cheerful affection;—and Henry had grown eager as he spoke of a residence in England, when, as Lady Marchmont, she would be enabled to occupy herself in acts of charity and kindness to the poor on his estate; and, forgotten by the great, feel, that sinner as she was, her name was announced by many an humble lip in their evening prayers. Those hopes were over. The decree had gone forth which none could reverse. The heart whose love had so planned and parcelled out her future, was to lie chilled and senseless in the grave ere a few more brief months completed the seventh year of their union; and Madeline was to be left alone! Oh, never knelt enthusiast or saint before heaven with a soul full of more agonized fervour than the wretched wife of Henry Marchmont;—she prayed—not as they pray who have been taught to murmur words of supplication as a duty, and repeat them with scarcely a faint consciousness of their need of the blessings solicited. Her prayer was such as burst from the fasting David's lips when the child of his sin was taken from him—wild—earnest—spoken with pale and quivering lips—with swollen and streaming eyes—and such it well might be, for she prayed for *his* life!

It was at the dawn of a bright warm day, at a beautiful villa near Nice, and Madeline had just returned to her husband's room, which she had only quitted to bathe and dress after the long night's weary watch. He called her in a more animated tone than usual; and she bent over him with sorrowful affection. "Madeline," said he, "this is our wedding day." Madeline started; it was the first of those loved anniversaries which had not been foreseen by both—and for which they had not provided some trifling token of mutual regard: the tears rose to her eyes. "You shall do me a service," said her husband; "you want air—it will give you strength—strength to sit by me—(you see what a selfish fellow I am;) take the children, and go in the little pony chaise and buy me an inkstand; I want to write a long letter; and an inkstand shall be your gift for to-day." She obeyed, though her heart trembled at leaving him even for an hour; she dared not contradict his whim even by requesting permission to stay. She wept as she besought his servant not to quit the ante-room during her absence; and the man wondered why she should be more anxious and depressed on that day than on any other. She wept as she entered the nursery, and bid her little boy and

girl prepare to accompany her; and the children wondered she could feel sad on such a bright and beautiful morning; she wept, as in an almost inarticulate voice she desired the *bijoutier* to produce the prettiest of the articles she was commissioned to purchase; and the curiosity and surprise visible in the man's countenance reminded her of the necessity of appearing composed. *She* had no mother—no sister—no virtuous and sympathising friend, to whom she could unburthen her grief; to whom she could say; "It may be the last gift I shall ever present to Henry—the last 10th of October I shall ever spend in his company!"

She hurried home and stole to her husband's apartment. He was sleeping on the sofa by the little reading table: a letter, folded but not directed, lay by him; and the materials for writing were scattered on the table. She inquired of the servant and learnt that, after writing the letter Marchmont had rung for a taper and some sealing wax, but that when the man returned with them his master had sunk back in a deep sleep, from which he had taken care not to disturb him. Madeline sighed, and again sought her husband's dressing-room. One hour—two—three past away and still that sleeping head preserved its position; and still, with a statue-like quiet, the unhappy woman kept watch by his side. At length a feverish start on the part of the sick man roused her: the shadowy blue eyes opened and gazed kindly upon her, and a broken sigh indicated that he was awake and conscious. "Henry, love, here is your inkstand; how are you?" murmured Madeline in a low voice. She smiled, too, as she said it; the fitful struggling smile which bears so close a resemblance to sunshine on an April day. But the dying man did not reply, eagerly and wildly he gazed at her, and then seizing the letter, he directed it, "To Sir Henry Marchmont, Bart." A few hours closed the scene. The sun that rose the morning after that wedding-day, saw Madeline Marchmont a heart-broken, lonely widow, and the gazette which contained the announcement of her husband's death, also told of the birth of twin-sons born to the Hon. Lionel Wentworth by the former Mrs. Pole. In his will Henry Marchmont left his wife sole guardian of his two children; sole inheritor of his property; but he expressed a wish that in the event of his uncle's offering any advice on the disposal of the former, that Mrs. Marchmont should endeavour to comply; that his boy should be educated in England; and that the letter he was then intending to write to Sir Henry should be forwarded immediately after his death. His desire was duly obeyed, and his uncle read as follows:—

MY DEAR UNCLE,

From my earliest boyhood to the day I left England I can recall nothing on your part but kindness and generosity: to that kindness, to that generosity, a dying man makes his last appeal. I leave one behind me, (God comfort her!) more desolate than ever is the lot of woman under such circumstances. I leave

her alone—unprotected—and that one thought is all that embitters my last moments. I know what you thought, what you said at the time she left Mr. Wentworth. I do not defend our mutual sin (though I believe and hope there will be mercy for both,) but I do entreat of you to believe that hers is not a vicious mind; I do implore of you to receive her, not as the divorced Mrs. Wentworth, but as my fond, true, and patient wife; as one who watched me in sickness and cherished me in health; as the devoted mother of my innocent children. In this hope I die—die without seeing again the home, or the friends, of old days; and my last words are—do not, oh! do not cast her off, for the sake of the nephew who played round your knees when a child, and who now, for the last time, languidly and painfully signs himself,

Your affectionate

HENRY MARCHMONT.

The news of Henry Marchmont's death arrived at the same time as the foregoing letter. The old man to whom it was addressed crushed it between his hands and groaned aloud. He had, then, outlived his heir—his handsome, high-spirited nephew was no more! such an event seemed more like a dream than reality; and he was forced to read the intelligence again and again before he could persuade himself of its truth; and again, and again as he read it, did exclamations of sorrow burst from his lips, mingled with many a vow of protection and assistance to those whom Henry had left behind him. Again was Madeline spared the common addition to a sorrow like hers. Where another might have met with scorn and silence she found warmth and welcome. A kindly and condoling letter reached her by the first post, offering a residence at Marchmont Park to herself and the children as long as would be convenient to her. There was indeed one sentence in it which cut her to the heart—a vague, slight, but evidently anxious allusion to the possibility of her hereafter forming other ties, and a hope that, if she remained abroad, she would suffer the children occasionally to visit one who would always be a father to them. Rich, still young, and still most beautiful, it was perhaps natural that the thought of her marrying again should strike Sir Henry Marchmont's mind, and that the loneliness of his old age should make him anxious to secure the affection and society of those whom years might perhaps estrange entirely from their unknown relation. Madeline was not long deciding. At Marchmont Park, the scene of so many visions which now might never be realized, she felt she *could* not live; but she felt, also, that for her children's sake it would be most unwise to receive with coldness the late and long-delayed offer of reconciliation and kindness from her beloved Henry's uncle. She wrote humbly, gratefully, and after expressing her own intention of remaining abroad till her daughter's education should be completed,

she told him that her boy should be sent immediately to England; that it was her wish he should be placed at Eton; but that in all plans for his future welfare, she would be guided entirely by Sir Henry's opinion; and desired that her little Frederick's holidays might be spent with him.

With tears and blessings Frederick was accordingly confided to the care of an English officer, who was returning to England after burying an only daughter in the spot where they had promised him that health should again bloom on her cheek and sparkle in her eye; and with tears and blessings he was received into the new home that was prepared for him; and, too young for school, remained the plaything and idol of his grand uncle, the old housekeeper, and a circle of tenants and dependents who seemed to have no other theme for praise, or object for flattery.

At length Madeline Marchmont wrote to the old baronet, expressing her intention of revisiting England, as he had repeatedly pressed her during the last two or three years, anxious, as he said, to give Gertrude, her daughter, of whose beauty he had heard many rumours in spite of the retirement in which she lived, an opportunity of marrying in her native country. It was with many a sigh of sorrowful recollection, and dread of the new future opening upon her, that Mrs. Marchmont consented to undergo the trial of seeing her pretty Gertrude taken about by careless relations, or perhaps unnoticed and uninvited because of her mother's fault. Gentle and irresolute, always oppressed with the consciousness of her early disgrace, and morbidly afraid of losing the affections of her children, Madeline had made the most weakly indulgent, and perhaps the most ill-judging, of parents, to a boy and girl who particularly required control and discipline. Wild, proud, and ungovernable was the beautiful little Frederick she sent to his grand uncle ten years since, and from whom she had only had two short visits, which served to show that he still was what she remembered him in infancy; and wild, proud, and ungovernable was the handsome lad who sprang forward and bounded down the steps of Marchmont House to welcome her arrival and that of his sister. Gertrude was still more completely a spoilt child, for boys at school and lads at college *must* find their level; and Henry had soon discovered that though heir to a baronetcy, and supplied profusely with pocket money, he was not the only great man in the world: but Gertrude, at sixteen, only felt that she was a beauty and her mother's idol. A word of contradiction roused all the violence of her nature; and Sir Henry, as he gazed on the pale, meek face of his nephew's widow, would turn and wonder whether she were indeed the parent of the slight fairy-like being whose fits of passion half shocked, half amused him, as he watched her dark blue eye flash fire, and her delicate nostril dilate with rage.

As their situation became more clear to them, these young people became even

more uncertain and irritable in their tempers. Frederick felt the mortifications which from time to time even the flattered Gertrude had to endure, though neither gout nor fatigue prevented Sir Henry from escorting her himself to a ball or party, when he could find no chaperone sufficiently worthy in his eyes to take charge of her. The history of her mother's elopement was of course soon known to Gertrude Marchmont, and the knowledge embittered her feelings and removed the only barrier to the confidence that existed between the brother and sister; for Frederick had been taunted with his mother's frailty while a boy at school. The thoughtlessness and selfishness of youth were pre-eminently displayed by the two children of the unhappy Mrs. Marchmont. She had never had the courage to tell them of her fault, nor even after she was aware they knew it, had she in any way recurred to it. She had never, when some angry word from Gertrude had cut her to the soul, said, "My heart is already breaking; do not afflict me further." Accustomed from the first to have something to conceal, she hid even her tears from them; and often, when the resemblance of Frederick to his father struck her more forcibly than usual, and thoughts how ill that father, who had never frowned upon her, would have brooked the angry looks and angry words she had to bear from his son, she would retire to the solitude of her own chamber and weep, and wish that she were laid beside him in the grave. Gertrude, too; her pretty Gertrude! the days were past when the little fat white-shouldered toddling thing came to be kissed and taken on her knee: her daughter was a woman now; an angry woman; and they stood together, the wronger and the wronged. So at least deemed the ill-governed offspring of Henry Marchmont: they felt their own mortification—their own disgrace; but no thought of *her* love, and *her* sorrow; no pity for her early widowhood—her lonely life—her devotion to themselves, to their father, crossed their minds; they felt angrily and coldly at times towards her, and took no pains to conceal those feelings. Often was the timidly offered caress peevishly evaded by the daughter; and Madeline felt more desolate while seated with her two grown-up children, than when, stealing away unquestioned and unregretted, she wandered through the beautiful avenues of Marchmont Park, dreaming of the love of her early youth, and the curly-headed smiling infants who then seemed such certain sources of pleasure and happiness. At such times as these, it is not to be supposed that she could forget one, of whom she had heard little, but for news of whom her restless spirit always pined—the one who had "first woke the mother in her heart"—her forsaken child! He lived—that she knew; but she longed to gaze upon him; unloved, unremembered as she must be, even by *him*, to trace the changes time had made in that sweet face, and hear the voice whose forgotten tones could barely lisp the word mother, when she abandoned him.

On one of the very few occasions on which Mrs. Marchmont could be persuaded to leave home when Sir Henry struggled through Gertrude's spring in London, they all proceeded together to the opera; Madeline was passionately fond of music, and there, where she could be herself unseen, unheard, she enjoyed having pointed out to her Gertrude's favourite partners, or rival beauties, and listening to the passionate melody of Pasta's voice. The curtain had just fallen, and Mrs. Marchmont was taking a survey of the theatre, when she was struck by the countenance of a young man in one of the boxes immediately opposite—it was singularly, divinely handsome, though something effeminate and suffering in its expression made it perhaps less pleasant to gaze on than a common observer would have deemed. Such as it was, however, it riveted the attention of Madeline, which Gertrude no sooner perceived, than she observed, carelessly, "that young man has been watching you all the evening whenever you bent forward to see the opera." Mrs. Marchmont started and shrunk back out of sight, nor did she change her position throughout the remainder of the performance. As they hurried through the crowd in the round-room, Gertrude whispered to her brother, "There is Hugh Everton, Lord Everton's brother; I wish I could speak to him; it is so tiresome! I never can stay a moment in this room the nights Mamma goes to the opera." Madeline overheard the whisper, and the tears rose to her eyes—it was very—*very* seldom—she accompanied her child to this single place of amusement. It had been a pleasure to her, and she thought—she hoped, it was a pleasure to Gertrude. Alas! even these few evenings were grudged by the selfish object of her affection. She gently disengaged her arm from that of Frederick, and had the melancholy satisfaction of hearing Gertrude's silver laugh as she joined in young Hugh Everton's jests, and knowing that she had afforded her this unexpected pleasure by leaving the brother and sister unencumbered by the mother's presence. She stood alone, miserable, shrinking, awaiting the return of Sir Henry, who was receiving from his servant the agreeable intelligence, that one of the horses appeared too ill to take them home. She was close to the doorway, and leaned against it to avoid the pressure of the crowd, and as the subsiding tears allowed her again to see distinctly the objects round her, she was struck by perceiving the identical face, whose beauty had fascinated her in the boxes, opposite the place where she was standing. He was still regarding her intently, and in the mood in which Gertrude's whisper had thrown her, she thought there was insult in this obstinate notice. She returned a haughty and an angry look in answer to his air of scrutiny, and moved forward to take Sir Henry's arm, who just then appeared. The young man turned very pale, as if seized with sudden faintness, and placing his hand on the rails of the stairs, he descended them on the opposite side to that she took with her uncle.

It was then for the first time she perceived the young stranger was lame; and his feeble but not ungraceful figure roused again in her heart the same strange mixture of interest and pain, which she had felt in the previous part of the evening. As they severally prepared to retire after their return home, Madeline could not resist the curiosity which prompted her to inquire of her son the name of the young man, who had so pertinaciously watched her. Frederick "did not know, but could easily find out," and wishing her the usual good night, left the apartment. Gertrude followed him, and Madeline was preparing to accompany her, when old Sir Henry, laying his hand on her arm, said: "Is it possible, my dear Mrs. Marchmont that you are not aware, that you do not know —" He paused, for the sick thrill that drove the blood from Madeline's heart left her cheek ashy pale. "Is it he?" gasped she, inarticulately. "It is Mr. Wentworth," said the Baronet, sorrowfully, for he hated to hear even the name of Madeline's former husband.

"Holy heaven! murmured Mrs. Marchmont as she sank on a chair; "but that lameness?—my boy is a cripple—a complete cripple."

"I believe it was a fall," said Sir Henry. And Madeline remembered the "miraculous escape" of the newspapers, which had so agonized her at the time. The next morning a note was brought her. It ran as follows:

"Mother! I saw you last night, and you saw me, though you treated me as a stranger. But that was in public—you shrank from me—you frowned on me before others, while you were with your other children, while strangers watched you; but alone, mother, alone, would you spurn the child of your youth? I have never forgotten you. I think I should have known your face, though so pale last night. I am sure I should have known your voice; it has haunted me from my infancy till now; and no other has ever sounded so sweet to me. O! mother, see me! I am a weak, low-spirited creature; but I feel as if it would give me a new soul to feel conscious that there was one human being that really loved me. My father has never loved me—my step-mother grudges the place I hold as something her children are cheated of; and the love which others win, will never be bestowed on a deformed cripple. I am alone in the world—comfort me—comfort me, mother. I do not expect you to love me as well as those (blessed and happy children!) who have spent their lives with you; but something—something you will grant me, for the memory of the days when I was your only one. Write to me—tell me I may see you, and when and how, and let me hear your voice once more."

Madeline read the note and laughed hysterically. The bitter words and scornful speeches of Frederick and Gertrude rose in contrast to her memory. The day she left her home seemed but as yesterday, and once again her lips burst forth with passionate sorrow—"My child!—my forsaken child!"

(To be continued.)

From the Monthly Review.

Sketches of Turkey, in 1831 and 1832. By an American. 1 vol. thick 8vo. New York: J. and J. Harper. London: O. Rich, Red Lion Square. 1833.

WERE we to judge of the American character by the specimens with which we are acquainted of their European travellers, we should not hesitate to regard it as entitled to no small degree of respect and esteem. We remember the pleasure with which we read the occasional sketches of his tours, in which Washington Irving indulged; then the visit to Spain of a young American is associated with many happy moments in our mind. The laborious, scientific, and useful work of Captain Morrell, another travelled American, is quite fresh in our recollection. In the works of these various authors we discover not merely a remarkable degree of intelligence, industry, and ability, but a moral tone, an elevated spirit of liberality and forbearance, a general determination to be impartial, such as reflects the greatest credit on their principles. Superadded to this eulogy ought to be the praise for the uniform good humour, or rather the constitutional suavity of temper which characterizes every work comprehended in our notice. In short, we should recommend these productions to our readers as striking examples of that sort of uninterrupted cheerfulness which is ever the privilege of those whose consciences are on the best terms with their inclinations to be merry.

This general description is meant merely as an introduction to the notice of another practical illustration, in the person of the present author, of the character which we have just described; and who, though the latest of the candidates for the credit that is to reward their enterprise, cannot certainly be estimated as the least worthy. It does not appear upon what errand the "American" undertook this voyage to the Ottoman regions, but it is evident that no duties or cares devolved upon him which could in the slightest degree control the impulses of his curiosity in a foreign land. A very lively account is given by him of the progress of the ship from New York, by the Mediterranean, to the Greek islands, many of which he visited. Beyond some remarks on their vegetable productions, evidently emanating from a skilful botanist, there is nothing in his description of those places which we can regard as increasing our stock of knowledge concerning them. We pass over, therefore, the whole of the Levantine voyage, and entering the Bosphorus, join our conductor as he lands near Constantinople. Upon the very first view of that renowned city, two things, he declares, particularly struck him: the first was, the entire absence of wheel-carriages of any description, which gives a strange, silent character to the streets; the other was, the few dogs they met with in their walk. They were, it is true, occasionally to be seen basking in the streets; but they were perfectly harmless, and if struck ran yelping away. From

the relations of travellers he was prepared to find them at every step, and to be attacked, if not absolutely devoured, before he could reach his destination. One of his party, who, *par parenthese*, was a Philadelphian, declared, that so far from finding dogs in such numbers, he really doubted whether they were as numerous as the hogs in New York. After some warm and apparently just compliments to the watermen of Constantinople and their craft, he proceeds to describe one of the chief lions of the city—the bazaar. The bazaar, he informs us, is a collection of shops where goods are sold by retail; it covers several acres, and consists of numerous streets which cross each other in various directions. All the shops resemble each other in structure and arrangement so closely, that the description of one is enough to convey to the reader an exact idea of the whole. From the author's account the shop appears to be a little stall, about ten or twelve feet square, hung round with the various articles exposed for sale: like the shops of Pompeia, they are entirely open in front, and are closed at night by hanging shutters, which serve as an awning during the day. The floor of the stall is raised two feet from the ground; and upon a small rug, spread out on this floor, sits the cross-legged Turkish or Armenian shopkeeper. A small door behind him opens into a little recess, or apartment, where those articles are kept which cannot be conveniently exposed in the stall. The bazaars are covered overhead, and in many places arched over with stone in a substantial manner. As you traverse them, astonishment is raised at their apparently endless extent and varied riches. Here, as far as the eye can reach, are seen ranges of shops filled with slippers and shoes of various brilliant hues: there, are exposed the gaudy products of the Persian loom. At one place drugs and spices fill the air with their scents, while, at another, a long line of arms and polished curly flash upon the eye. Each street is exclusively occupied by a particular branch of trade, and they traversed for hours the various quarters in which books, caps, jewellery, harness, trunks, garments, furs, &c., were separately exposed for sale. The crowds which thronged the bazaars were so dense that it was with no little difficulty they made good their way: and when to this are added the numerous persons who were running about, holding up articles for sale, and crying out the price at the top of their voices—the sonorous Turkish accents predominating over the various dialects of Europe—with the running accompaniment of the ceaseless Greek chatter, one may form a tolerably accurate idea of the noise and bustle of the scene. In many districts, such as the seal-cutters, diamond-workers, pipe-makers, &c., the same little stall serves both as a place to sell their wares and as a workshop to manufacture them; thus giving an additional air of life and movement to the bustle which continually pervades these regions. No person sleeps within the walls of the bazaar. It is closed near sun-

set by twenty-two immense gates, which lead into as many different streets; and the shopkeepers, at that time, may be seen returning to their homes in different parts of the city, or filling their numerous casks, which then literally darken the waters of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn.

It is no wonder that the fatigue produced by this journey over the bazaar, should have impelled our travellers to seek refreshment; they proceeded accordingly to a genuine Turkish eating-house, where they found much to amuse them. The chief article of food in these houses is *pilaff*, and it consists of mutton and boiled rice. The meat is cut into small fragments, and the pieces then successively impaled on a spit of about the size of a darning-needle. The spit is then placed over a charcoal fire, over which the mutton is very rapidly cooked. To this fare for dinner is added the following article of luxury: a soft, blackish cake of rye, which has been previously browned, is placed on a large tinned plate of copper; over this cake is poured melted grease, in which finely-chopped herbs are mixed, and then on the copper the broiled mutton is scraped off. The last process consists of pouring over the whole compound a due quantity of sour milk. The dinner was served on a small stool about six inches high: it was placed on a platform where our travellers had already seated themselves cross-legged. The fare they found exceedingly palatable, and did not feel any diminution of their comfort by reason of being obliged to help themselves with the same knives and forks which were in use in the good old times of Adam and Eve.

Not being able to procure anything like decent lodgings in the city itself, the travellers proceeded up the Bosphorus, and having landed at one of the superb residences called *Buyukdery*, they were successful in procuring suitable lodgings. From this situation they made many excursions into the surrounding country, and from the descriptions of the author we have reason to conclude that it was quite beautiful.

Amongst the more striking features of peculiarity which distinguish the city of Constantinople, the traveller notices with especial applause the dispositions which it contains for securing an abundant supply of water to the inhabitants. The water-works to effect this object are on an immense scale, and there is a distinct officer armed with boundless power to preserve, under all circumstances, the due supply: he compels every one to assist in restoring the line of communication when it is in the slightest degree interrupted; and fines most unsparingly all who dwell in the vicinity of the spot where a breach occurs, and who do not give instant notice of the event. The importance of these water-courses will be duly estimated, when it is stated that the sultans make a regular inspection of them every year with great ceremony, and order such improvements and alterations as they may think necessary. Nothing can be more interesting to a stranger than to contemplate the Turk whilst he is engaged with

every appearance of the most anxious solicitude in treasuring up the minutest drop of water that trickles from the face of the rocks. Around the city, at unequal distances, the hilly parts are laid out in reservoirs. Those are called *Bendts*, a word derived from the Persian language. In the construction of these bendts, advantage is taken of a natural situation, such as a narrow valley, or gorge, between two mountains, and a strong substantial work of masonry is carried across, sufficiently high to give the water its required level. One of the largest of those bendts has the name of the *Validay Bendts*, and it consists of a solid wall of marble masonry, eighty feet wide, and supported by two large buttresses, which rises to the height of a hundred and thirty feet from the bottom of the valley. It is four hundred feet long, and the top is covered with large marble slabs of dazzling brilliancy. On the side next the reservoir, a substantial marble balustrade, three feet in height, gives a finish to this Cyclopean undertaking. A tall marble tablet indicates the date of its erection, or more probably of its repair or reconstruction. From the date, 1211, it appears to have been built about forty-six years ago. It is said to have been built by the mother of the reigning sultan. It is furnished with a waste gate, and, at a short distance below, the water from the reservoir is carried across a ravine by a short aqueduct. About two miles from this is another bendt, erected in 1163, which corresponds to the year 1749. This is also a magnificent work, although inferior in size to the preceding.

In tracing the communications by which the water from these distant reservoirs is carried to the town, the traveller found that they were brought across deep valleys, but that yet the ordinary methods adopted for such conveyance were altogether unknown to the Turks. The following is the ingenious plan by which the object is effected: a number of square pillars is erected at short intervals, in the direction of the proposed channel for the water; those pillars are about five feet square, constructed of stone, and, slightly resembling pyramids, taper to the summit. They vary in height, according to the necessities of the case, from ten to fifty feet, and in some instances are even higher. They form a striking peculiarity in Turkish scenery, and it was some time before the principle upon which they were constructed was apparent. The water leaves the brow of a hill, and descending in earthen pipes rises in leaden or earthen ones, up one side of this pillar, to its former level, which must be, of course, the summit of the pillar, or *sooteray*, as it is called by the Turks. The water is here discharged into a stone basin as large as the top of the sooteray, and is discharged by another pipe, which descends along the opposite side of the pillar, enters the ground, advances to the next sooteray, which it ascends and descends in the same manner; and in this way the level of the water may be preserved for many miles over large ravines or plains, where an aqueduct would

be, from its expensiveness, manifestly out of the question. In the city of Constantinople, the old ruinous aqueduct of Valens, which no longer conducts water in the usual manner, is converted into a series of sooterays, and permits one to examine their structure in detail. The stone basin on the summit is covered with an iron plate, to prevent the birds from injuring the water. This is connected by a hinge, and, upon lifting it up, the basin is found to be divided into two parts, by a stone partition. Several holes are made in this partition near its upper edge. The water from the ascending pipe is allowed by this means to settle its foreign impurities, and the surface water, which is of course the most pure, flows through these apertures into the adjoining compartment, from whence it descends, and is carried to the next sooteray, where the same process is repeated. A number of projecting stones on the sides facilitate the ascent of the person who has charge of these sooterays, and whose business it is to remove the deposits from the water in the stone basins.

This ingenious hydraulic arrangement seems to possess advantages which might recommend its adoption elsewhere. As the pressure is thus divided among the series of syphons, the necessity for having very strong and costly pipes is obviated. As they are from three to five hundred yards apart, the cost is probably much less than by any plan which could be devised, where, in addition to the cost of a canal, or series of pipes, we should be compelled to raise it again by the expensive agency of steam or some other costly apparatus. The frequent exposure of the water to air and light at the summit of these sooterays is another very important advantage which cannot be too strongly insisted upon; as it is now well known that nothing tends more to purify water than the presence of these two agents.

The author calculates the total length of the water-courses of Constantinople to amount to a length of about fifty miles, and the expense he estimates at about fifty millions of dollars. His attention appears to have been particularly attracted to the subject of the supply of water in Constantinople, from the circumstance of the great neglect which is manifested by his own government respecting the supply of New York, where, he says, the inhabitants, amounting to upwards of 200,000, have been for years foolishly pondering on the propriety of expending two millions of dollars for the purpose of obtaining a supply of pure and wholesome water.

The travellers in the course of their peregrinations happened to light upon a Cornish man, who had been imported by the Turkish government for the purpose of practising in Constantinople the English mode of tanning and preparing leather, Turkey being up to that time utterly destitute of anything like leather of good quality. At the time of the travellers' arrival, the Englishman had advanced so far in Turkish esteem, that the government gave orders for the building of

an establishment expressly for his use; and the strangers were much gratified at the opportunity, of which they fully made use, of contemplating all the details of domestic architecture in Constantinople. It appears that this metropolis, like London, is indebted to a distinct body of interlopers for its mechanics and labourers. The English capital is extended, or repaired by the Irish; and Constantinople by Armenians and Bulgarians conjointly. The daily wages of the latter two classes of workmen do not exceed eight cents per day, but to judge from the indolent manner in which they set about their work, the frequent interruptions caused by their everlasting pipes, and the slovenly manner in which their work is executed, it may well be doubted whether they actually earn even this small pittance. Their tools are few in number, and of the simplest kind. A long gimblet, a short saw, which when used is drawn towards the workman, and a short-handled adze, which also serves as a hammer, comprise nearly all the tools of a Turkish carpenter. The workmen are directed by a foreman, and it is with him that the government contract for the erection of this building.

The frame, which is of very small dimensions for the size of the building, is clumsily fastened together by large spikes. The roof is then raised, and immediately covered with tiles, and it is not uncommon to see large stones arranged along the ridge, in order to keep the last rows of tiles more securely in their places. No chimneys of course are ever seen in a Turkish house. The ceilings are of thin boards, and, as close joints never occur, they are concealed by long strips of wood, which, when painted, as they usually are, of a different colour from the rest of the ceiling, produce a singular and not unpleasant effect. The lower story is filled in with bricks and mortar, or rather with mortar and a few bricks. From an examination of the mortar used in the construction of the most ancient buildings about Constantinople, there is reason to believe that the process of making mortar at the present day in Turkey does not vary materially from that employed under the Greek emperors. Much pains appear to be taken in mixing it; tow, finely chopped, is substituted for hair, and pounded bricks and tiles form one of the most important ingredients. The windows, when glass is used, are in the French style, opening upon hinges, but more commonly they are closed by lattice-work, and the external air is kept out by inside shutters and curtains. The operation of painting goes on *pari passu* with the labours of the carpenter and mason. The different steps of puttying, priming, and then applying successive coats of paint, are here unknown. Armed with a long brush, which he wields with both hands, the painter follows up the carpenter, and lays on the paint as thick as it can, by any possibility, be made to adhere.

After having visited a few more establishments, which appear to be situated in a particular part of the city, our travellers pro-

ceeded to a short distance beyond the suburbs in the same direction, and were struck with the beauty of a valley which they entered, and is known as a place of amusement, under the title of the Sultan's Place. They met several parties of merry Turks here, one of which treated them with marked and quite unwonted hospitality. The author noticed upon this occasion, as on many others, a particular article of food as being very popular amongst this people. It is called *yaoort*, and it is nothing more than curdled milk; but from the manner in which the culinary process connected with it is performed, it seems to be converted from a simple article of food into a delicious luxury. It is prepared by pouring a quart of boiled milk upon the yeast of beer, and allowing it to ferment. Take of this a spoonful and a half, and pour on it another quart; after a few repetitions it loses the taste of yeast, and becomes a very palatable and savoury food. In order to prepare the milk for use, take a tea-spoonful of the *yaoort*, bruise it with a spoon, and pour on it a quart of lukewarm milk, and set it aside in an earthen vessel: it will be fit for use in the course of an hour or two.

The author and his companions were particularly struck with the numerous instances of fires which take place in Constantinople. He denies, however, that they can be referred to any depravity or character in the Turks, which might induce them to commit acts of vengeance, or desperation, in this way; in fact, there are found causes enough in the common habits of the people to explain the frequency of these accidents, without having recourse to the uncharitable conclusion that they are effects of malignant design. Every Turk (with the exception of the sultan himself,) smokes his chibook night and day, and his fire is knocked out without the least care. If the floor is matted, the straw material is amply sufficient to nourish the flame, and, if not covered, the joints between the planks are generally open enough to receive a coal of fire, and at midnight the family are awakened by the blaze of their dwelling. The author has frequently observed coopers, cabinet-makers, and other mechanics smoking their chibooks, and knocking out the embers among the shavings and other combustible materials, with all the indifference which may be supposed to denote an every-day occurrence.

Notwithstanding the number of fires to which the Turkish metropolis seems fated, yet we have the authority of the author for the surprising intelligence that New York takes the palm even from Constantinople in the number of fires. During the year 1831 there were not less than 119 fires in the former capital, besides innumerable alarms.

It is a curious and by no means an unimportant fact, that the money of the Ottoman empire is to a great extent counterfeit, and it turns out, according to the present author, that great quantities of this false coin are the produce of Birmingham. There are even branch-banks for the issue of this base coin at Syra, or Hydra, and the agents

carry on their business openly and above-board. They defend their proceedings upon the ground of its being "a lawful business transaction." They aver that it is meritorious to injure "a natural enemy" in any and every possible manner; and although they are no longer at war, yet a Turk is an infidel, and of course is everybody's enemy. Besides, if the English government authorized or connived at the distribution of forged assignats during the French revolution, why should not the Greeks do the same towards the Turkish government? These counterfeiters also maintain that the money which they fabricate actually contains more gold than that issued from the royal mint, consequently they commit no crime, and certainly less fraud than the sultan exercises upon his own subjects. This practice, however, is of very ancient standing, but certainly would be much more honoured in the breach than in the observance.

The author visited one of the new Turkish colleges in Constantinople. This is but a small specimen of the results of moral improvement which Turkey has very lately experienced. On entering the college he and his companion (the Rev. Mr. Goodell) were ushered into a large, well-matted apartment. There were some fifty or sixty young men in the room; some of them were advanced to the age of twenty-five, whilst the generality consisted of mere lads. Several of the pupils appeared, from their costume, to be officers in the army; all were seated in various positions on the floor, with papers before them, making copies of what was read to them from a manuscript by Ees Hawk Effendi, the director. This personage was lounging luxuriously on a large divan, smoking at intervals during the reading. The writing on this occasion was practised in the oriental manner, which is remarkably peculiar. The paper employed in this college is very stout, and is highly glazed, at least on one side. The pupil holds his paper (which, if a large sheet, is doubled) partly in the palm of his left hand, and this occasionally rests on the left knee. The pens are made of a species of reed, and are cut with a broad nib. The oriental mode of writing, it is well known, is from right to left, and of course the reverse of our own. Notwithstanding the apparently awkward position of the writer, and the rude writing materials, the characters were evenly and distinctly traced by the pupils, and some of their notes might have been exhibited as fair specimens of calligraphy. An ink-stand of singular shape is attached to their belt, and contains such pens as are not in use. In several of their manuscripts the author remarked that the lines, although parallel with each other, were not horizontal, but ascended in a slanting direction towards the left corner of the page.

Upon the whole, the process of education in Turkey was such as to inspire a hope, that considerable moral improvement in that empire is not far distant, and this prospect is the more gratifying, as, from the modest demeanour and simplicity

of character which distinguish the youthful generation of Turks, they deserve the sympathy and interest of all those who have taken the start of them in civilization. He was shown into the library, which contained about 1000 volumes, all in French. The latter language and Italian are now taught in the higher schools, so that the knowledge of foreign languages, which was once a reproach in Turkey, is now reputed an honourable distinction—a change of feeling which is full of auspicious promise. The extensive apparatus for education, which is described by the author as existing in Constantinople, is quite surprising. To each of the sixteen royal mosques is attached a college, in each of which the number of pupils varies from 300 to 500; there are besides abundance of free and elementary schools, and an English or American stranger will scarcely walk many paces in the Turkish capital without hearing the voices of numerous urchins raised in repeating their spelling lessons in the schools. The author calculates that the number of these institutions in Constantinople is not under 1000.

Although the art of printing was not introduced into Turkey until the year 1727, the commencement of the reign of our George the Second, yet the works which are now produced at Constantinople would, in respect of the style of printing, &c., do honour to any city. The alphabet of the Turkish language, however, presents many difficulties, and so unwillingly are those encountered, that many are led to write in the letters of the Armenian language. The Armenians in fact, at least the great bulk of them, speak Turkish, and write it in the Armenian characters. The author mentions that the tract societies send the compositions, which are written in Turkish in the Armenian characters, to the Turks, who cannot possibly understand their own language in this disguise; and he has seen distributed amongst the Turks translations into this Armeno-Turkish dialect, Goldsmith's History of Rome, Young's Night Thoughts, the Sacrifice of Isaac, the Sale of Joseph, the Passion of Christ, and other works.

His next visit was to Dolmabatchi, one of the places to which travellers resort, in the neighbourhood of Constantinople. Here he had the opportunity of spending a short time in one of those vast burying grounds which form the great peculiarity of every Turkish city. At the head of each grave is a stone, with its upper part worked into the resemblance of a turban; and on the more ancient of the tombstones the turbans assume a very fantastic appearance. But this taste is latterly abandoned, as is indeed every form of turban whatever, and their place is occupied pretty generally by a representation of a fez, or red cap, now the universal fashion in Turkey. The women's graves have neither turban nor fez, and are altogether different in their shape from those of the men. The inscriptions generally consist merely of the name and occupation of the deceased, and

end by a recommendation of his soul to God. Nothing that can even intimate eulogy, or any opinion of the character of the deceased, ever makes its appearance on a tombstone. In the Armenian churchyards the tombstones present the marks of more elaborate ornament. The emblem of his trade, or calling, is neatly sculptured on the tombs of each of this people; as, for instance, an inkstand for a lawyer, an adze for a carpenter, an anvil for a blacksmith, or a lancet for a doctor. In some instances, where the defunct has made his exit by violence, the manner of his death is faithfully depicted on his tomb. Thus, on one stone, after mentioning the name and date of his death, the deceased is represented on his knees with his head in his hands, while jets of blood spout from his neck in stiff curves, like those issuing from a beer-bottle on a tavern sign. On another the deceased is represented as swinging gracefully from a tree, to denote that he had perished by strangulation. The authors mention, respecting these Armenian churchyards, that there is one little circumstance connected with these tombstones which displays an amiable trait of character. On the upper corner of each stone are two small cavities, which are usually filled with water. The intention of this is to supply a drink to the thirsty birds, and indeed to invite them to take up their residence in the neighbourhood, and by their song to give additional cheerfulness to the spot. It is not, however, exclusively an Armenian practice, for the Turks and other orientals have the same custom.

Amongst the oriental lions visited by the author during the course of his residence in Constantinople, was the chapel of the dancing, or rather waltzing, dervises. The building provided for them is described as beautiful and tasteful. Having arrived at the chapel, he and his companions took off their shoes and boots, and entered the sacred precincts just as the exercises began. Within a large area, in the centre of the chapel, and railed off from the spectators, five dervises were spinning round like tops, while an instrument like a flageolet, but blown through the nose, poured forth from the gallery a monotonous and lugubrious air. The heads of the dervises were covered with a high conical cap, a tight short jacket enveloped the body, and a coarse loose gown completed their attire. An aged dervise stood at the eastern side of the enclosure, and appeared to be at the same time the master of ceremonies, and the chief object of the adoration of the others. While they were performing their gyrations their eyes were closed, their hands steadfastly extended, and their gowns opened out by their revolutions, in the manner of "making cheeses," as practised by our little folks at home. Gradually the music assumed a louder tone, and a tambourine and kettledrum struck in with the wild and plaintive strain. At the expiration of about five minutes the music and the spinning ceased, and then commenced a series of bows, which would have been

deemed graceful even in a Parisian salon. After performing several of these salaams with divers ad libitum variations, and the perspiration oozing from every pore, they again began spinning upon the carefully waxed floor, while several male voices now joined in the plaintive chorus. At two o'clock the music, the spinning, the singing, and the bowing ceased; the waltzers dropped on their knees with their faces to the ground, while the attendants threw over them thick cloaks to prevent their cooling too suddenly. They left the chapel with mingled feelings of contempt at witnessing such monstrous absurdities, practised under the name of religion; and pity for the audience, who seemed disposed to consider them in the light of divine inspirations.

It appears that by the very extraordinary state of policy of the Turkish empire, the princes of the blood are kept strict prisoners, within the precincts of the seraglio until their death or elevation to the throne. This is a point of policy which has its good consequences, and had it been possible to introduce it into Europe some centuries ago, humanity might have been spared many a year of lamentation. The relative state of the female sex in Turkey is one of the subjects which the author has chosen for his most elaborate inquiries. The domestic state in which husband and wife spend their lives, is thus pleasantly described by him:—

"A long room, communicating with several others, is the ordinary living apartment of the women and female domestics. In this room all the household operations, such as sewing, spinning, weaving, &c., are performed, and here, too, they take their meals. Around this room is a range of closets or cupboards three feet high, which contain domestic utensils, clothes, and other articles appertaining to a household. Upon the top of these closets they sleep at night, and, similar to the men, with their clothes on. This unseemly practice they have in common with the Greeks, who do not, however, correct it like the Turks by frequent ablutions, and who are said, at least the lower classes, to wear out a suit of clothes before it leaves their backs. The apartments for the husband and the male domestics offer nothing peculiar, except that they are distinct from those of the women; in some houses the communication is completely cut off, except by a single door, of which the husband and wife have each a key. In others, the food prepared by the women is conveyed into the salamlık by means of a revolving cupboard, similar to the contrivances used in the convents of Europe. The entrance from the streets is equally distinct, and it is needless to add that the women have free ingress and egress. It is probable that the women are quite as much satisfied with this arrangement as the men; and if the truth could be ascertained, it would no doubt be discovered that it originated with the women themselves. They must certainly be rid of those thousand petty annoyances which, we are assured on competent authority, even the best of husbands are but too apt to create in an orderly family. For example, they are free from the nuisance of tobacco-smoke, of enter-

taining husband's "dear five hundred friends," of being compelled to listen to long-winded prosy conversations on trade or politics, and they are scarcely responsible for husband's appearance when he goes abroad. As they take their meals separately, there can be no sour looks or tart remarks should the beef be underdone, or the soup be parboiled; and as the marketing is done by the women, the poor man must, perforce, receive thankfully whatever is placed before him, and swallow it without grumbling."—p. 267.

Marriage is looked upon universally with the greatest veneration by the Turks; widows usually marry again, and old maids have the reputation of being in a permanent state of sin, as transgressors of the divine law. The period of legal marriage is fixed for the male at 12, for the female 9 years. A man, by the letter of the law, may have four wives, but public opinion is entirely against such a number, and there are instances where even a minister became the object of public ridicule for availing himself of the license of the law. But Turkey, like many other parts of the world, is inhabited by a race whose wishes and practices are modified constantly by the impulses and motives which govern the rest of mankind. Polygamy is one of the most inconvenient of all embarrassments to which a man can be subject, to say nothing of it in a moral and philosophical light. The expensive maintenance of two or three wives, the state of anxiety in which the general husband of these wives is kept by their broils, besides which, in numerous instances, parents foreseeing these consequences, will not allow their daughters to be married to a man already provided with a spouse; all these causes, we repeat, have contributed, and will contribute, to undermine the system of polygamy wherever it is established, and nothing will preserve the existence of an institution so based in error, except a state of absolute barbarism, such as still subsists in the islands of the Pacific. Thus, in Turkey, it is now the practice for a man, when he marries, to enter into a contract with the parents not to take a second wife as long as the first one lives. Marriage is considered as a civil contract, and is performed by the imaan, at the house of the groom, the bride being present only by proxy. To give additional sanctity, however, to the contract, it is not unusual for both to visit the nearest mosque, accompanied by their relatives, where certain formalities are performed. Presents are of course exchanged before-hand, and a certain time is allowed for the future husband to make arrangements for the dowry to be settled on his spouse. Weddings usually last four days, and this time is consumed in frolicking and feasting. They usually commence on Monday, so as not to interfere with their sabbath, which, as is well known, occurs on Friday.

The author declares, not only as the result of his personal experience, but as the fruit of numerous inquiries from persons well acquainted with Turkey, that the women of that country enjoy a greater share

of practical liberty than those of the boasting communities either of Europe or America. He states, too, as a remarkable proof of the general respect which is paid to the women of Constantinople, that they elbow their way through a crowd regardless of the consequences; a conduct which at once argues a degree of courage totally inconsistent with the notion that such persons could be merged in a state of profound slavery. In their dress alone has the author noticed any great difference between the Turkish women and those of Europe. The out-door head dress of all classes, he describes as consisting of a white handkerchief, covering the head and part of the face; hence they are totally free from all anxiety about the choice of a spring or fall bonnet. A plain cloth cloak, or *feridjee*, covers the whole person, and of course leaves no scope for extravagance in silk or merino dresses, to be rejected at the end of the month as vulgar, because their dear friends have already the same pattern. Instead of gloves and stockings, they stain their fingers and toes with *khennah*, and of course no inconsiderable item of expense is avoided. They give no grand entertainments, where ostentation and display are substituted for friendly intercourse, and, as theatres, balls, and routs are alike unknown, they usually contrive to reach a healthy old age.

The slave-market, and the state of the domestic slaves of Turkey, are next noticed by the author, who gives good reasons for the opinion, that, in the one case as well as in the other, the individuals implicated are far better off in Turkey than they could be at home. After a very full account of the negotiation for and ratification of a treaty between America and the Sublime Porte, the author proceeds to give us an account of the Armenians, who constitute so large a portion of the Christian community of the East. An interesting description of the Turkish naval force, with an estimate of its strength, next follows. The state of discipline amongst the officers of the navy particularly, is very barbarous, if we are to credit the anecdotes which are related to illustrate its condition. There is no respect or etiquette kept up between the officers of different ranks, and blows are distributed rather more freely among the officers than upon the crew. An admiral will pull a captain by the beard, or slap his face, without ceremony; a captain will kick a commandant, the commandant tweak the nose of a lieutenant, and a lieutenant whip a score of middies before breakfast, upon the slightest provocation. Nor is this all; the captain pacha has the power of life and death over all his officers and crews, a power which he exercises without ceremony or responsibility. When a culprit is brought before the present captain pacha, he is questioned as to his crime or fault, and asked to explain. If the fault is trifling, the pacha usually knocks him down by a blow upon the head with a ponderous club, and when he comes to, he finds himself in his own berth, and returns to duty as if nothing had happened. If the crime be a serious one, the

pacha orders him to retire, and by a sign intimates the punishment. He is strangled immediately upon leaving the cabin, and his body thrown overboard.

The author describes a Turkish dinner, at which he attended, and which was given by a person of rank. It was remarkable for the great profusion of the viands, there being nearly forty dishes served up in succession. The wines were circulated with great liberality, but the Turks could not be prevailed on to intermit their usual abstinence. It was not until he had been in Constantinople for some time, that the traveller learned to distinguish the baysesteens, a species of superior bazaar, from those of the common sort. In the former case, dyestuffs, drugs, and rare cosmetics, are deposited for sale, and, amongst other articles of the latter kind, the famous *khennah*, for tincturing the skin, is sold at these places. From a Greek lady, who confessed a long acquaintance in early life with the use of this cosmetic, the author obtained some particulars respecting the mode of its application. The *khennah* is steeped in wine for several days, and is then applied in its wet state around the fingers and toes, where it is secured by a wrapper of vine-leaves. The patient, for so he may be called, is then put to bed, and on the following morning the dressings are removed, and the operation is finished. This attempt to alter and improve what nature has already made beautiful, like the long nails of the Chinese, or the gloves of Europeans, is intended; no doubt, to convey the idea that the hands, thus artificially distinguished, have never been degraded by manual labour. In Constantinople the palms of little children are thus discoloured, in addition to the ordinary finger and toe marks. The maximum of beauty is supposed to be attained when the nails are about half-grown. At this period, the contrast between the discoloured portion of the nail and the new part, forms the peculiar distinctive characteristic of the oriental fashionable lady. The *khennah*, used with a mordant, is also extensively used as an excellent dye for woollens and cottons. Another cosmetic, which is called *soormay*, a composition of antimony and gall-nuts, is used to enlarge and lengthen the eyebrows. Although the effect is singular, yet it certainly gives additional brilliancy and lustre to the eyes, for which it is no doubt intended.

At Scutari, which our author infinitely prefers as a residence to Constantinople, he made particular inquiries about the silk manufactures, the far-famed produce of this place. The silk employed by the manufacturers is derived from the regions bordering on the eastern and southern shores of the sea of Marmora, and the eggs of the worms are collected in these regions, and are brought to Brusa in the month of April. They are spread upon linen cloths, or kept under the arms, or in the bosom, until hatched, which takes place in a few days. The room is then strewed with branches of the mulberry; first feeding them with the tenderest leaves, and as they grow older

they continue to add branches every day until they reach nearly to the top of the room. In the course of ten or twelve days they become torpid, or fall asleep, and continue in this state three or four days; they then awake, and continue to eat and sleep alternately for about six weeks, when they begin to climb. Dry oak branches, properly trimmed and prepared for this purpose, are then set upright on the pile; they ascend these, and commence making their cocoons. Those intended for seed are permitted to remain twenty days, when they are laid on a cloth; a butterfly then issues forth, lays its eggs, and dies: the eggs are kept in a cool place until the following spring, when they are sent to market for sale. The cocoons intended for use are merely exposed to the sun, although in Syria they are thrown into hot water: the object of both operations is to destroy the animal within. During the season of rearing the silk-worm, it is almost impossible to obtain in these districts any shelter or accommodation. Every part of the house, even to the bed-rooms and garrets, is filled with these animals and their requisite food. The business of unwinding these cocoons is chiefly in the hands of Jews and Armenians. Turkish silk is considered to be superior in quality to the Italian; and this is attributed to the different mode in which the worms are fed. In Italy the leaves are stripped off, while in Turkey the worms are supplied with entire branches from the trees.

In the suburb, called Therapia, the author had the opportunity of inspecting the imperial printing office, where the first number of the Ottoman Moniteur was just being struck off. This paper, it appears, has had the most extraordinary success, and it was so curiously fashioned in its composition, as to perform the miracle of pleasing every body, the government as well as the people. We forbear following the author through the details of the history of the Turks, and the development of the tenets of their religion. These are subjects upon which the British public are already well informed. But the same thing cannot be predicated with respect to our knowledge of the functions exercised by the officers upon whom the duties of the civil government devolve. As it is by no means improbable that Constantinople will sooner or later become an object of interest to this country, it may not be superfluous briefly to sum up the catalogue of the state officers of Turkey, with a specification of their duties respectively.

The following three classes embrace every description of public officer, civil, military, or ecclesiastical; Ulemah, men of the law; El Sayif, of the sword; El Kalem, men of the pen. To use the common language of classification, we should say, that each of these classes is divided into orders; thus Ulemah embraces the Iman, or ministers of religion; Mufti, or doctors of civil and ecclesiastical law; and Cadi, or ministers of justice. There are five distinct characters included in the priesthood; 1. the *Sheiks*, who are attached to each mosque, to read a sermon there every Friday after

the mid-day prayers. These sermons are always written out, and, being intended as moral lectures merely, are read without any action or any effort at gesticulation. The second sort of functionaries are the *Katibs*, or readers, who read the five daily prayers on Fridays alone; the third are the *Imans*, answering to our curates; the fourth are the *Muzzeims*, or parish clerks, who mount the minarets and call the faithful to prayers.

The highest law authority in the kingdom is the *Grand Mufti*. Although at the head of the magistracy, he has no separate tribunal. He announces, by order of the sultan, all decrees, decisions, and laws. If he happen to agree with the grand vizier, every thing goes on smoothly; but should there be a difference of opinion between them, one is compelled to retire. He has several officers and bureaus under him. His opinion is of course frequently required. If a person, previous to commencing a lawsuit, has doubts, he makes a statement of his case in writing, under a fictitious name. This statement is handed to the Grand Mufti, who replies in the shortest possible terms, such as yes, or no, it is lawful, it is not lawful, &c. The answer is termed a *fetwa*, and is produced upon the trial. The other judicial officers are, *Cazaskeer of Roumelia*. This title means military judge. *Cazaskeer of Anatolia*. These two, with the *Sadreh Azhem*, or grand vizier, form a court, which is open every Friday. This is a court of final appeal. All petitions addressed to the sultan are decided here. The business of this court is very extensive, and there are twelve substitutes, with their respective bureaus attached. *Sadreh Roum* takes cognizance of the laws of inheritance, and of every question relative to the finances. When the Grand Mufti dies, or is deposed, this officer takes his place. *Sadreh Anadoli* has the same powers in the Asiatic provinces. *Istambol Cadisy*,—a sort of mayor, but with more extensive powers. He is the judicial and municipal head of the metropolis. *Mollahs* of Mecca and Medina—supreme judges in those places. *Mollahs* of Adrianople, Broussa, Cairo and Damascus. *Mollahs* of Scutari, Galata, Eyout, Jerusalem, Aleppo, Smyrna, Larissa, and Salonica. These form the Mahommedan hierarchy and judiciary, and were it not for the existence of an antagonist power in the sultan and his council of state, its influence would be overwhelming. They are, moreover, appointed annually, and none can hold twice in succession the same office. Nor is their dignity wounded by passing from a higher to a lower station: for it happens, not unfrequently, that an *ex-cazaskeer* will be found next year to hold the appointment of *sadreh*, and so of the others. The author pursues the account of the state of the laws of Turkey, presenting some highly curious and useful information on the jurisprudence of that country.

There are few persons who have visited the neighbourhood of Constantinople, that have not been struck with some peculiar feature or another of the place which forms

the residence of the diplomatic body from all parts of the world. Mr. Slade, whose excellent work on Turkey we some time ago noticed, presented to us a very singular account of the daily life which was spent in the little privileged town of Pera. The report given by the present author in every respect conforms strictly with that of Mr. Slade, but in some respects the former is more particular in his information. The following will be read with much interest:—

'Ambassadors, residents, and envoys, have the privilege of exporting and importing whatever they may please to call their own, which, according to the testimony of a traveller who, in general, is very severe upon the nation, "is a civility and generosity of the Turks not to be paralleled in Europe." Sir John Chardin relates an anecdote of a French minister at Constantinople, which illustrates the power assumed by these foreigners. During the Venetian war against the Turks, the French were suspected of secretly assisting the former. A French officer, named Verantout, in the Venetian service, came to Constantinople, charged with private letters and despatches to the French ambassador. Upon his arrival, he adopted the turban, and took the letters to the grand vizier, who became furious at this act of perfidy on the part of the French. Many of the letters were, however, in cipher, and there was not a man in the empire capable of deciphering them. At this juncture, a poor but clever Frenchman living at Galata, who had been treated with great neglect by the ambassador, caused it to be intimated to him that he could get any sum of money by deciphering the letters in the hands of the vizier. This was his ruin; he was immediately invited to the palace, and was put to death by the French ambassador, De la Haye.

'Not many centuries ago, a Quaker came to Constantinople to convert the sultan; he was imprisoned for several months, and was finally given over to the English ambassador to be questioned as to his sanity. Upon his refusal to take off his hat to the ambassador, the poor Quaker was bastinadoed on the spot. By a curious perversion of language, this Lord Winchelsea is spoken of as an English nobleman.

'In the palace of every foreign ambassador there is a reception-room, fitted up with a throne, and decorated with a full-length portrait of the king whom he represents; and in this room a solemn audience is granted to those who may have a petition to present to either of these miniature kings of Pera. The puerile and absurd points of etiquette which reign here, as they have been detailed to me, would hardly be credited in any country where common sense could be supposed to have any influence. For instance, bells are offensive to the Turks, and are generally prohibited; of course, every embassy is provided with one of ample dimensions, and by a system, ingeniously enough contrived, all the neighbourhood are notified when his excellency enters or leaves his palace, when he gets up and takes his meals, and likewise of the rank and quality of his visitors. I am happy to state that our own minister has introduced an innovation which may eventually find imitators, but which is now very generally regarded as a most des-

perate and dangerous measure; he has actually dispensed with a bell, and Heaven only knows what disasters are predicted in Buyukdery, as likely to ensue from this undiplomatic proceeding.—pp. 434, 5.

The reader will judge even from this brief view of the elaborate work before us, that the encomium which we ventured to pass upon the writer is amply justified. We must, however, in fairness, apprise the public, that the truth of our favourable representations will be infinitely more satisfactorily assured to them, if they will take the opportunity of perusing those sketches for themselves.

From the Court Magazine.

SUMMER SONGS, BY MRS. HEMANS.

IV.—O, YE HOURS!

O ye hours, ye sunny hours!
Floating lightly by,
Are ye come with birds and flowers,
Odours and blue sky?

Yes, we come, again we come,
Through the wood-paths free;
Bringing many a wanderer home,
With the bird and bee.

O ye hours, ye sunny hours!
Are ye wafting song?
Doth mild music stream in showers
All the groves among?

Yes, the nightingale is there,
While the starlight reigns,
Making young leaves and sweet air
Tremble with her strains.

O ye hours, ye sunny hours!
In your silent flow
Ye are mighty, mighty powers!
Bring ye bliss or wo!

Ask not this—oh! seek not this!
Yield your hearts awhile
To the soft wind's balmy kiss,
And the heaven's bright smile!

Throw not shades of anxious thought
O'er the glowing flowers!
We are come, with sunshine fraught,
Question not the hours!

From Tail's Magazine.

HYMN TO NIGHT.

With fond entreaty of unceasing sighs,
I call thee, dewy night! mild Queen of Peace!
The brain is fevered, dimly droop the eyes,
And strife exults, and labour will not cease;
And the quick thoughts their strong enforcement ties
To joyless tasks, are panting for release;—
And passions long for calm, and woes for rest.
Come thou! and fold them on thy tranquil breast.

Come! for the earth is weary: on the wolds
The bladed corn seems trembling for the dew;
The noon-born rose is dead,—the poppy folds
Her bloodshot eyes;—the shivering forests
through
The homeward bird its way, complaining,
holds;
The fields are dumb;—a deep and sullen blue
Stains the near-frowning hills; and o'er the sea
The restless wind moans fitfully for thee!

Breathe on the troubled heart! Amidst the glare
And noisy nothings of the pageant Day,
A throng of mean desires, with busy care,
Have chased the train of sacred thoughts
away.
Fain, but too feeble, would the soul repair
Within its holiest shrine to muse and pray;
But loud, preventing numbers stand before:—
Dismiss the crowd—unclose the temple door!

Awake thy Moon, that seems to sorrow's eye
A minister of love, intent to bring
The dim remote possessions of the sky
In league with human sympathies, that cling
With fonder hope to dreams of worlds on
high,
When dreams of earth are past, and yearn to
fling
This rugged chain of Time's restraint aside,
To dwell with aught that knows not change or
tide.

And, crowned with myriad glories, passing far
The dizzy glow of day, sweet Queen unveil
The face of thy fair heaven! and, star on star,
Thy train of living gleams, with splendour
pale,
Enkindle at the lamps of light, that are
Hung o'er the gates of bliss that earliest hail
The home-returning angels, as they lead
From sphere to sphere the spirits Death has
freed.

Or yet more welcome, stern and tempest-crown-
ed,
(For thy wild frown is terrible and proud!)
Come, in thy state of starless gloom, enthroned
Beneath the rolling canopy of cloud,
Tossed by thy giant winds that, trumpet-toned,
Shout through the trembling sky their triumph
loud,
While Earth, amazed with darkness, and sub-
dued,
Shakes at the menace of thy wrathful mood!

O thou that lendest beauty to the deep,
Dashing its waves with gems,—to tree and
flower
Unwonted fragrance when thy sweet dew
weep,—
Song to the lonely nightingale, and power
To man's freed spirit, in thy halls of sleep;
And solemn mysteries to the midnight hour,
The charm to silence—majesty in gloom,
Giver of rest, and strength, and sweetness,
come!

All fairer dreams forgotten midst the toil
Of servile day; the hopes that vainly seek
The true and lovely on the rugged soil
Of common life, and, lingering there, grow
weak;
The heart's young bloom that bitter years de-
spoil!
The memories busier hours forbid to speak;
And fancies, soft and shy, that shun the light,
Revive, and bring us back, O gentle Night!

The jealous mourner, with a burning eye,
 Expects thy coming shadow. Like a stone,
 Cold on his heart Day's hateful burdens lie,
 And urge him, striving with his stifled groan,
 From vain remark, or vainer cheer, to fly,
 And stand, debating with his grief, alone
 Beneath thy silent shade, where none intrude
 To mete his tears, or mock his solitude.

But more, sweet Empress, be thy presence dear
 To that still chamber, where a child of song
 Breathes, in quick rapture on thy startled ear,
 Exulting notes that ages shall prolong!
 Shed magic on his soul, and bid appear
 Serene and beauteous forms; as throng on
 throng,
 The stately dead approach, in converse high,
 And spirit-murmurs to his call reply!

Queen of fond passions! bid thy daughter set
 Her beamy cresset in its orb of gold,
 That bashful eyes, and lips that ne'er have met,
 Beneath the smiling lustre may grow bold;
 And virgins cease to coy, and half-forget
 To chide, or shrink from love's enraptured
 fold;
 Till the full heart in every pulse replies,
 Long kisses burn, and souls are blest in sighs.

Or call the antic sprites, whose winged feet
 Sweep the green land of dreams; where visions
 fair
 And strange delights in bright delirium meet;
 And bliss, to earth unknown, is perfect there;
 And will is free, and every grief is sweet;
 And Time outstripped, and distance cast in
 air;
 And smiling phantoms of the loved and dead
 Glide through the radiant crowd with noiseless
 tread!

O come! and lull the hot, impatient sense
 Of weariness and wrong; the past restore!
 Come with old memories, tender and intense,
 Come with the fresh untainted thoughts of
 yore!
 Come, sweet and solemn guide! and hear me
 hence
 To the lost years that earth can give no more!
 With thee, repose, and beauty, and delight,
 Sink on the troubled soul: come blessed Night!

From the same.

REVERSE OF THE MEDAL OF NAPOLEON.

Two works have recently made their appearance in Paris, which produce a great sensation, (and a sensation is worth any thing in France!) viz. the "Authentic Letters of Napoleon to Josephine,"—authentic, because sold by her daughter, the ex-Queen Hortense, to Didot, the bookseller; and the "Memoirs of Mademoiselle Avrillon, waiting-maid to Josephine."

Those of Constant, Bonaparte's faithless valet-de-chambre, had already achieved considerable popularity. The world is fond of seeing the portraits of the great from the hands of their menials. The proverb assures us that no man is a hero to his valet; and we, poor pitiful, envious mortals, love to discover the littleness of our superiors. No great man of our times has escaped envy but Sir Walter, who was per-

mitted to be great because he made no parade of his greatness. We aspired not to ascertain a weakness in his character, for he did not assume himself as infallible!—With respect to the *femme de chambre's* sketches of society at the Tuileries and Malmaison, they are such as might have been expected,—trivial, scandalous, and indiscriminating. The letters are invaluable. The gradual declension from the florid, impassioned, jealous, yet familiar style of the young General, to the more guarded tenderness of the First Consul, and the laconic pithiness of the Emperor, is truly edifying. The change from Bonaparte's romantic ardour to the "I consent to General ——" request—if the lady is opulent, I shall have pleasure in sanctioning their marriage,"—is scarcely more remarkable than the variation between poor Josephine's familiar address to the *petit caporal*, and her official majestizing of the husband of Maria Louisa. Although these letters were manifestly thrown off without a view to publication, it must be remembered that, being chiefly written during his campaigns, Napoleon was alive to the probability of their falling into the hands of the enemy, as well as to the certainty that they would be communicated by Josephine to her favourite ladies. This latter circumstance, however, tends to augment our admiration of the fact, that the whole correspondence does not contain a single clap-trap sentiment; nothing about "la patrie," or "la France," or "l'honneur;" nothing of the flightiness which formed the essence of the imperial bulletins. After his greatest victories, Napoleon's letters, short as they were, contained the pith of the action; so many killed, so many cannon taken; and, perhaps, "I shall be busy to-morrow;" but not a word of surprise, exultation, or false humility.—The statements are just such as would have been given by the manager of a country theatre to his wife in town. "We took 37, at the doors:—a prodigious pit. On Monday we gave *Romeo and Juliet* and *The Waterman*. Remember me kindly to Sally, and a thousand kisses to yourself, from your affectionate

"ROBERT BROWN."
 Napoleon's character is, in fact, favourably developed throughout:—kind, affectionate, generous, and possessing considerable tact in the *convenances* of royalty. We cannot call to mind a single unworthy sentiment, or indication of littleness, on any one occasion.

The portrait afforded by Mademoiselle Avrillon, on the contrary, is just such as might have been sketched in any steward's room by any other waiting woman, impatient of "my lord's turn for economy, and chariness in presenting Christmas boxes.—She takes the tone, too, of her vocation, and belauds my lady at the expense of my lord. "My lady must be an angel to have put up with my lord's intrigues, and swearing like a heathen at her milliner. Besides, his lordship never gave me so much as a shawl in the whole course of his life." It strikes us, however, that in this, as in all other works relating to the imperial *menage*, we

hear too much of the virtues of Josephine. In what did they consist? A *femme galante*, both before and after the death of Beauharnois, her first husband, she was chiefly distinguished by that extreme graciousness of manner, which characterizes all French women who pique themselves on being well-bred. Prodigal beyond all calculation, she was constantly in debt. After her divorce, she had an allowance of 120,000*l.* a year, in addition to her domains, and enormous personalty of plate and jewels; but, instead of laying by for her children a sum of money which might have secured them from their present comparative adversity, she was in considerable pecuniary difficulties. The Emperor exhorts her, in his letters, to economy, and reminds her of the claims of her grandchildren, but in vain.—“I have just bought from my jeweller a little golden hen, which lays silver eggs!” She writes, meanwhile, to her interesting daughter, Hortense, whom she had allowed to be sacrificed in marriage to Louis Buonaparte, although avowedly attached to another: “I have just received a present of a little savage. I sent him to the opera, where he disturbed the audience by whistling and dancing.” Her lap-dog dies at Geneva. She orders Horau, her surgeon, to attend it; Monsieur de Beaumont, her chamberlain, to administer some very awkward remedies; and eventually the heart of the little beast to be embalmed! “Four days afterwards Askim was forgotten!” writes the philosophical waiting-maid; a commentary which reminds us that Josephine’s own death was occasioned by her eagerness to do the honours of Malmaison on a damp day to the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia, immediately after the entrance of the allies, and the downfall of her beloved Napoleon! “Is there no cause in nature which engenders these Imperial hearts?”

Josephine was, in fact, a gracious, graceful, unprincipled woman, who achieved unbounded popularity by alms-giving at the expense of the people. Her own method of securing toleration on the throne of France from the order whom it was Napoleon’s pleasure she should conciliate, was by unbounded concession. Weak, vain, ignorant, a consulter of fortune-tellers,—the whole business of her life was to dress well—and she succeeded. By her lady’s-maid’s admission, she suffered more when deprived by the Emperor of her favourite hairdresser, in behoof of Maria Louisa, than by the loss of Napoleon’s love and preference. On the restoration, (an epoch fatal to the interests of her children,) a description of the quizzical appearance of the Bourbons, and of the Dutchesse of Angoulême’s little bonnet, threw her into convulsions of laughter. Be it remembered that, at that very moment, the suicide of Napoleon was hourly expected and predicted. Like the late Queen Caroline, meanwhile, she was kind and considerate towards her servants; visiting their bedside in sickness; just as she did that of the favourite orang-outang at the Malmaison menagerie, so comically

described by Avrillon as sleeping in a bed-gown and night-cap, and taking its draughts like a Christian victim to an unchristianlike apothecary. She was jealous of Maria Louisa, though not more so than the young Empress of herself; but when earnestly solicited by Napoleon and her friends to pass the winter of Maria Louisa’s confinement with her son Eugene at Milan, “to spare the feelings of the young mother,” she obstinately refused. How could she, even for a few months, tear herself from her “*patrie bien aimée*?” Josephine had forgotten that she was born at Martinique.

Never was there a more complete proof that “charity covereth a multitude of sins,” than in the case of this repudiated Empress! We can discover no other virtue to attribute to one whom poets, historians, and ladies’-maids have conspired to praise;—a charity, too, which never cost her a sacrifice, indulged at the expense of a nation to which she was an alien, and of a sovereignty to which the mode of her elevation would bear no inquiry. Her original charm in the eyes of the people of France was, that Buonaparte truly loved her; more, probably, than he loved any other human being. As in the often quoted case of Pope and Martha Blount, “his destinies were written on her mind” he could converse with her without vocabulary or almanack. But nothing could be more absurd than the prejudice which caused her to be considered as his good planet. His fortunes were owing to his genius. No Barras assisted him in winning the battles of Marengo and Austerlitz!

Let us point out, however, the only moral to be deduced, from an examination of her character and principles. A coquette (the worst of coquettes, a superannuated one!) and a prodigal must be cautiously offered as a model for imitation. Nevertheless, we are inclined to say to the sex in general, and Queens in particular, “See what graciousness will effect! Here was an Empress who pretended to no political influence, yet was beloved by all her subjects, in honour of the conciliation, gentleness, and humanity of her character.” It must be admitted that, (to borrow Miss Austin’s parody,)

“When lovely woman stoops to be disagreeable, she misses the great aim of her existence. How much more then, a woman elevated on the pinnacle of royalty? An ungracious Queen contraverts the very Litany itself!”

From the same.

FRANCE AND ITS ARISTOCRACY.

THE French are a strange people. The monarchical form of Government is certainly not displeasing to them; for on two occasions, within the last half century, they have voluntarily upreared a prostrate throne, and abjured or recanted the profession of republicanism. And yet they are unanimous in detestation of that eldest daughter of monarchy—an aristocracy.

cracy. They love the pomp and show of sovereignty; they love to maintain an unfortunate individual at the Tuileries to be dressed out, occasionally, at their good pleasure, in velvet and ermine, to ride in a gilt coach, and occupy a fine box at their theatres. They keep him as they keep the bears in the Jardin des Plantes, for their own amusement. Let him but climb up his pole, now and then, at their bidding, and he is sure to be well fed and well attended. They laugh, it is true, at his uncouthness, taunt him with his shaggy skin, and show him the whip when he evinces the least disposition to overleap the palisades of his den. But his trough is always full; and the smallest token of agility brings down thunders of applause. Far different is the light in which the aristocracy are viewed by the people of France; the aristocracy, whose wealth they regard as public plunder, and whose privileges as a public insult; the aristocracy which being, as they trusted, both dead and buried, like John Barleycorn, in the song,

Got up again,
And so surprised them all!

They would have no such *cordon sanitaire* (or insalubrious) established round the throne. They would see their Citizen King, like the ancient monarchs of France, giving audience pell-mell to his subjects, seated on a huge stone in the wood of Vincennes. They would have their homely sovereignty emulate that of the South Sea islanders; where the king is *bona fide* the man who possesses the largest herd of swine. They would crowd the royal levee with bankers and manufacturers, and merge the Lord Chamberlain's office in the Royal Exchange!

TRADESMEN IN PARIS AND LONDON.

Nothing meanwhile can be more proudly democratic than the habits of a Parisian tradesman. The vulgar English notion of a Frenchman, is that of a cringing, bowing, servile fellow. We will answer for it, that there is more servility behind a single counter in Bond Street or Pall Mall, than in all the commercial houses of Paris united! The counter of a Parisian tradesman is his throne, and his customers may come and bow to it. He descants upon the merits of his wares, not as if he wanted to sell them, but as if proud of them. He informs the buyer what it is good for him to buy, and seldom allows him to exercise his own judgment in the purchase. He sends out no goods for inspection; and only despatches them home, when bought, at his own time and convenience. They are paid for on delivery; no credit is given; and on the return of the purchaser to the same shop, the same sterner, uncivil civility is again displayed. No offer, as in a London warehouse, to procure the article wanted; no assiduousness, no obsequiousness! The spectacle daily to be observed in the streets of the West End, of well-dressed, decently-educated men, standing bareheaded in the wind, rain, or snow, while their ladyships in their snug carriages are playing with rolls of riband, rumping pieces of silk, or turning over the pages of

a new work, is utterly unknown in Paris. A demand for goods to be brought for choice to the carriage-door, would be considered as preposterous as a command to send a sixpenny skein of silk a distance of two miles; a frequent occurrence among the fair-bargain hunters of English fashion. Much of this independence, however, may be ascribed to the ready-money system. Tradesmen are not, as in London, at the mercy of their customers. Great names are not inscribed year after year and permanently, in their books of credit. They seldom become aware of the aggregate sum paid by any particular family into their cash-box. A tradesman well established in Paris is richer than three-fourths of his customers. It is true he can never step out of his definite class,—marry a lord's daughter, and elbow his right honourable father-in-law. But he maintains himself at the head of his order, and assists in strengthening the equilibrium of the State. The equality affected among the citizens of the United States may, in short, be of a coarser and more pronounced quality; but it is not more sturdily independent than that of the trading classes in France.

In the details of domestic life, they have innumerable strange devices! In a house of business, the mistress of the house keeps the books, as *dame du comptoir*, while the work of the kitchen and the house is done by men. A man makes your bed, a boy washes the dishes, a woman shaves you. The box-openers, and often the check-takers of the theatres, are women; the lottery-offices are kept by women; but it is a man who waits upon a lady in her bath! The system of St. Simonianism, without its name, is in extensive operation throughout France.—*Ibid.*

LAW IN THE FIFTH QUARTER OF THE WORLD.

YES, *fifth quarter*; for in what other terms does the circumscribed nature of our geographical nomenclature enable us to designate that New South Wales, which is becoming so far more important a province of the terraqueous globe, than the Wales which is Old and Northern? In the fifth quarter, then, the struggles of what are called the gentlemen of the long robe, are beginning! It has been said that the civilization of a country may be dated from its first lawsuit; and at Hobart Town a verdict has been given in a suit for breach of promise of marriage! The details of this curious affair ought certainly to have been given at length in the *Hobart Town Morning Post*; in the view of enabling us to judge of the progress of politeness, among people to whose wigwags Baron d'Haussez, or Mrs. Trollope, are not likely to make a voyage of discovery. We knew what to think of Sydney, from the moment we learned that an Annual was published there, with plates engraved on steel. We discerned that there was money for the superfluities of life, and skill to compete for its appropriation; and immediately decided, that the population at Botany Bay would soon become as corrupt as that of London or Paris! In the recent lawsuit, on the other hand, the defendant, (too aptly named Mr. Steele!) having been called to ac-

count by the family of a lady, for his backwardness in fulfilling his engagements, alleged that his courtship was only intended "for a lark." In the May Fair of Hobart Town, therefore, that which in the May Fair of London is termed "*flirtation*," is poetically designated "a lark." In court he even attempted to vindicate his base desertion, by a charge against the lady of indelicacy of manners. It might perhaps be too venturesome to inquire what constitutes a breach of lady-like decorum at Hobart Town; yet, for our lives, we cannot help wishing to know whether, in this new Babylon, the whole seas over, the fair plaintiff's indelicacy did not consist in being *half* seas over; or whether, where garments for the fair only arrive once or twice a-year, at the caprice of the winds and tides, she may not have appeared in a state of more than fashionable nudity? All the world knows that her Majesty, Queen Adelaide, was obliged to suggest additional covering to the lady of an ex-minister, who hazarded an undue exposure of her person to the weather, at the Drawing-room of St. James's: and we must, of course, presume that her ladyship was exceeded in brass by the lady of Mr. Steele. The verdict, meanwhile, was in her favour; but the moiety was not made public when our last advices left Hobart Town. We are impatient for the result. We should like to know the value assigned to a conjugal settlement among the Kangaroos. In England the loss of a country squire of creditable degree is usually estimated, by a verdict of damages, at from 1,500*l.* to 2,000*l.* A respectable tradesman from 200*l.* to 500*l.* A tailor (although the ninth part of that sum should be the specific valuation) has been made to pay 50*l.* for his "lark" or flirtation; and we cannot suppose that the delicately-minded Mr. Steele, the "Falkland," perhaps, of Van Diemen's Land,—the "Man of Feeling" of Paramatta, will be let off under ten and sixpence, and costs!—*Ibid.*

FORCE OF ASSOCIATION AMONG THE FRENCH.

THE Russians of the present century are apt to look to Greece for their legislators and diplomats. Nothing but a Frenchman is capable of ruling in France! It was cleverly said the other day, by one of the Bulwers, "that in considering the affairs of France, we should remember that there is such a thing as *French nature as well as human nature*." Of what that nature may be composed—whether of the lees and the froth of the cup of life, or a compound of gas and small coal,—it is not our province to decide. We only know that Jupiter, had he given the French a log for their king, would have cut it out of the Bois de Boulogne. The scholars of the Ecole Polytechnique, have latterly, it seems, become mutinous. They cannot forget the part they played as king-makers, in the revolution of 1830, when the young tigers tasted blood, the young heroes smelt gunpowder, the young patriots had a momentary glimpse of the descent of liberty. In any other country, a new system of subordination would be adopted, to repel this ungovernable spirit;—new professors would be intro-

duced—new works placed in circulation among them; and, probably, a few expulsions might take place, by way of warning and monition. Not a whit! Conscious of the force of association among the French, Louis Philippe is about to deprive these lads of their military uniform—the uniform which exhibits, as it were, a relic of Napoleon in the sight of the people—and remove them from the authority of the Minister of the War Department, to that of Public Instruction. He intends, in short, to reduce them into schoolboys, by the loss of their epaulets;—remembering, perhaps, the French *calembour*, that "*Tout ce qui n'est pas militaire, est civil*!"—*Ibid.*

AMERICAN TORIES.

We have often heard intelligent Americans rendered indignant by an assertion, by no means so ridiculous as it may appear at first sight, that when monarchy becomes extinguished in Europe, it will take refuge in the States; and that, eventually, a most sacred Majesty will reign in Yankee-land. If so, we sincerely trust he will constitute Mr. Diplomatist Rush his Lord Chamberlain. "Each Lady," says the Courtier of the Schuylthell, (in describing the effect produced upon his feelings, by a drawing-room at Buckingham House,) "seemed to rise out of a gilded little barricade, or one of silvery texture. This, topped with her plume, and the 'face divine' interposing, gave to the whole an effect so unique, so fraught with feminine grace and grandeur, that it seemed as if a curtain had risen to show a pageant in another sphere! It was brilliant and joyous! On seeking the corridor to come away, there was something in the spectacle, seen from the staircase, that presented a new image! Positively it came over the eye, (*O mihi beata Martina!*) like beautiful architecture, the hoops, the base, the plume, the pinnacle! The parts of this dress may have been incongruous, but the whole was harmony! Like old English buildings and Shakspeare, it carried the feelings along with it! It triumphed over criticism!" Oh! American!—which hast married Fanny Kemble, and erected the first cenotaph to Scott,—what wilt thou say of this rignarole? We do remember when an American artist, now domesticated in the highest class of society in England, once assured us, that for many years after his arrival in London, he found it impossible to persuade the fair aristocrats, that he did not experience great difficulty in accustoming himself to the European costume, after running about all his youth long in a blanket and moccasins,—and we disbelieved him. The mystery is now explained! Their ladyships had been conversing with Rush, at this time American minister at the Court of St. James', and naturally judged from his enthusiasm at the sight of their whalebone, buckram, and brocade, that he was accustomed only to the most unsophisticated form of costume.

We know not what fine may have been imposed upon him by Congress, for writing his book; but we know that next to that of Mrs. Trollope, few works connected with America

have disgusted us more. If there be an anomaly in nature, it is an American Tory! Yet we once knew one,—a *rank* one,—a man who would have thumb-screwed a Papist, who abhorred the Liberty of the Press, and hoped to see the gallant Duke of Cumberland on the Throne of England. For some years a resident at one of the most polished of European Courts, he had acquired the language to perfection; and spoke and gesticulated it like a *petit maître*. Interpreting himself in that refined tongue, he had really the air of an accomplished gentleman. But when some plain Englishman accosted him and insisted on the vernacular, his transition into Yankee, was the drollest thing in nature! No sooner did he "guess" and "calculate" himself into riglar genuine, than the whole Broadway appeared in sight; and the disciple of Metetrich and Wellington, who had been "raised" in New England, might have afforded a sketch for Fielding. The broadcloth vest and decencies surmounted by the embroidered Court suit, the *petit mot pour rire* translated into the dialect of the half-horse, half alligator, with a touch of the earthquake, was as good as almost any thing, except Mr. Rush's rhapsodies at the sight of the hoops and lappets which glittered at the Court of Queen Charlotte.—*ib.*

From the Athenæum.

Alle Mie Prigioni di Silvio Pellico Addizioni, di Piero Maroncelli, &c. [Additions to the "Mie Prigioni" of Silvio Pellico. By Piero Maroncelli.] Paris, Baudry: London, Dulau & Co.

THE Memoirs of Pellico have, by this time, become so generally known to our countrymen, that we need not add a word to the copious account which we originally gave of his attractive volume.* But in proportion to the interest excited by the perusal of that remarkable narrative, was the desire to hear something of the writer's early history. Without knowing the education and circumstances under which he had grown up into a thinking being, it was impossible to say how far his exhibitions of the inner man might be regarded as genuine illustrations of human nature. There was a strong tinge of that sentimentalism upon them, which it is the fashion to consider as a compound of selfishness and affectation, but which, in some men, is the pure reality of thought and feeling. The volume before us is therefore most welcome: it gives us precisely the information we wanted, and relates the circumstances which made the species of thought in which Pellico indulges, natural to him. From the brief but well written account prefixed to the work by Piero Maroncelli, we learn that Pellico was born in the town of Saluzzo, in Piedmont, where his father was highly respected by his fellow citizens. His infancy was a period of suffering; and the extreme weakness of his frame led the phy-

sicians to predict that if he reached the age of seven he would then die; and on his attaining this number of years, they next prophesied that he could not pass the age of fourteen; which was again protracted to that of twenty-one. But maternal affection found the means of overcoming the infirmities of his constitution, and he overstepped all the periods which had been marked as the boundaries of his short life. The sickness, however, which so perpetually preyed upon him, had the effect of almost wholly destroying the natural cheerfulness of youth, and he was early accustomed to say, that the happiest day of his life would be that in which he should die. These melancholy feelings, mingled with the secret aspirations of a mind ardent in its temperament, and inclined to thought, laid the foundation of that character so strongly developed in the narrative of his imprisonment. The care with which his excellent mother watched over his education, and the influences of the most tender home sympathies, greatly contributed to confirm his love of retirement, to soften his disposition, and to engender those habits of quiet, internal musing, which may in most instances, be traced to early domestic education.

Pellico had scarcely reached the age of ten when he became acquainted with Cesarotti's translation of Ossian; and he soon after produced the rudiments of a tragedy on the subject of one of the poems. About the same time, his father removed to Pignerol, the castle of which place was the scene of the celebrated tradition of the Iron Mask. The imagination of the young poet was deeply impressed with this mysterious story, and in his own captivity in the dungeons of Spielberg, the long dark nights often brought back the visions which it had conjured up. At Turin, whither public affairs carried his father, who had now become one of the most popular men in the state, he pursued his studies with systematic application, composing little comedies for his amusement, and, performing them with his school-fellows. Among these was a beautiful child, named Carlotta, who, dying before she reached the age of womanhood, gave the thoughts and sympathies of Pellico another object of unearthly regard. In the castle of Spielberg her image would often rise to his mind, and keep him occupied with melancholy recollections for days together, while the anniversary of her death, it is said, was always marked by the greater fervour of his language and devotions.

Maroncelli passes over that period of life which he calls the transit from boyhood to youth.

Silvio's twin sister, who is described as being beautiful as an angel, married a cousin established at Lyons. He accompanied her thither, and remained four years at that place, indulging in more of the pleasures and luxuries of the town than might have been expected from the character of his mind. His studies at this period were all French; but meeting with Ugo Foscolo's poem of the "Sepolcri," his en-

* See Athenæum, 1833, pages 37, 67, 102.

thusiasm for Italy and its literature was excited beyond measure; the language of France ceased to have any music for his ears; the country thenceforth appeared rude and gloomy to him; and he hastened, with all the speed possible, to Milan, where his father was then settled at the head of one of the departments of the minister of war. Shortly after his arrival in this city, he obtained an appointment to the professorship of the French language in the College of Military Orphans; and was soon in the heart of that brilliant literary circle which obtained for Milan, at this period, the name of the Athens of Italy. Monti and Ugo Foscolo were then in the zenith of their glory, and divided the empire of taste and genius almost equally between them. To both of these eminent men, Pellico was favourably introduced, and the ability he manifested secured for him their respect and affection. With Monti he lived on terms of close intimacy; and the poet, it is said, not only encouraged him in his pursuits, but revealed to him the methods by which he himself worked, and placed in his hands a vast collection of fragments and extracts. 'Un gran zibaldone, immenso guardaroba,' from which he was accustomed to draw the nourishment of his thoughts. It was, according to M. de Latour, 'A Babel of poetry, where all languages and times were confounded together—a vast dictionary of poetic thought, where every idea was in its proper rank and page, possessed its proper translation for people of all kinds, its metaphors for all tastes.' In this book, he continues, 'Monti dipped every day, seeking therefrom not merely the original inspiration which arises from the contemplation of models, but that perfection of details which is attained by the laborious fusion of words and images.'

Pellico did all in his power to soften the enmity which existed between Monti and Ugo Foscolo. One day, while sitting together in the Caffè Verri, the former said to him, 'Can you deny that Ugo is continually vilifying and injuring me? The ungrateful! Who brought him into notice but I? The "Sepolcri" would have remained forever unknown but for my calling it sublime; and one word from me would again throw it into obscurity.' 'No!' said Pellico, 'You have given it fame by a criticism which does you honour, and you cannot reverse what you have done. You have opened people's eyes, and they can now see the light, and judge of colours as well as you. With regard to Foscolo's slandering and injuring you, I know he does not. I know that he abuses and punishes those who do so; and I also know that in this very place he gave a blow to one who, in order to flatter him, spoke disrespectfully of you.' Monti, it is said, struck his forehead vehemently, exclaiming, 'And yet could I speak false of him!' We thank Maroncelli for giving us this anecdote, so much to the honour of Foscolo's often injured memory.

Monti would have persuaded Pellico to join him in translating Byron; but the latter

preferred seeking fame by his own strength, and produced in succession the tragedies of 'Francesca' and 'Laodicea.' When the former was completed he took it to Ugo Foscolo, who returned it the next day, with this advice: 'Hear me! Cast thy 'Francesca' into the fire. Let us not recall from hell the damned Danteschi; we shall frighten the living; into the fire with it, and bring me another.' Silvio obeyed, and took him the 'Laodicea.' 'Ah! this is good,' said Ugo, 'go on in this track.' But the 'Francesca' met with a better fate than that to which the critic would have doomed it. It had been written for the express purpose of introducing to notice a very young and most interesting actress at one of the minor theatres; this actress afterwards became famous throughout Italy; and 'Francesca' being brought out, at the advice of Lodovico Breme, soon obtained, like Carlotta Marchionni, for whom it was composed, a universal reputation.

The change which had taken place in the government had induced Pellico's father to return, with his family, to Turin; he himself remaining employed as tutor to the sons of Count Porro, at whose house he met the most distinguished men of Italy and of Europe. Byron, Madame de Stael, Schlegel, Hobhouse, Brougham, Davy, Thorwaldsen, were among the visitors at this mansion; and in a conversation with the first of these eminent personages, Pellico had the satisfaction of finding that his 'Francesca' excited an interest in the mind of the most popular of poets. He had shortly before this translated 'Manfred' into Italian. 'You should have translated it into verse,' said Byron; but Silvio contended against his Lordship's opinion on this point.

Our author's next production was the 'Eufemia da Messina,' which the Milanese censorship permitted to be printed, but not represented on the stage; and about the same time he became engaged on the grand design of publishing a Journal which was to bear the title of 'Conciliatore,' and to be the joint production of the best minds of Italy. This publication produced, for a time, considerable sensation in the Milanese republic; but the arbitrary hand of power was soon laid upon it: several of its contributors were arrested, and Pellico, on his return from Turin, after a month's absence, was informed that Piero Maroncelli had been arrested, and that the police were in search of himself. 'They know where I am; I am ready to meet them,' was his reply. The sequel is known. Signor Maroncelli's narrative concludes at this point, and in a future number we shall endeavour to give our readers some interesting passages from Pellico's own 'Addizioni' to his Memoirs.

From the Examiner.

THE INVENTION OF SAVINGS' BANKS.

We see from the *Quarterly Review* that the Tories claim for George Rose the credit of having established Savings' Banks,

and they also talk of the new and admirable institutions for annuities applicable to the working classes having been projected by Perceval, or some other Tory.

Now, justice is yet to be done in this matter. It was neither the Rev. Joseph Smith, at Wendover, in 1799, nor Mr. Henry Duncan, of Dumfriesshire, in 1810, nor to Mr. Becher, of Southwell, as stated by Mr. Tidd Pratt, nor any of the people to whom the merits of the plan are ascribed by Mr. Croker in the *Quarterly*,—but to Jeremy Bentham that the world is indebted for the plan of Savings' Banks, introduced to the Legislature by Mr. George Rose.

Bentham was well known to George Rose; and, we believe, that in common with some other Members of the Administration with which he was connected, he was an advocate for the adoption of Bentham's plan of the Panopticon. Preparations were actually made for carrying into effect that plan, which were only stopped by the personal interference of George III., whose malignity had been excited by some strictures of Bentham on other subjects.

Bentham's plan, for Savings' Banks, which he called *Frugality Banks*, was promulgated in the year 1797; it was from time to time pressed upon the attention of practical men, and rejected as visionary. In the year 1811 a work containing the plan, together with three other works by Bentham, relative to the management of convicts, or other persons maintained at the public charge, was laid on the table of the Committee of the House of Commons on penitentiaries, and is referred to in the Appendix to their Report of that same date. Subsequently the *Savings' Banks*, which was a mere fragment of the plan of the *Frugality Banks*, was carried through the Legislature by George Rose. The adoption of that fragment was meritorious, but the whole was too large for the capacity of the practical man. People of this class can never take more than half views, and most of them will rarely, if ever, adopt more than half measures when they are proposed by others; for such legislators conceive that they assert their intellectual superiority by pruning injudicious excrescences from the plan submitted by the "projector." Savings' Banks, which was once a mere visionary's theory, has now become an established institution of the country. Sixteen millions of money, the savings of the laborious classes, are contained in the *Frugality Banks*, of which Bentham was the inventor. The following is a general statement in Bentham's words of the purposes to which the system of annuities (which he in 1797 proposed as part of his plan of *Frugality Banks*) was applicable. This part of the plan was also treated as visionary.

The benefit granted in the first instance, a benefit adapted to all conditions and circumstances, viz., a *superannuation annuity*: this benefit, convertible in the whole, or in any part, into any other species of benefits, at any time, or even capable of being withdrawn in the lump, at the option of the contributor; and so *toties quoties*, on pre-established terms. A

contributor to be at liberty to pay in his contribution in small sums, according to his convenience. As soon as it amounts to an even sum of a certain magnitude, (say 1*l.*) credit to be given him for a superannuation annuity to a certain amount, to commence at such age as he chooses; the amount being consequently adapted to the age of commencement, according to a table previously constructed for that purpose; the option being given to him on each occasion, as between the increasing the quantum of the provision already made, or accelerating the commencement of it;—and so for every 1*l.*, he contributes, at the same or any other time.

Example of divers shapes into which contributions might be convertible, at the option of the contributor, at any time, in whole or part.

1. An annuity for an existing wife, in the event of her becoming a man's widow, commencing at her age of superannuation, or else at his death.

2. In the case of a married man, having or not yet having a child or children, an annuity during the time that each child, or each child above a certain number, shall continue under a certain age, considered as the commencement of complete or partial *self-maintenance*.

3. It might serve as a *pledge* on which he might borrow money of the company to supply a demand created by any species of exigency that may chance to present itself; whether it be *regularly accruing*, such as the above, or *purely casual*; and in either case, whether it be of the *afflictive* class, (such as failure of employment, or sickness, as above, or any other of the *causes of impoverishment* as exhibited in the *Table of Cases calling for Relief*), or of the *lucrative* kind; exigencies constituted by the opportunity, or supposed opportunity of deriving a positive and extraordinary advantage from the use of a sum thus required. For this he may be made to pay common interest, to cover which the greatest sum lent may be restricted to an amount not quite equal to the amount of his contribution. If, at compound interest, the amount of his debt comes at any time to equal the amount of his contribution, the annuity is thereupon forfeited, but the debt is cancelled. When the money wanted to be borrowed exceeds the amount of the least portion of purchase-money received, (viz., the above supposed 1*l.*) he may have the option of *selling* instead of *pledging* so many of his elementary annuities as correspond to it; which would be the simpler mode, though upon calculation, if the lapse of time since the purchase has been considerable, not quite so advantageous.

4. By selling a certain number of these elementary annuities, a man would at any time be able to raise money, to serve as a marriage fund: nor ought such alienation to be accounted bad economy; since, to a bachelor, or a maiden, this nearer and more agreeable object would naturally be the foremost of the two; the other, of superannuation, being chosen at that early period in no other view than that of securing the money and placing it out to advantage in the mean time. The age at which the formation of such a fund may be expected to commence, may be, in males, from sixteen to eighteen or nineteen; when the amount of earn-

ings has got the start of the amount of physical wants, and the youthful eye has begun to turn itself towards the opposite sex. The idea of the attracting object, especially if determinate, will be a never failing encouragement to perseverance; contests may come to take place amongst suitors, which shall have given the strongest proof of attachment by laying up the largest marriage-fund in proportion to his means. The publicity inherent to all transactions in which the company is a party, will of course (unless otherwise ordered in the present case for special reason) give a correspondent publicity to these exertions of individual virtue; that the degree of exertion may be indicated, as well as the magnitude of the result, the total amount of the earnings may be in a line with the amount of the savings thus applied; the degree of frugality being thus measured and exhibited, a high degree may become proportionably honourable; not to be upon the list may even become disreputable. A maiden known to have lovers, may come to take a pride in the magnitude of such their respective sacrifices, and to make a point of honour not to yield her hand till the degree of attachment thus demonstrated has risen to a certain pitch. Frugality, being thus brought forward by desire, as it were in a hot-bed, in the spring of life, will maintain itself without difficulty in the maturer seasons. What has been withdrawn by marriage from the provision for old age, will gradually be restored, and finally with increase. Throughout the circle of domestic expenditure, the *future* will rise in its value in its comparison with the *present*; in England, perhaps, one day, as high as in Scotland it appears to stand already; and whatever is taken from the distant future to be given to immediate comfort, will be invested in articles of durable use, rather than lavished upon the short-lived instruments of momentary gratification.

Thirty-six years have elapsed since the plan was projected; sixteen years have elapsed since the fragment of it was tried; and one great and opposing party are now glorying in its success; and, now the utility and the importance of another fragment of it, having been driven into the heads of practical men, it is adopted by another Government, for whom in the following terms, the merit of the improved institution is claimed:—

In the mean time, there was passed silently and without the suggestion or assistance, or even the commendation of those who talk so loudly of their exclusive concern for the welfare of, "the people," who assume to be the sole guardians of the working classes, a measure which promises more substantial benefits to those classes than any which has succeeded the establishment of Friendly Societies and Savings' Banks.

Persons acquainted with those institutions, are aware that, of the Friendly Societies, a large proportion are based on erroneous principles involving their ultimate ruin, and that in the majority of them the hard earnings of the contributors are exposed to partial or entire loss, from the rapacity or the ignorance of the managers. To avoid these disasters, a labouring man may have deposited in a Savings' Bank the surplus earnings of his labour from

childhood: but when, in the decline of life, he wishes to relax his toils, he may lose his deposit from want either of knowledge or of means to invest it productively and securely. These calamities are dreadfully frequent, and not only throw an independent and noble-minded labourer into the workhouse, to avoid which he has been abstinent through life, but produce more general mischief by the discouragement of provident habits. One such instance may crush the frugality of a whole village. From 14 to 16 millions of the earnings of the labouring classes are exposed to these casualties. Again, a seaman or a labourer in a distant service wishes to have his surplus wages sent home and applied to the payment of a weekly stipend to his aged father or mother; but there is no trusty person who will take care of the deposit, or trouble himself with the apportionment and payment of the instalments. In a thousand instances the labouring classes have not the opportunities of giving effect to family affections or friendly sympathies possessed by those who have guardians and executors at their command, and can claim the services of the highest officer of the State.

By the Ministerial measure of the 3d Will. IV. c. 14, Government has taken upon itself the guardianship of these cases. By that Act, the depositors in Savings' Banks and others, are enabled to purchase Government annuities, for life, or for years, and either immediate or deferred. Experience may enable the Government to extend the amount beyond its present limit of 20*l.* a-year. Tables of insurance have already been framed, and have been sanctioned by the Treasury. The whole of the money advanced is returnable in case the contracting party does not live to the age at which the annuity is become payable, or is unable to continue the monthly or annual instalments. This measure will secure the beneficial application of a vast amount of savings most meritoriously accumulated, and in innumerable ways contribute to the comforts and advancement of the social condition of the great mass of the people.

With regard to the first adoption of the plan of the Savings' Banks, we have no doubt whatever that George Rose derived it immediately from Bentham's plan, which he had under his inspection. Whilst we do justice to the author of the measure, we would give full praise to the statesman by whom it was carried into practical though imperfect execution. In some instances the merit of a person who carries an important plan into practical execution is greater than that of the inventor. With respect to the plan of the annuities which the Government have adopted, we believe that it was prepared by Mr. Tidd Pratt, who has the central control of Savings' Banks and Benefit Societies, and to whom the plan could not fail to have been suggested by the facts showing the want of such an institution, which must constantly have been forced upon the attention of a person in his situation. The praise claimed in the Ministerial pamphlet is due to Lord Althorp and the Government for having taken steps to carry the plan into execution. But what is the merit of the philosopher who by so many years correctly anticipated all experience?

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From an examination of the subject, we venture to state that he has likewise considerably anticipated further experience; and that from time to time, additions will be suggested carrying out more completely the plan which he originated. The Savings' Banks which he planned would have given to the labouring man all the conveniences with respect to property, that banks on the largest scale afford to the man of wealth. The man of wealth, for example, leaves town and deposits his plate and valuables in safety at his banker's; the mechanic leaves town for some weeks to execute some piece of work in the country; to him valuable articles of property, which it is cumbersome or unsafe for him to take with him, what place has he now got, except the pawnbroker's shop, where he may leave them with safety and convenience? Bentham's Savings' Bank would have afforded him the accommodation. It would also have afforded him all the accommodation (by orders upon other Savings' Banks) of the transmission of small sums of money to distant relations or otherwise at a trifling charge, that is now given by banking facilities to the man of wealth. How can a poor man now transmit to his mother, perhaps, in Yorkshire, such a weekly sum as five shillings? These details to the wealthy and the ignorant, though well intentioned of the higher classes, appear beneath the dignity of legislative attention or provision. Bentham, whom no important details escaped, saw and estimated justly their aggregate importance.

This was only one of a great many plans, equally practical, which he devised for the benefit of the mass of the people; and with reference to these plans, as well as to those we have adverted to, the world will gradually learn how extensively he anticipated experience. We believe, indeed, that no philosophic legislator will be found on examination and trial so pre-eminently practical, because, we believe, there is none whose principles and designed applications of them are founded on a more exhaustive collection and examination of details, or inductions from facts. Every day of his long life he was employed in the collection of details and the arrangement of them for use.

From the Christian Observer.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, ESQ.

In resuming our notice of the life and character of Mr. Wilberforce, we are happy to commence by laying before our readers the following particulars, extracted from a highly interesting discourse delivered on occasion of his death by the Rev. J. Scott, in Trinity Church, Hull, the place of our lamented friend's birth. Mr. Scott's sermon was preached on a week-day; the reason of which he has himself explained.

"In different parts, also, sermons have been preached, and public meetings are held, to do honour to his memory. And on all these occasions the principles which swayed him, and

which he so unreservedly avowed, are brought into notice, and placed more or less distinctly in view. In particular, attention is called to what he himself has recorded so fully, so unequivocally, and so luminously, upon the great subject of religion. From all this, extensive good may be anticipated. It must be hailed as adding another to the many means by which Divine Providence causes Christian truth to make its way and diffuse its influence among us. Under such circumstances, it would have been disgraceful to the native town of Mr. Wilberforce to have been silent. And such has not been the case. Some of the clergy, and other ministers, intended to preach funeral sermons on the Sunday; but a call arose for a common service, in which different denominations might unite, without deserting their own places of worship or their own ministers: and the Wednesday Morning Lecture in the principal church was considered as affording the most eligible opportunity, and was therefore fixed upon."

Mr. Scott describes as follows Mr. Wilberforce's general character and conduct.

"His great talents, his attractive manners, and his captivating eloquence, notwithstanding the disadvantages of a feeble person and delicate health, marked him out for public life, and caused his society to be courted, and his assistance to be solicited, by the most exalted and most eminent personages. For a short time, indeed, these flattering circumstances might produce upon him their ordinary effects; but very soon the religious impressions of his youth were revived: he gave to the great subject of religion that serious attention which its supreme importance most justly claims; he yielded himself unreservedly to the dictates of his judgment and his conscience. Whatever talents he possessed—however suited to command for him the admiration of men, and to secure him the honours and emoluments of the world—he felt to be then most duly, most worthily, and most happily employed, when they were consecrated to the Great Being who had bestowed them; devoted to the service of Him who had made him His own, not by creation only but by redemption. He did not desert public life—as some would have persuaded him to do—but 'abode therein with God.' He was never ashamed to avow his principles: by deliberate public writing, as well as by more transient word of mouth, he asserted the great principles of Christ's most holy religion, and exposed the wide-spread deviations from it, both doctrinal and practical, which deform the Christian world; and he silenced every gainsayer; exerted, where it was not more willingly yielded, a reverence for his principles; and gave force to every profession or avowal that he made, by a most pure, holy, benevolent, active, and pre-eminently useful life, during the lapse of nearly half a century. In the course of this time, it was his honour and privilege to originate, and with unexampled perseverance to urge forward to a happy conclusion, measures in Parliament, as well as through the channel of various religious and benevolent institutions, for which the remotest nations do at this day call him, and the remotest ages we doubt not will 'call him, blessed.'

"We say not that, in all this time, none ever

found, or imagined that they 'found, occasion against him.' No: no human being can ever lead so busy a life without failing in any point; no one can take so decided a part, in this fallen world, in favour of righteousness and against unrighteousness, without passing 'through evil report' as well as 'good report'—without being sneered at and reproached and calumniated, as our Blessed Master himself was. He, also, who moves over the debateable ground of a nation's politics will ever find persons to estimate very differently the course he takes. Accordingly, there was a period when our distinguished friend was bitterly reproached for supporting the then existing administration, and by consequence that long-continued war in which they had thought it necessary to involve the nation: and since that time, again, he gave dissatisfaction to others by too much countenancing, as they thought, an opposite party. We enter into none of these questions. Men must be allowed their different opinions upon them. But none, I think, will now pretend to call in question the uprightness, the independence, the conscientiousness, of our friend throughout his course. Few will now think to find occasion against him, 'except it be concerning the law of his God'—except his religion furnish it."

Mr. Scott furnishes many interesting particulars of Mr. Wilberforce's early history and the formation of his religious character, derived chiefly from his own lips, and noted down at the time by the Rev. Henry Venn. The following is the substance of his statements.

"Mr. Wilberforce was born in the year 1759, and baptized in this church in the month of September. In early life he was a scholar in our grammar-school, under the superintendence of the revered Joseph Milner, whose preaching appears, even at that time, to have made a considerable impression on his mind. But at twelve years of age he attended a school in the neighbourhood of London, residing with a pious uncle and aunt; the latter of whom, on some occasion, introduced him to the notice of the venerable and beloved John Newton. When, nearly fifteen years after, altered views and revived religious impressions led him again to seek the acquaintance of that excellent man, Mr. Newton surprised and affected him much by telling him that, from the time of the early introduction just alluded to, he had not failed constantly to pray for him! We may well suppose that Mr. Newton discerned in the child somewhat striking, as well as felt interested for him on account of the respected relative who had introduced him.—His abode in or near London appears to have been short; for early in the year 1772 we find him placed in the grammar-school at Pocklington, where he appears to have continued till his removal to Cambridge in 1776 or 1777.

"I have been favoured with the sight of several letters written by him from this place; which, amidst all the vivacity and playfulness belonging to his years and his character, discover a serious and feeling sense of religion, and even a distinct insight into the leading doctrines of Christianity. He alludes repeatedly to the preaching of Mr. Milner, of which he evidently retained a very pleasing recollec-

tion, and on which he says he should rejoice again to attend. He takes a lively interest in the success of Mr. Milner's labours, and those of other pious ministers; expresses much aversion to the theatre, and deprecates being compelled to attend its exhibitions; but on the whole is well content with all that might befall him, believing that it would work for his good. On his removal to Cambridge, or even before that time, he appears to have fallen under the direction of persons who much feared his being too serious, and who were willing even to risk making him dissipated, rather than allow him to be more religious than the world approves: and under this influence he made not that use of his time at the university which he would afterwards have wished that he had done. But I have the best authority for saying, that his conduct never was vicious. That he always possessed and cultivated a literary taste, it would be superfluous to state: but, after he became decidedly religious, he conscientiously and diligently applied himself to all those studies which became a Christian gentleman and a legislator, that he might consecrate his talents, thus improved to the utmost, to the glory of God and the good of his fellow-creatures.

"In the year 1780, when he had just attained his majority, and, as it would seem, even before he had graduated at Cambridge, he was returned Member of Parliament for his native town. Upon this he was at once introduced into the clubs and political meetings in London, and much caressed among them as a young man of the highest promise.

"At the general election in 1784 he was again returned for Hull; but was immediately after, without his ever having previously contemplated any such elevation, chosen to the high honour of representing the county of York; for which he continued to sit in six successive parliaments, till he voluntarily retired from the situation, as too laborious for him, in the year 1812—having been placed conspicuously at the head of the poll, in the only case in which a contest occurred, and that in preference to the representatives of two of the noble families first in station and influence in the county.—It is not easy to conceive any thing more flattering than was his first advancement to the representation of Yorkshire. A young man of twenty-five, the son of a Hull merchant, of no distinguished family, recommended only by his acknowledged talents and fascinating eloquence, returned at once for the first county in the empire!

"Yet these were not the days of his life on which he would afterwards look back with most satisfaction. His heart, it is to be feared, was now considerably drawn away from God, and turned aside to vanity, and his religious principles in some degree corrupted or undermined. But the same year at which we have arrived was, through God's mercy, to furnish the occasion of his recovery, and to lay the foundation of that holy and decidedly religious character which he eventually maintained to the end of his days.

"In the latter part of the year 1784, and again in 1785, he travelled on the Continent with a party of friends. The late Dean of Carlisle, Dr. Isaac Milner, was his companion in the

same carriage: and here these highly-gifted friends discussed various interesting topics together. Religion was of the number: and on one occasion Mr. Wilberforce, having expressed respect for a pious clergyman, but added, that he 'carried things too far,' his friend pressed him upon this point. 'What did he mean by carrying things too far, or being too strict? On what ground did he pronounce this to be the case? When we talked of going too far, some standard must necessarily be referred to: was the standard of Scripture exceeded? or could any other standard be satisfactorily adopted and maintained? Perhaps it would not easily be shewn that where things were carried, as it was alleged, too far, they were carried beyond the rules of Scripture, but only beyond what was usually practised and approved among men.'.....Mr. Wilberforce, when thus pressed by his friend, endeavoured to explain and defend his position as well as he could: but he was dissatisfied himself with what he had to offer: in short, he felt that his own notions on the subject were vague and untenable. A lodgment was thus made in his conscience: matter for serious thinking was suggested: and his thoughts could find no rest till they found it from the word of God, and the adoption of a scriptural standard, by which to form all his judgments and regulate all his conduct. May the relation of the fact rouse many others to a similar exercise of mind, which may lead to a corresponding result!

"Another incident in the history of his mind at this period, as related by himself, is not less interesting and instructive than the preceding. 'As I read,' said he, 'the promises of Holy Scripture—"Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you: God will give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him: Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest: I will take away the heart of stone and give you the heart of flesh: I will put my laws in your hearts, and write them in your inward parts: I will be merciful unto their unrighteousness, and their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." As I read these passages, it occurred to me to reflect—If these things be so—if there be any truth in all this—and if I set myself to seek the blessings thus promised—I shall certainly find a sensible effect and change wrought within me, such as is thus described. I will put the matter to the proof: I will try the experiment: I will seek that I may find the promised blessings.' He did so: and the result was peace, and liberty, and victory: peace of conscience, and purified affections; deliverance from those sins which had ensnared him, or held him in bondage; 'the victory that overcometh the world,' and boldness 'to confess Christ before men.'.....

"Now it was that Mr. Wilberforce, with these altered feelings of mind, sought again the acquaintance of Mr. Newton; and in the winter of 1785-6, that he began, at Mr. Newton's recommendation, to attend the ministry of a revered relative of my own [Mr. J. Scott's father;] which for many years he continued regularly to do, till a change of his situation in life obliged him to become only an occasional instead of a constant hearer,

"Some friends, as I have already intimated,

would now have persuaded him to retire from public life, thinking its snares and engagements scarcely compatible with the due cultivation of personal religion. But what would such persons say to the scriptural cases of Joseph and Daniel, of David and Hezekiah? Had the advice they gave been listened to, what good had been lost, not only to Africa and to India, but to our own country also, and to the world at large! On this subject the honoured relative of mine, above referred to, wrote as follows, in the year 1807, just after the bill for the Abolition of the Slave Trade had passed: 'I feel a sort of self-congratulation at present, that, above twenty years ago, I withstood with all my energy the counsel given to Mr. Wilberforce to retire from public life.'

"Thus may be said to have been completed the settlement of Mr. Wilberforce's principles and character; and by such gifts of nature, such a process of education and training, and such influences of Divine grace, was the foundation laid for all that was to follow."

Mr. Scott proceeds to trace his friend's subsequent conduct: his proceedings respecting the abolition of the Slave Trade and Slavery; the assistance he rendered to Bible, Missionary, and School Societies; and the benefit which he was the honoured instrument of rendering to mankind by his great work upon Christianity. Into these details it is the less necessary that we should follow him, partly because these circumstances in Mr. Wilberforce's life are known to most of our readers, and as we shall have occasion to advert to them on a future occasion; and partly because we would not wish to supersede, by too copious extracts, a recurrence to Mr. Scott's judicious, edifying, and, as we have already said, interesting sermon. We therefore add only one or two miscellaneous passages.—

"We now quit the public history of the subject of our discourse, and only glance at him in private life. Here his piety, his benevolence, his cheerfulness, his suavity, and overflowing kindness, were uniform and unflinching. All his intercourse was suited at once to enfold and to recommend his principles: and the courteous, affectionate, unobtrusive, but yet powerful influence, which he thus exerted over a wide and constantly enlarging circle of acquaintance, many of them young men of rising fortune and promising character (for what father admitted to his friendship would not wish to introduce his sons to such a man?) no doubt produced an incalculable effect, and contributed to raise up numbers to become 'burning and shining lights' in their respective spheres. 'To be good and at the same time unamiable,' it has been said, 'is high treason against virtue:' but never did man exhibit all that was good in substance, combined with all that was sweet and attractive in manner, more than he did. Never, however, was he backward to avow his principles, and where necessary his habits also.—The following incident came almost within my own knowledge. A minister of state called upon him on some public business on a Sunday: he at once excused himself, saying, He would wait upon his Lordship at any hour he would fix the next day, but he was then going to

church! And this was after he had already attended the morning service. It was his maxim that every man should be the priest of his own household: and this character he would never resign, though he might from time to time delegate it to others. Hence, even when he had clergymen present, of whose assistance he would at other times gladly avail himself, yet he would frequently conduct the daily religious services of his family in person. And here we are assured, 'the fulness and richness of his expositions of Scripture, and the fervour of his supplications, were such as none can forget who ever were present at them.'—And then the full effect would be given to all this, among the members of his household, by the tenderness and consideration which he ever showed for them. 'If any of his domestics,' said one frequently resident under his roof, and on the most familiar terms, 'If any of his domestics shew a ruffled temper, or fall into misconduct, the case is met rather with pity than with resentment, and anxiety is shewn to restore the offender, like a sick member, in the spirit of meekness.' This was the rule of his family. Though much conversant with the world, he entered into no compromise with it as to the way of spending his time, or countenancing its vain amusements. He had no leisure, and, what is the great thing to be aimed at, he had no heart for such frivolities; but quite the contrary. Indeed, I have observed, however others may plead for such indulgences, that those who have been previously most acquainted with them, and best know their effects, on becoming decidedly religious, most strictly renounce them, and protest most strongly against them.—Finally, the spirituality of his mind under the press of public business, and amid the succession of persons who crowded upon him, was truly surprising. He seemed always ready for devotional exercises, and for religious conversation, in which the heart evidently bore as large a share as the understanding. I called upon him at his lodgings in York in the midst of the great contest for the county, in 1807, at a time when he was in some degree indisposed. I remember one of his remarks on this occasion was to the following effect. "A man in the Castle-yard this morning, in the honest ardour of his heart, seized my hand, and with peculiar emphasis wished me a long life. I was obliged to him for his kindness, but he forced on me the reflection, How *unchristian* are our common feelings and sentiments—that we should be ready to regard a long life as one of the greatest of blessings! Did we really keep Christian principles and Christian views before us, we should assuredly think that 'to depart and be with Christ, was, for ourselves at least, far better.'"

Mr. Scott particularly mentions, what all who knew Mr. Wilberforce must have observed, his high veneration for the Christian Sabbath, and his exemplary and joyful addiction of heart to its blessed duties and delights. On this subject Mr. Venn also says:

On each returning Sabbath his feelings seemed to rise, in proportion to the sanctity of the day, to a higher degree of spirituality and holy joy, which diffused a sacred cheerfulness to all around him. I have often heard him as-

sert, that he never could have sustained the labour and stretch of mind required in his early political life, if it had not been for the rest of his Sabbath; and that he could name several of his contemporaries in the vortex of political cares, whose minds had actually given way under the stress of intellectual labour, so as to bring on a premature death, or the still more dreadful catastrophe of insanity and suicide, who, humanly speaking, might have been preserved in health, if they would but have conscientiously observed the Sabbath.

"He spoke also of the calming, cheering, invigorating influence of his devotional and religious reading, as bracing up his mind for all that he had to perform or to encounter. It was usual with him to insist on 'the large communications of the Holy Spirit, which we might assuredly receive (for 'faithful is he that hath promised') if we sought them and cherished them, and complied with them—if we were careful 'not to grieve the Spirit,' 'not to quench the Spirit,' and of what he thus inculcated he certainly furnished a most edifying example."

In the notices which we have seen of Mr. Wilberforce, we have not seen it remarked how expansive were his feelings in regard to the welfare of other nations, and more especially the United States of America; for though no man was a more zealous patriot, or possessed a more English heart, he loved all mankind, and felt interested in the happiness and prosperity of the whole family of nations—and we might say, of every member of the human race. Throughout the civilized world, his decease will be viewed as a public loss; and more especially in those countries where a knowledge of the Gospel has enabled the people to appreciate those high and holy principles which actuated his conduct. We might extract a volume of eulogies upon him from the writings of citizens of many nations.—Foreigners, of distinction for rank, talents, or philanthropy, from all parts of the world, endeavoured to find their way to the abode of Mr. Wilberforce, and left it only to proclaim in their own country the private virtues of the man whose public character was the property of the world. It were superfluous to select illustrations of this statement; but the following letter of an American clergyman, who visited him in 1828, happening to be in our hands at the moment, we transcribe it, as shewing the impression which his conversation invariably left upon strangers, more especially those who could appreciate his religious principles. The following is the letter alluded to:

"London, March 25, 1828.

"My dear Sir,—There is scarcely any name at the present day which is more extensively known, more identified with the cause of humanity and virtue, or more deservedly dear to the Christian patriot, than that of Wilberforce. I had a great desire to see this extraordinary man; but had abandoned the expectation of it, under the erroneous impression that his residence was in Yorkshire, and quite distant from any part of my intended route through England; and it was only yesterday that I was informed, by a gentleman with whom I happened to be dining, that Mr. Wilberforce's residence

is but ten miles from London. On receiving this intelligence, I immediately resolved to appropriate a day to ride out and pay my respects to him, and with that view took a letter of introduction; and though the visit has occupied time which I had allotted to some other purposes, and has thus caused a little derangement of the plan of my journey, I assure you that it has been so gratifying, that, if it had cost me much more inconvenience, I should still have thought it a cheap price for so much gratification.

"Early this morning I left the city, in company with my excellent friend Mr. W., whose kind attentions, since I have been here, I can never too highly estimate, for High Wood Hill, Mr. Wilberforce's residence. Our ride was through a beautiful and highly cultivated region; and at Highgate, particularly, which is elevated ground, we had one of the richest views which this vicinity affords. Mr. Wilberforce's dwelling is a large stone building, situated on a delightful eminence, which commands an extensive rural prospect, and particularly a fine view of the beautiful valley beneath. On delivering the letter to the servant, we were informed that Mr. Wilberforce was at home, and would be disengaged in a short time; and, in the meanwhile, were introduced into the library, where, with the leave of the librarian, we amused ourselves by looking over the books, and noticing various corrections which Mr. Wilberforce had made with his pen. This was particularly the case in respect to the writings of Robert Hall, of whom he is so great an admirer that he remarked that he did not believe there was a man living who possessed finer talents. After nearly half an hour, Mr. Wilberforce came in, and received us with every expression of kindness and cordiality.—His appearance is, in some respects, quite peculiar. He is small in stature, extremely rapid in his movements, quite near-sighted, and withal a little deformed; but the moment he speaks, his countenance becomes a perfect mirror, in which you see reflected every thing that is lovely in the human character. After requesting us to notice the beautiful scenery which was to be seen from his window, and remarking upon the likeness of his intimate friend, William Pitt, which was in the room, which he said was the only good likeness of him in existence, he requested us to walk into his drawing-room, that he might introduce us to his family; very kindly remarking to me at the same time, that he wished to do it the rather, that, if I should visit England again, though he should not be here to receive me, I might be sure to receive the friendly attentions of his son. After spending a few moments with his family, he invited us into his study, where he shewed us the remaining part of his library, and particularly his periodical publications, which are very numerous.

"A little incident occurred while in his drawing-room, which I mention not without some hesitation, lest, if it were known to Mr. Wilberforce, it should wound the charming modesty which it is intended to illustrate. On the table I observed the most elegant set of china that I ever saw; and Mr. Wilberforce, perceiving that it attracted our attention, took up some of the different articles, and pointed out to us their peculiar beauties. Upon being

asked whether it was of English manufacture, he replied that it was foreign; on being asked from what country it came, he said from Prussia: and after a few moments the secret came out, in a manner which shewed that, while he felt honoured by the gift, he had intended to conceal the source from which it came—that it was a present to him from the King of Prussia. When I remarked to him that his health seemed much more vigorous than I had expected, he replied, that he had great reason for gratitude to God that he enjoyed so comfortable health; and that, notwithstanding his present degree of bodily vigour, he was told by Doctor Warren, one of the most eminent physicians in London, more than forty years ago, that he had not stamina enough to endure a fortnight. He expressed a high regard for several American divines, especially for Doctor Dwight, which I was happy to assure him was fully reciprocated, having heard the Doctor speak in terms of admiration of Mr. W.'s character. He remarked, that he had observed with great satisfaction, that the jealous and unfriendly feelings which had existed in former years between England and America, seem to have greatly diminished; that a countryman of ours, for whose talents he had great respect, and who had written several things which he highly valued, at length published a book in which he attacked England with great violence; and that, on reading it, he anticipated the most unfavourable effect; but that fortunately it was so large, and so closely printed, and the English withal being rather an indolent people, and not much inclined to encounter formidable works, it never got into circulation in the country, and therefore never did any hurt. He spoke with warm approbation of the book of American travels, by Mr. Hodgson, of Liverpool, (originally communicated to the Christian Observer) as containing what he believed to be a correct account of the American character, and as having contributed greatly to increase the good feelings of the English towards us. He kindly presented me with a copy of his *Practical View*, saying that it was a book which he wrote many years ago, soon after it pleased God to open his eyes and bring him to the knowledge of the truth; that he had occasion for gratitude that it had been in some degree useful; and that Burke read it soon after it was published, and sent him word that he approved it cordially.—In reply to a question that I asked concerning Burke's religious character, he observed that though he had reason to fear that he was not decidedly a pious man, yet he was undoubtedly among the best of the class to which he belonged. After spending an hour and a half in listening to his charming conversation, we took leave of him; and I am sure that I never parted with any person with a more delightful impression. If the sentiment was strong that I had been in the company of one of the *greatest* men in England, it was still stronger that I had been in the company of one of the *best* men in the world.*

* By the side of the above letter lies another, from the same foreign traveller, describing a visit to another now departed friend—Hannah More. Like the above on Mr. Wilberforce, it is only one of hundreds that have been written

Yet it was of such a man that those who, as Mr. Scott says, could find no cause of offence in him except concerning the law of

by affectionate admirers of those two kindred minds; but as it happens to be at hand, and as it conveys some particulars which may interest those who did not know Mrs. More personally, we subjoin it.

"BRISTOL, April 1, 1828.

"My dear Sir,—If you are aware that Barley Wood, the far-famed residence of Mrs. Hannah More, is but ten miles from Bristol, you will not be surprised to know that I have given a day to visiting that delightful spot, and that incomparable woman. This indeed constituted part of the plan of my tour from the moment that I determined to visit England; and having accomplished my purpose, I am happy now to be able to give you an account of one of the most interesting interviews I have ever enjoyed, while the particulars of it are fresh in my recollection.

"Yesterday morning I set out in company with my friend Mr. H., for Mrs. More's residence. As the morning was delightful, we had a fine view from some of the neighbouring hills of the city and its environs, and particularly of Clifton, whose wild and beautiful scenery has called into exercise some of the most exquisite powers of the pen and the pencil. After travelling over a delightful country about nine miles, we found, by inquiry, that we were quite near the celebrated cottage, a sight of which, with its venerable inhabitant, was the object of our excursion; and we soon turned out of the main road, and followed rather an obscure path for nearly a mile, till we reached the gate of Barley Wood. We were gratified to learn that Mrs. More was in comparatively comfortable health; as we had heard of her having been recently ill, and were apprehensive that she might still be too feeble to receive company. We were seated for a few moments in a parlour, the walls of which are nearly lined with the portraits of distinguished men, many of them her intimate friends. I sent up my letters of introduction, and a servant soon returned with a request that we would walk into the apartment in which Mrs. More was sitting. When we entered the room, she rose and shook hands with us in a familiar and pleasant manner, which made me quite forget the embarrassment which I was prepared to feel on approaching so distinguished and exalted a character. She is rather small in stature, has a most regular and expressive countenance, and an eye which beams forth nothing but intelligence and benignity. She is now eighty-three years of age; and for the last five years has been confined to her room by bodily indisposition, except that in the summer season she has been occasionally carried out, and drawn by her servants in a hand-carriage about her grounds. She soon spoke of her 'dear friend, Mr. Wilberforce,' in connexion with the letter which I had brought from him; and when I told her that I had lately spent a most delightful hour and a half in his company, she replied that she had no doubt it was an hour and a half spent near the threshold of heaven. She observed that he was one of her oldest friends; that his writings had produced a very beneficial effect on the higher circles in this country; and 'his prayers,' said she, 'in my family, when he is here, are heavenly.' When I remarked on the beautiful situation of Barley Wood, she replied that she should send her servant soon to conduct us over her little domain, and requested

his God, found ample cause in this, and endeavoured with all their might to counteract those salutary effects which, by the

that we would particularly notice a monument that she had erected in honour of John Locke, and another to the memory of her 'dear friend,' Bishop Porteus; 'but,' said she, 'you must first view the different prospects which I have from my house.' After pointing out to us some of the many beautiful objects to be seen from the room in which we were sitting, she conducted us into an adjoining apartment which was her sleeping room; and pointing to an armed chair, 'that chair,' said she, 'I call my home. Here, looking out of a window, 'is what I call my moral prospect. You see yonder distant hill which limits the prospect in that direction. You see this tree before my window directly in range of the hill. The tree, you observe, from being near, appears higher than the hill which is distant; though the hill actually is much higher than the tree. Now this tree represents to my mind the objects of time; that hill, the objects of eternity.' The former, like the tree, from being viewed near at hand, appear great: the latter, like the hill, from being viewed at a distance, appear small.' Speaking of the enfeebled state of my health, which was the occasion of my present absence from home, she advised me to be particularly on my guard against undue excitement. 'The disciples,' she observed, 'could sleep in sorrows;' and she had found that she could sleep far better after a day of affliction, than after an interview which has caused much excitement. Her own character through life, she said, had been marked by impatience; not that impatience which would lead her to be peevish towards her servants or others around her; but that which led her to push on a work, when she had commenced it, till it was completed; and to this trait in her character, especially, she attributed the fact of her having written so much. She remarked that she had never been able to quote from her own writings; that her companion would often read to her paragraphs from them, and she did not recognise them as her own; and though her memory, in regard to most subjects, seems to be very perfect, she assured us that she could not now recollect the titles of all her works; and having occasion to refer to one of them while we were sitting with her, she looked up to the book-case in which they were, and said, 'I do not remember the title, but it is something about Christianity I believe.' She presented me with her last work on the Spirit of Prayer, saying that it was principally a compilation from her other works, and was dictated to a friend, while she was confined to her bed, and supposed herself near the gate of eternity; that she felt the importance of the subject so deeply that she determined to send the work to the press, though the sale of it should be limited to fifty copies; but that eight thousand copies were disposed of within less than six months. She also presented me with another work of her's, which I had never seen before, entitled, 'Hints to a Young Princess;' and accounted for its not having been printed in America, as her other works have been, from the fact that it was deemed inapplicable to our form of government; though, she remarked, that with the exception of forty pages, it applied equally to the education of all females in the higher walks of life. Of the late Princess Charlotte, for whose benefit this work was particularly designed, she spoke as a most amiable, accomplished and promising character,

Divine blessing, resulted from his labours for the spiritual as well as temporal welfare of mankind. If our readers will turn back to our early volumes, often will they find us obliged to vindicate from the grossest misrepresentation the writings of Wilberforce, Hannah More, and others of the most judicious, scriptural, and consistent Christians of this and other ages. There was a time when our own pages were represented as unchristian, hostile to the Church of England, and unfit to be seen upon any orthodox table, because we took our humble share, with those and other valued friends—many of them now in a better world—in endeavouring to bring back our fellow-Churchmen to the principles of their own Articles, Homilies, and Liturgy; or because we vindicated a Wilberforce from the absurd and party spirited charge brought against him by a Daubeny, of “decrying”—not merely omitting or discouraging, but absolutely “decrying good works;” and because we did not, with the Anti-Jacobin Reviewers—speaking, they said, the opinion of the large majority of the bishops and clergy, of the two universities, and of ninety-nine hundredths of the Church of England laity—denounce “the senseless and unscriptural gibberish of Wilberforce.” We bless God that times are changed; and that in every part of the land are now to be found not a

few who believe, and preach, and practise those blessed truths, which, thirty years ago, were too generally accounted strange things in Episcopal pulpits and Church of England publications. How much of this national revival of religion may be traced to the writings of the two individuals above mentioned, will never be ascertained till the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed. At that day, “They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars, for ever and ever.”

We subjoin two copies of verses, which have been sent to us for insertion—

To the Memory of Mr. Wilberforce.

WHAT is the charm of sweetest, holiest worth,
To him who loves with early dawn to muse
O'er nature bright'ning into daylight hues;
Giving each form of grace and grandeur birth?
As if all things were new in heaven and earth?
Oh! tis a charm we feel, but cannot name;
Something to hush the voice, and fix the eye,
Beyond the purple tint and golden flame,
Beyond the blushing of the gorgeous sky:
A thought within the heart,—that God is nigh.
So, Wilberforce, thy zeal for man below

Was more than earth-born love of human-kind;
And souls that kindled in thy burning glow,
Felt 'twas the Saviour's sunlight on the mind.

M. G. S.

and expressed the hope that she died the death of the righteous. Mrs. More dissuaded her from learning music, on the ground that it would occupy time, which might be employed by her in more important pursuits, and that it was unnecessary, inasmuch as she could always have professors of eminence to perform in her presence.

“She told us that the place on which she resides had been in her possession twenty-six years; that when she purchased it, it was in a wild, uncultivated state; and that whatever ornamental trees or shrubs we should see, in walking over it, were planted by her own hand. As we passed round the enclosure, we saw at almost every step some monument of the taste of this wonderful woman. We were particularly struck with the wild beauty of a Druidical temple, as Mrs. More called it, made of knots of oak, disposed in such a manner as to represent the most fanciful figures. Her dwelling is a thatched cottage, standing on the declivity of a gentle sloping hill, overlooking the church and village of Wrington, a charming verdant vale, and commanding a view of Bristol Channel, and a beautiful range of hills which skirt the distant horizon. After going over her grounds, we returned for a short time to her chamber, where she had provided some refreshment for us, and where she again entertained us by her delightful conversation. On taking leave of her, she expressed the kindest sentiments, and, with an air of unaffected humility, desired me to remember her in my approaches to a Throne of Mercy; and added, that she attached great importance to intercessory prayer; and that she felt that she was a poor creature who needed an interest in the prayers of God's people as much as any one.

“After leaving this interesting spot, which I am sure will be associated through life with some of my most delightful recollections, we rode into the village of Wrington, distant about

half a mile, to see the birth-place of the illustrious Locke. It was not the residence of his parents, but his mother was there at the time of his birth. The house in which he was born is very small, and is occupied by Mrs. More's washer-woman. The old lady who inhabits it seemed very familiar with the honour which appertained to her dwelling, and shewed us the chamber in which the illustrious philosopher first saw the light; but though she talked abundantly of John Locke, she evidently knew as little who he was, as any old lady of the same standing on the opposite side of the Atlantic. On leaving Wrington, we again passed Barley Wood on our return to Bristol; and I kept my eye on that charming spot till it was hidden behind the hill, though my imagination still lingers about it with unabated interest. I could not but reflect, when I heard Mrs. More converse, and recollected what she had been, and saw what she was, that her's was one of the most honoured, useful, and happy lives that the world has known. In her progress through life, she has diffused blessings at every step; and has probably contributed far more to elevate the standard of female education and female character, than any other person living. Her old age is rendered serene and cheerful by a review of her past life on the one hand, and by a firm trust in the Saviour on the other; and she is now waiting, in the bright hope of immortality, till her change come. Few indeed can hope to descend to the tomb like her, amidst the benedictions of a world; but there are none who may not aspire to that which constitutes her noblest distinction—a life of faith and piety.

“I have extended my account of my visit at Barley Wood much beyond what I intended; but if any apology is necessary, you have it in the fact that it has made an impression upon my own mind which disposes me just at present to write and talk of nothing else.

On the Death of Mr. Wilberforce.

RAISE we the requiem o'er a noble mind,
 With richest stores of various learning
 fraught;
 Where fancy, taste, and feeling were combin'd
 With all a master's energy of thought;
 Where sparkling wit with harmless weapon
 shone,
 For sober judgment claim'd the poignard as her
 own.

Raise we the requiem over one who moved
 In private circles with peculiar grace;
 Lofty, but humble; reverenc'd, below'd;
 Shading his power by kindness, playful-
 ness,
 Till those who might have shrunk before his
 might,
 Bound by a spell, remain'd in calm, entranced
 delight.

High was his fame: for senates oft had heard
 With wonder that harmonious eloquence;
 And injur'd Africa had caught the word—
 Her chains had burst beneath its influence:
 And her dark sons now learn to breathe the
 name
 Of him who thought of them when sunk in guilt
 and shame.

Slow peals the anthem o'er the open'd tomb,
 Where prince and peer in solemn state at-
 tend;
 Sad train, with sable stole and nodding plume,
 And grief of heart for a departed friend—
 Is there no ray to lighten deep distress?
 Is there no voice from heav'n to comfort and to
 bless?

Yea! all his pow'rs he cast before the Cross:
 He fought the glorious fight, he kept the
 faith;
 His richest gain he learn'd to count as loss:
 Patient he wrestled, faithful unto death.
 Higher than earthly need remains untold—
 His is the blood-bought harp, the conqueror's
 crown of gold.

Then hush the requiem—raise a nobler lay—
 Faith lifts her eye, and Hope expands her
 wings.
 Glory to Him, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
 A sinner dies—a soul to rapture springs!
 Glory to Him who bow'd unto the grave,
 But ever lives in heav'n to intercede and save.
 S.

We little thought, when we commenced
 our notices of this honoured servant of God
 and friend of man, that before we concluded
 them we should be called to inscribe among
 our Obituaries the name of another ever-
 dear and valued friend, and the especial
 friend of Mr. Wilberforce—

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

We are unwilling in the few brief lines
 that remain of the present Number to at-
 tempt to open the fruitful theme which pre-
 sents itself in connexion with that beloved
 and honoured name. What Wilberforce
 was among men, Hannah More was among
 women; and her writings powerfully co-
 operated with his, and his with her's, to pro-
 duce that revival of pure and undefiled reli-
 gion to which we have before adverted.

The general outline of her character has
 been strikingly and eloquently described in
 the following paragraph, from the pen of
 one who knew her well and esteemed her
 highly.

"On the 7th of September, at her residence
 in Windsor Terrace, Clifton, in the 89th year
 of her age, after a painful and protracted ill-
 ness, Mrs. Hannah More. Few persons have
 enjoyed a higher degree of public esteem and
 veneration than this excellent and distinguish-
 ed lady. Early in life she attracted general
 notice by a brilliant display of literary talent,
 and was honoured with the intimate acquaint-
 ance of Johnson and Burke, of Reynolds and
 Garrick, and of many other highly eminent in-
 dividuals, who equally appreciated her amiable
 qualities, and her superior intellect. But, un-
 der a deep conviction that to live to the glory
 of God, and to the good of our fellow-creatures,
 is the great object of human existence, and the
 only one which can bring peace at the last, she
 quitted in the prime of her days the bright cir-
 cles of fashion and literature, and retiring into
 the neighbourhood of Bristol, devoted herself
 to a life of active Christian benevolence, and to
 the composition of various works having for
 their object the religious improvement of man-
 kind. Her pen could adapt itself with equal
 success to the instruction of the highest and of
 the humblest classes, and the numerous edi-
 tions through which her various publications
 have passed attest the high sense entertained
 by the public of their varied utility and excel-
 lence. Her practical conduct beautifully ex-
 emplified the moral energy of her Christian
 principles. She was the delight of a widely
 extended sphere of friends, whom she charmed
 by her mental powers, edified by her example,
 and knit closely to her in affection by the
 warmth and constancy of her friendship. She
 lived and walked in an atmosphere of love, and it
 was her delight to do good. The poor for many
 miles around her felt the influence of her unceas-
 ing benevolence, and her numerous schools at-
 tested her zeal for the improvement and edifica-
 tion of the rising generation. In these works of
 faith and charity, she was aided for a long
 course of years by the concurring efforts of four
 sisters, who lived with her; who regarded her
 with mingled feelings of admiration and affec-
 tion; and towards whom her conduct was ever
 marked by the kindest and most endearing con-
 sideration. It was truly a sisterhood animated
 by all the social and hospitable virtues. Mrs.
 Hannah More's last illness was accompanied
 by feverish delirium, but the blessed influence
 of Christian habits was strikingly exemplified
 even under the decay of extreme old age and
 its attendant consequences. Not seldom she
 broke forth into earnest prayer, and devout
 ejaculation; and invariably met the affectionate
 attentions of the friends who sedulously watch-
 ed over her sick bed, by unceasing and most
 expressive returns of grateful love. The writ-
 ter of this tribute to her memory saw her only
 the day before her last seizure, in November,
 1832, when she expressed to him in a most im-
 pressive manner the sentiments of an humble
 and penitent believer in Jesus Christ, assuring
 him that she reposed her hopes of salvation on
 His merits alone, and expressing at the same
 time a firm and joyful affiance on His un-

changeable promises. In her excellent writings she will long live, not only as one of the brightest ornaments of her sex, but as the benefactress of her species.*

We have felt a melancholy pleasure in thus adding to our notice of Mr. Wilberforce these few lines respecting Hannah More. They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they have not long been divided; and we delight to think of them together as two eminent servants of God, whom he was pleased to render an especial blessing to mankind by their writings, their active exertions, and their personal example; and whom He has now translated to that brighter world, where the spirits of the just made perfect, redeemed by the blood of Christ, and purified by the Holy Spirit, are for ever before the throne of God; and we doubt not are permitted to recognise each other, that they may the better magnify the praises of that crucified Saviour through whom they were brought out of great tribulation, and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

FRANKLIN'S FAMILIAR LETTERS.*

Unpublished in England.

It is singular enough that, just after finishing an article, which will be found in another part of this number, upon the gentleman Walpole, some new Letters, just published in America, and not yet made known in this country, should be put into our hands, written at various epochs of his life by the citizen Franklin; and what, perhaps, will strike some of our readers as rather extraordinary, we find in the correspondence of the one, as of the other, great wit, playfulness, and grace. But the wit and playfulness of Franklin are of the homely and republican order we might expect. His thoughts appear very frequently to be lively and gay; but, generally speaking, they are without the tinsel and ornament of gayety; and as, in the correspondence of the one, the mind of the courtier is everywhere perceptible, so, in the correspondence of the other, it is impossible not to see, at every page, that the writer had been educated without the precincts of a court; but then you do not regret it. The coarseness which occasionally occurs is not of the mind; and, therefore, instead of shocking as vulgarity, it charms as simplicity.

We cannot help first quoting a paper, which, though published with the correspondence, does not, of course, form a part of it—not, we own, on account of its simpli-

city,—for it bears rather a contradiction to the theory we have been laying down, and which we believe to be generally correct,—but for the singular manner in which it resembles, even in flighty fineness, the similar productions of Horace Walpole. Considering the total dissimilarity in the characters, pursuits, habits of thought, and habits of writing of these two persons, it is almost a literary curiosity when looked at in this point of view—a point of view in which we should never, but for the preceding criticism, have thought of regarding it.

"THE CRAVEN STREET GAZETTE.

Saturday, Sept. 22, 1770.

"This morning, Queen Margaret, accompanied by her first maid of honour, Miss Franklin, set out for Rochester. Immediately on their departure, the whole street was in tears—from a heavy shower of rain. It is whispered that the new family administration, which took place on her Majesty's departure, promises, like all other new administrations, to govern much better than the old one.

"We hear that the great person (so called from his enormous size) of a certain family in a certain street is grievously affected at the late changes, and could hardly be comforted this morning, though the new ministry promised him a roasted shoulder of mutton and potatoes for his dinner.

"It is said that the same great person intended to pay his respects to another great personage this day at St. James's it being coronation-day—hoping thereby a little to amuse his grief; but was prevented by an accident, Queen Margaret, or her maid of honour, having carried off the key of the drawers, so that the lady of the bedchamber could not come at a laced shirt for his Highness. Great clamours were made on this occasion against her Majesty.

"Other accounts say that the shirts were afterwards found, though too late, in another place; and some suspect, that the wanting a shirt from those drawers was only a ministerial pretence to excuse picking the locks, that the new administration might have everything at command.

"We hear that the lady chamberlain of the household went to market this morning by her own self, gave the butcher whatever he asked for the mutton, and had no dispute with the potato-woman, to their great amazement at the change of times.

"It is confidently asserted, that this afternoon, the weather being wet, the great person a little chilly, and nobody at home to find fault with the expense of fuel, he was indulged with a fire in his chamber. It seems the design is, to make him contented by degrees with the absence of the Queen.

"A project has been under consideration of government to take the opportunity of her Majesty's absence for doing a thing she was always averse to, namely—fixing a new lock on the street door, or getting a key made to the old one; it being found extremely inconvenient that one or other of the great officers of state should whenever the maid goes out for a ha'pennyworth of sand, or a pint of porter, be obliged to attend the door to let her in again.

* A collection of the Familiar Letters and Miscellaneous Papers of Benjamin Franklin, now for the first time published. Boston, U.S., 1833.

But opinions being divided which of the two expedients to adopt, the project is for the present laid aside.

"We have good authority to assure our readers that a Cabinet Council was held this afternoon at tea; the subject of which was a proposal for the reformation of manners, and a more strict observation of the Lord's Day. The result was a unanimous resolution, that no meat should be dressed to-morrow, whereby the cook and the first minister will both be at liberty to go to church—the one having nothing to do, and the other no roast to rule. It seems the cold shoulder of mutton and the apple-pie were thought sufficient for Sunday's dinner. All pious people applaud this measure; and it is thought the new ministry will soon become popular.

"We hear that Mr. Wilkes was at a certain house in Craven-street this day, and inquired after the absent Queen. His good lady and the children are well.

"The report that Mr. Wilkes the patriot, made the above visit, is without foundation, it being his brother, the courtier."

There are two or three other pieces of the same kind which follow, and which are remarkable—as this is remarkable—for a vein of wit and humour. But the correspondence is of another kind: its charm—and it has a peculiar charm—is in its quiet and steady good sense and unaffected good-nature. The first letter we shall quote was written when Franklin was twenty years old, and is only noticeable for its *naïve* simplicity, and the kind of contrast which it forms to our general idea of the character of the grave philosopher and statesman. At the time of the second he was thirty-six years old; this was just previous to his first appearance in political life, and the appointment offered to him, and refused by him, of Colonel of the Philadelphia regiment. Its interest is in the opinions it expresses, and the admirable spirit of toleration which, with bigots and fanatics, has naturally passed for a spirit of irreligion. The third, to which we shall give a place, is mainly remarkable for the practical sense and the keen habit of investigation it displays on the merest trifles of ordinary life. The picture of the boy's unwillingness to go to church,—of his shuffling, and delaying, and complaining of his clothes on Sunday,—is, in its way, excellent, and shows, in a touch, the character of the writer. These letters the reader will find at the end of our remarks.

We find a remark in another letter which, though we do not quote the letter itself, we cannot pass over in silence; there is a simple and unaffected spirit of high and genuine honesty in it which the wittiest phrase of Walpole cannot compete with. He is speaking of the conduct of a Mr. Parker to his nephew.

"Mr. Parker," he says, "has, in every respect, done his duty by him, and in this affair has really acted a generous part; therefore I hoped if Benny succeeds in the world, he will make Mr. Parker a return *beyond what he promised.*"

There is, in this short sentence of the

printer's apprentice, a nobility which all the herald's art did not furnish to the honourable member of the House of Orford.

The fourth and last letter which we now quote,—for it is intended to continue the notice of this correspondence,—is to a young lady, and has all the gallantry and grace that might be expected from a *preux chevalier*.

"Persons," says the old philosopher, "complain of the north-east wind as increasing their malady; but since you promised to send me kisses in that wind,—and I find you as good as your word,—'tis to me the gayest wind that blows, and gives me the best spirits. I write this during a north-east storm of snow, the greatest we have had this winter. Your favours come mixed with the snowy flakes, which are pure as your virgin innocence, white as your lovely bosom, and—as cold."

Match us, reader, in the most gallant memoirs of the happiest French court a prettier paragraph.

But we have turned to Franklin after Walpole, not so much to draw a comparison between their writings as between their lives.

Franklin,—sprung from a low origin, the citizen of a colony which swelled into an active republic, in which every path was open to ability,—passed through each gradation of useful and ambitious life. Read the account of his arrival at Philadelphia—the commencement of his career!—

"I arrived at Philadelphia in my working-dress, my best clothes being to come by sea. I was covered with dirt; my pockets were filled with shirts and stockings; I was unacquainted with a single soul in the place, and knew not where to find a lodging. Fatigued with walking, rowing, and having passed the night without sleep, I was extremely hungry, and all my money consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling's-worth of coppers, which I gave to the boatmen for my passage. As I had assisted them in rowing, they refused it at first, but I insisted on their taking it. *A man is sometimes more generous when he has little than when he has much*; probably because, in the first case, he is desirous of concealing his poverty."

He then goes on, we remember, to tell how he bought three large rolls, and

"With one under each arm walked on, eating the third. Passing, in this manner, the house of Mr. Read, the father of my future wife, she, standing at the door, observed me, and thought, with reason, that I made a very singular and grotesque appearance."

Beginning thus, and not stopping in his laborious career, he did not end it until he had successively been the apprentice to the printer, the editor of the newspaper, the clerk of the General Assembly of Philadelphia, the representative of that city, the philosopher, celebrated for his discoveries in science, the diplomatist. You see him through life,—now employed in improving his almanack—now in making his experiments in electricity—now in taking part in the debates of a public assembly—now in conducting a treaty, and settling the basis of national independence for his country. Contrast this useful and laborious life with

the epicurean and softened existence which smoothed down and wore off the energies of Horace Walpole! In his writing—in his speeches—simple, unadorned, and concise, the grace of Franklin (for he also had that charm) was the grace of an antique statue; while Walpole's more frequently resembles that of a French painting. They were both men of various and extraordinary talents; but the one, living only for pleasure, produced nothing that could do more than contribute to the idle amusement, while the other engaged in everything that could add to the solid happiness and moral dignity of his countrymen. Walpole, afraid of peeping without the pale of good society, clipped his talents down into accomplishments; Franklin, with the wide range of the world before him, took an easy flight into its various paths;—the one could hardly have been more, the other could not have been less, than he was. We aim at no moral; and our tale, if we had any, is finished.

The letters we promised close this paper, and will be continued.

"TO MISS JANE FRANKLIN.

"*Philadelphia*, 6 January, 1726-7.

"DEAR SISTER,

"I am highly pleased with the account Captain Freeman gives me of you. I always judged, by your behaviour when a child, that you would make a good, agreeable woman, and you know you were ever my peculiar favourite. I have been thinking what would be a suitable present for me to make, and for you to receive, as I hear you are grown a celebrated beauty. I had almost determined on a tea-table; but when I considered that the character of a good housewife was far preferable to that of being only a pretty gentleness, I concluded to send you a *spinning-wheel*, which I hope you will accept as a small token of my sincere love and affection.

"Sister, farewell, and remember that modesty, as it makes the most homely virgin amiable and charming, so the want of it infallibly renders the most perfect beauty disagreeable and odious. But when that brightest of female virtues shines among other perfections of body and mind in the same person, it makes the woman more lovely than an angel. Excuse this freedom, and use the same with me.

"I am, dear Jenny, your loving brother,

"B. FRANKLIN."

"TO MRS. JANE MECOM.

"*Philadelphia*, 28 July, 1743.

"DEAREST SISTER JENNY,

"I took your admonition very kindly, and was far from being offended at you for it. If I say anything about it to you, it is only to rectify some wrong opinions you seem to have entertained of me; and this I do only because they give you some uneasiness, which I am unwilling to be the occasion of. You express yourself as if you thought I was against the worshipping of God, and doubt that good works would merit heaven; which are both fancies of your own, I think, without foundation. I am so far from thinking that God is not to be worshipped, that I have composed and

wrote a whole book of devotions for my own use; and I imagine there are few, if any, in the world so weak as to imagine that the little good we can do here can merit so vast a reward hereafter.

"There are some things in your New England doctrine and worship which I do not agree with; but I do not therefore condemn them, or desire to shake your belief or practice of them. We may dislike things that are nevertheless right in themselves. I would only have you make me the same allowance, and have a better opinion both of morality and your brother. Read the pages of Mr. Edward's late book, entitled, 'Some Thoughts concerning the present Revival of Religion in New England,' from 367 to 375, and when you judge of others, if you can perceive the fruit to be good, don't terrify yourself that the tree may be evil; but be assured it is not so, for you know who has said, 'Men do not gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles.' I have not time to add, but that I shall always be your affectionate brother,

"B. FRANKLIN.

"P.S.—It was not kind in you, when your sister commended good works, to suppose she intended a reproach to you. It was very far from her thoughts."

"TO MRS. JANE MECOM.

"*Philadelphia*, (date uncertain.)

"DEAR SISTER,

"I received your letter, with one for Benny, and one for Mr. Parker, and also two of Benny's letters of complaint, which, as you observe, do not amount to much. I should have had a very bad opinion of him, if he had written to you those accusations of his master which you mention; because, from long acquaintance with his master, who lived some years in my house, I know him to be a sober, pious, and conscientious man, so that Newport, to whom you seem to have given too much credit, must have wronged Mr. Parker very much in his accounts, and have wronged Benny too, if he says Benny told him such things, for I am confident he never did.

"As to the bad attendance afforded him in the small-pox, I believe, if the negro-woman did not do her duty, her master or mistress would, if they had known it, have had that matter mended. But Mrs. Parker was herself, if I am not mistaken, sick at that time, and her child also. And though he gives the woman a bad character in general, all he charges her with in particular, is, that she never brought him what he called for directly, and sometimes not at all. He had the distemper favourably, and yet I suppose was bad enough to be, like other sick people, a little impatient, and perhaps might think a short time long, and sometimes call for things not proper for one in his condition.

"As to clothes, I am frequently at New York, and I never saw him unprovided with what was good, decent, and sufficient. I was there no longer ago than March last, and he was then well clothed, and made no complaint to me of any kind. I heard both his master and mistress call upon him on Sunday morning to get ready to go to meeting, and tell him of his frequently delaying and shuffling till it was too late, and he made not the least objection about clothes.

I did not think it anything extraordinary, that he should be sometimes willing to evade going to meeting, for I believe it is the case with all boys, or almost all. I have brought up four or five myself, and have frequently observed, that if their shoes were bad, they would say nothing of a new pair till Sunday morning, just as the bell rung, when, if you asked them why they did not get ready, the answer was prepared, 'I have no shoes,' and so of other things, hats and the like; or if they knew of anything that wanted mending, it was a secret till Sunday morning, and sometimes, I believe, they would rather tear a little than be without the excuse.

"As to going on petty errands, no boys love it, but all must do it. As soon as they become fit for better business, they naturally get rid of that, for the master's interest comes in to their relief. I make no doubt but Mr. Parker will take another apprentice as soon as he can meet with a likely one. In the mean time, I should be glad if Benny would exercise a little patience. There is a negro woman that does a great many of those errands.

"I do not think his going on board the privateer arose from any difference between him and his master, or any ill-usage he had received. When boys see prizes brought in, and quantities of money shared among the men, and their gay living, it fills their heads with notions that half distract them, and put them quite out of conceit with trades, and the dull ways of getting money by working. This, I suppose, was Ben's case, the Catherine being just before arrived with three rich prizes; and that the glory of having taken a privateer of the enemy, for which both officers and men were highly extolled, treated, presented, &c. worked strongly upon his imagination, you will see, by his answer to my letter, is not unlikely. I send it to you enclosed. I wrote him largely on the occasion: and though he might possibly, to excuse that slip to others, complain of his place, you may see he says not a syllable of any such thing to me. My only son, before I permitted him to go to Albany, left my house unknown to us all, and got on board a privateer, from whence I feigned him. No one imagined it was hard usage at home that made him do this. Every one that knows me, thinks I am too indulgent a parent, as well as master.

"I shall tire you, perhaps, with the length of this letter; but I am the more particular, in order, if possible, to satisfy your mind about your son's situation. His master has, by a letter this post, desired me to write to him about his staying out of nights, sometimes all night, and refusing to give an account where he spends his time, or in what company. This I had not heard of before, though I perceive you have. I do not wonder at his correcting him for that. If he was my own son, I should think his master did not do his duty by him if he omitted it, for to be sure, it is the high road to destruction. And I think the correction very light, and not likely to be very effectual, if the strokes left no marks.

"His master says farther, as follows:—I think I can't charge my conscience with being much short of my duty to him. I shall now desire you, if you have not done it already, to invite him to lay his complaints before you, that I may know how to remedy them.' Thus far

the words of his letter, which, giving me a fair opening to inquire into the affair, I shall accordingly do it, and I hope settle every thing to all your satisfactions. In the mean time, I have laid by your letters both to Mr. Parker and Benny, and shall not send them till I hear again from you, because I think your appearing to give ear to such groundless stories may give offence, and create a greater misunderstanding; and because I think what you write to Benny, about getting him discharged, may tend to unsettle his mind, and therefore improper at this time.

"I have a very good opinion of Benny in the main, and have great hopes of his becoming a worthy man, his faults being only such as are commonly incident to boys of his years, and he has many good qualities for which I love him. I never knew an apprentice contented with the clothes allowed him by his master, let them be what they would. Jemmy Franklin, when with me, was always dissatisfied and grumbling. When I was last in Boston, his aunt bid him to go to a shop and please himself, which the gentleman did, and bought a suit of clothes on my account, dearer by one-half than any I ever afforded myself, one suit excepted; which I don't mention by way of complaint of Jemmy, for he and I are good friends, but only to show you the nature of boys.

"The letters of Mr. Vanhorne were sent to Mr. Whitfield, under my cover.

"I am, with love to brother and all yours, and duty to mother, to whom I have not time now to write, your affectionate brother,

"B. FRANKLIN."

[We add the following from the Athenæum.]

THERE is not much in this collection, yet it is interesting, and the more so because the letters are of a purely private character, and we get from them an insight into the feelings of the man:—here he is seen in his domestic circle, surrounded by relatives and friends, anxious for their welfare and their happiness, warm-hearted, sincere, and full of a generous sympathy with old and young. They are written with the same simplicity and ease which characterize all his writings.

The following are pleasant specimens of his playful style:—

"TO MISS CATHERINE RAY, BLOCK ISLAND.

"*Philadelphia, 4 March, 1755.*

"DEAR KATY,

"Your kind letter of January 20th, is but just come to hand, and I take this first opportunity of acknowledging the favour. It gives me great pleasure to hear that you got home safe and well that day. I thought too much was hazarded, when I saw you put off to sea in that very little skiff, tossed by every wave. But the call was strong and just—a sick parent. I stood on the shore, and looked after you, till I could no longer distinguish you, even with my glass; then returned to your sister's, praying for your safe passage. Towards evening all agreed that you must certainly be arrived before that time, the weather having been so favourable; which made me more easy and

cheerful, for I had been truly concerned for you.

"I left New England slowly, and with great reluctance. Short day's journeys, and loitering visits on the road, for three or four weeks, manifested my unwillingness to quit a country, in which I drew my first breath, spent my earliest and most pleasant days, and had now received so many fresh marks of the people's goodness and benevolence, in the kind and affectionate treatment I had every where met with. I almost forgot I had a *home*, till I was more than half way towards it; till I had, one by one, parted with all my New England friends, and was got into the western borders of Connecticut, among mere strangers. Then, like an old man, who, having buried all he loved in this world, begins to think of heaven, I began to think of and wish for home; and as I drew nearer, I found the attraction stronger and stronger. My diligence and speed increased with my impatience. I drove on violently, and made such long stretches, that a very few days brought me to my own house, and to the arms of my good old wife, and children, where I remain, thanks to God, at present well and happy.

"I desired Miss Anna Ward to send you over a little book I left with her, for your amusement in that lonely island.

"My respects to your good father, and mother, and sister. Let me often hear of your welfare, since it is not likely I shall ever again have the pleasure of seeing you. Accept mine, and my wife's sincere thanks for the many civilities I receive from you and your relations; and do me the justice to believe me, dear girl,

"Your affectionate, faithful friend,
and humble servant,

"B. FRANKLIN."

TO MISS CATHARINE RAY.

Philadelphia, 11 September, 1755.

"Begone, business, for an hour at least, and let me chat a little with my Katy.

"I have now before me, my dear girl, three of your favours, viz. of March the 3d, March the 30th, and May the 1st. The first I received just before I set out on a long journey, and the others while I was on that journey, which held me near six weeks. Since my return, I have been in such a perpetual hurry of public affairs of various kinds, as renders it impracticable for me to keep up my private correspondences, even those that afforded me the greatest pleasure.

"You ask in your last, how I do, and what I am doing, and whether everybody loves me yet, and why I make them do so.

"In the regard to the first, I can say, thanks to God, that I do not remember I was ever better. I still relish all the pleasures of life, that a temperate man can in reason desire, and through favour I have them all in my power. This happy situation shall continue as long as God pleases, who knows what is best for his creatures, and I hope he will enable me to bear with patience and dutiful submission any change he may think fit to make, that is less agreeable. As to the second question, I must confess (but don't you be jealous,) that many more people love me now, than ever did be-

fore; for since I saw you, I have been enabled to do some general services to the country, and to the army, for which both have thanked and praised me, and say they love me. They say so, as you used to do; and if I were to ask any favours of them, they would, perhaps, as readily refuse me; so that, I find little real advantage in being beloved, but it pleases my humour. * * *

"I enclose you the songs you write for, and with them your Spanish letter with a translation. I honour that honest Spaniard for loving you. It showed the goodness of his taste and judgment. But you must forget him, and bless some worthy young Englishman.

"You have spun a long thread, five thousand and twenty-two yards. It will reach almost from Rhode Island hither. I wish I had hold of one end of it, to pull you to me. But you would break it rather than come. The cords of love and friendship are longer and stronger, and in times past have drawn me farther; even back from England to Philadelphia. I guess that some of the same kind will one day draw you out of that island. * * *

"The cheeses, particularly one of them, were excellent. All our friends have tasted it, and all agree that it exceeds any English cheese they ever tasted.

"Mrs. Franklin was very proud, that a young lady should have so much regard for her old husband, as to send him such a present. We talk of you every time it comes to table. She is sure you are a sensible girl, and a notable housewife, and talks of bequeathing me to you as a legacy; but I ought to wish you a better, and hope she will live these hundred years; for we are grown old together, and if she has any faults, I am so used to them that I don't perceive them; as the song says,

Some faults we have all, and so may my Joan,
But then they're exceedingly small;
And now I'm used to 'em, they're just like my

own,
I scarcely can see them at all,
My dear friends,
I scarcely can see them at all.

Indeed, I begin to think she has none, as I think of you. And since she is willing I should love you, as much as you are willing to be loved by me, let us join in wishing the old lady a long life and a happy.

"With her respectful compliments to you, to your good mother and sisters, present mine, though unknown, and believe me to be, dear girl,

"Your affectionate friend
and humble servant,
"B. FRANKLIN."

TO MRS. HEWSON.

Philadelphia, 6 May, 1786.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—

"A long winter has past and I have not had the pleasure of a line from you, acquainting me with your and your children's welfare, since I left England. I suppose you have been in Yorkshire, out of the way and knowledge of opportunities; for I will not think you have forgotten me.

"To make me some amends, I received a few days past a large packet from Mr. Williams,

dated September, 1776, near ten years since, containing three letters from you, one of December 12, 1775. This packet had been received by Mr. Bache, after my departure for France, lay dormant among his papers during all my absence, and has just now broke out upon me, like words, that had been; as somebody says, *congealed in northern air*. Therein I find all the pleasing little family history of your children; how William had begun to spell, overcoming, by strength of memory, all the difficulty occasioned by the common wretched alphabet, while you were convinced of the utility of our new one; how Tom, genius-like, struck out new paths, and, relinquishing the old names of the letters, called U bell, and P bottle; how Eliza began to grow jolly, that is, fat and handsome, resembling aunt Rooke, whom I used to call *my lovely*. Together with all the *then* news of lady Blount's having produced at length a boy; of Dolly's being well, and of poor good Catherine's decease; of your affairs with Muir & Atkinson, and of their contract for feeding the fish in the channel; of the Vinys and their jaunt to Cambridge in the long carriage; of Dolly's journey to Wales with Mrs. Scott; of the Wilkesses, the Pearces, Elphinstones, &c.: concluding with a kind of promise, that, as soon as the ministry and Congress agreed to make peace, I should have you with me, in America. That peace has been some time made; but, alas! the promise is not yet fulfilled.

"I have found my family here in health, good circumstances, and well respected by their fellow citizens. The companions of my youth are indeed almost all departed, but I find an agreeable society among their children and grandchildren. I have public business enough to preserve me from *ennui*, and private amusement, besides in conversation, books, my garden, and *cribbage*. Considering our well furnished, plentiful market as the best of gardens, I am turning mine, in the midst of which my house stands, into grass plots and gravel walks, with trees and flowering shrubs. Cards we sometimes play here, in long winter evenings, but it is as they play at chess, not for money, but for honour, or the pleasure of beating one another. This will not be quite a novelty to you, as you may remember we played together in that manner, during the winter at Passy. I have indeed now and then a little compunction, in reflecting that I spend time so idly; but another reflection comes to relieve me, whispering, '*You know that the soul is immortal; why then should you be such a niggard of a little time, when you have a whole eternity before you?*' So, being easily convinced, and, like other reasonable creatures, satisfied with a small reason, when it is in favour of doing what I have a mind to, I shuffle the cards again, and begin another game."

The following, with its sober sense, and considerate good feelings, will answer perhaps better to the received notion of the writer:—

To MRS. JANE MECOM.

"New York, 19 April, 1757.

"DEAR SISTER,—

"I wrote a few lines to you yesterday, but omitted to answer yours, relating to sister

Douse. As *having their own way* is one of the greatest comforts of life to old people, I think their friends should endeavour to accommodate them in that, as well as in anything else. When they have long lived in a house, it becomes natural to them; they are almost as closely connected with it, as the tortoise with his shell; they die if you take them out of it; old folks and old trees, if you remove them, 'tis ten to one that you kill them; so let our good old sister be no more importuned on that head. We are growing old fast ourselves, and shall expect the same kind of indulgencies; if we give them, we shall have a right to receive them in our turn.

"And as to her few fine things, I think she is in the right not to sell them, and for the reason she gives, that they will fetch but little; when that little is spent, they would be of no further use to her; but perhaps the expectation of possessing them at her death, may make that person tender and careful of her, and helpful to her to the amount of ten times their value. If so, they are put to the best use they possibly can be.

"I hope you visit sister as often as your affairs will permit, and afford her what assistance and comfort you can in her present situation. *Old age, infirmities, and poverty*, joined, are afflictions enough. The *neglect and slights* of friends and near relations should never be added. People in her circumstances are apt to suspect this sometimes without cause, *appearances* should therefore be attended to, in our conduct towards them, as well as *realities*. I write by this post to cousin Williams, to continue his care, which I doubt not he will do."

We shall now extract a few scattered passages. The following referred to the marriage of his nephew.

"I don't doubt but Benny will do very well when he gets to work; but I fear his things from England may be so long a coming, as to occasion the loss of the rent. Would it not be better for you to move into the house? Perhaps not, if he is near being married. I know nothing of that affair, but what you write me, except that I think Miss Betsy a very agreeable, sweet-tempered, good girl, who has had a housewifely education, and will make, to a good husband, a very good wife. Your sister and I have a great esteem for her, and if she will be kind enough to accept of our nephew, we think it will be his own fault if he is not as happy as the married state can make him. The family is a respectable one, but whether there be any fortune I know not; and as you do not inquire about this particular, I suppose you think with me, that where everything else desirable is to be met with, that is not very material. If she does not *bring* a fortune she will help to *make* one. Industry, frugality, and prudent economy in a wife, are to a tradesman, in their effects, a fortune; and a fortune sufficient for Benjamin, if his expectations are reasonable. We can only add, that, if the young lady and her friends are willing, we give our consent heartily, and our blessing."

The reader must remember that the letter from which the following passage is taken is dated 1763:—

"Of all the enviable things England has, I envy it most its people. Why should that petty Island, which, compared to America, is but

like a stepping-stone in a brook, scarce enough of it above water to keep one's shoes dry; why, I say, should that little Island enjoy, in almost every neighbourhood, more sensible, virtuous, and elegant minds, than we can collect in ranging a hundred leagues of our vast forests? But 'tis said the Arts delight to travel westward. You have effectually defended us in this glorious war, and in time you will improve us. After the first cares for the necessities of life are over, we shall come to think of the embellishments. Already, some of our young geniuses begin to lispattempts at painting, poetry, and music. We have a young painter now studying at Rome. Some specimens of our poetry I send you, which, if Dr. Hawkesworth's fine taste cannot approve, his good heart will at least excuse."

Reason—Instinct—Enthusiasm.—"All! the way to Dover we were furnished with post-chaises, hung so as to lean forward, the top coming down over one's eyes, like a hood, as if to prevent one's seeing the country; which being one of my great pleasures. I was engaged in perpetual disputes with the innkeepers, ostlers, and postillions, about getting the straps taken up a hole or two before, and let down as much behind, they insisting that the chaise leaning forward was an ease to the horses, and that the contrary would kill them. I suppose the chaise leaning forward looks to them like a willingness to go forward, and that its hanging back shows reluctance. They added other reasons, that were no reasons at all, and made me, as upon a hundred other occasions, almost wish that mankind had never been endowed with a reasoning faculty, since they know so little how to make use of it, and so often mislead themselves by it, and that they had been furnished with a good sensible instinct instead of it.

"You ought not to wish yourself an enthusiast. They have, indeed, their imaginary satisfactions and pleasures, but these are often balanced by imaginary pains and mortification. You can continue to be a good girl, and thereby lay a solid foundation for expected future happiness, without the enthusiasm that may perhaps be necessary to some others. As those beings, who have a good sensible instinct, have no need of reason, so those, who have reason to regulate their actions, have no occasion for enthusiasm."

Paris in 1767—Umbrellas.—"I must do Paris the justice to say, that in two points of cleanliness they exceed us. The water they drink, though from the river, they render as pure as that of the best spring, by filtering it through cisterns filled with sand; and the streets with constant sweeping are fit to walk in, though there is no paved footpath. Accordingly, many well-dressed people are constantly seen walking in them. The crowds of coaches and chairs for this reason is not so great. Men, as well as women, carry umbrellas in their hands, which they extend in case of rain or too much sun."

A Pennsylvania Debtor.—"I write now to cousin Williams to press the payment of the bond. There has been forbearance enough on my part; seven years or more, without receiving any principal or interest. It seems as if the debtor was like a whimsical man in Pennsylvania, of whom it was said that, it being against

his principle to pay interest, and against his interest to pay the principal, he paid neither one nor the other."

The Choice of a Wife.—"I knew a wise old man, who used to advise his young friends to choose wives out of a bunch; for where there were many daughters, he said, they improved each other, and from emulation acquired more accomplishments, knew more, could do more, and were not spoiled by parental fondness, as single children often are."

Old Friends.—"In looking forward, twenty-five years seem a long period, but in looking back, how short! Could you imagine, that it is now full a quarter of a century since we were first acquainted? It was in 1757. During the greater part of the time, I lived in the same house with my dear deceased friend, your mother; of course you and I conversed with each other much and often. It is to all our honours, that in all that time we never had among us the smallest misunderstanding. Our friendship has been all clear sunshine, without the least cloud in its hemisphere. Let me conclude by saying to you, what I have had too frequent occasions to say to my other remaining old friends, The fewer we become, the more let us love one another."

We are indebted to Mr. Jared Sparks for this collection. The letters came into his hands from various sources, while prosecuting researches for other objects. The political papers added to the volume have their value, but it is not great to the general reader.

From the Athenæum.

THE FANCY FAIR.

"Charity suffereth long"—says Paul,

But the apostle does not name,

That she sometimes stands behind a stall,

Her sufferings to proclaim—

You will know her there at the Fancy Fair,
By her light blue eyes and her auburn hair.

And who among the motley crowd

Can tell her *heart'nly joys*?

As she stands aloft, in her place so proud,

Selling her trinkets and toys;

To the centre tent all eyes are bent,
Upon Charity's *lickest* ornament.

"Will you buy, kind Sir, this rich bouquet?"

You cannot think it dear,

And the cash being spent on Charity,

A mountain of sins will clear;

I wish you to know, it will all of it go

To the funds, just deducting the expenses, or so.

"This pretty landscape, by my own hand,

Is cheap at half-a-guinea,

'Tis a distant view of the Holy Land,

And the Mount of Calvary."

The buyer the while, the time to beguile,
Buys all the trash for the sake of her smile.

And next in sight, a procession appears,

To enliven the Fancy Fair,

Which is held for the use of the innocent
dears,

Whose poverty 'tis to repair;

The trumpets sound, and about the ground
The charity children walk round and round.

The day being over, away the folks roam,
To think of the good they have done,
The buyers—to regret their bargains at home,
The sellers—to laugh at the fun:
The goods being paid for, as well as the ground,
The fund is a—*loser*, just one hundred pound.

ANTI-HUMBUG.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

1. *Rapport sur les Experiences magnetiques faites par la Commission de l'Academie Royale de Medecine.* 1831. (Unpublished.)
2. *Examen historique et raisonne des Experiences pretendues magnetiques faites par la Commission de l'Academie Royale de Medecine; pour servir a l'Histoire de la Philosophie medicale au 19e Siecle.* Par E. F. Dubois (d'Amiens.) Docteur en Medecine, &c. &c. 8vo. Paris. 1833.

ABSURDITIES and comets move in eccentric orbits. They have their apogees and their perigees; now lost in the obscurity of distance; now shining with a full face, frightening silly mortals from their propriety. Astronomy has taught us to foretell the appearances of the one; transcendentalism will enable us to calculate the returns of the other, when it shall have fathomed the abysses of the human mind, and discovered the springs of human action; for then history may be reduced to demonstration, or published a year in advance, like Moore's Almanac. An outline of the rise and progress of Animal Magnetism appears to us likely to furnish an important element in resolving this psychological problem; and we have the rather taken on ourselves to attempt this, that our continental friends have lately revived the matter with additions and improvements, while our own country is threatened with a new *avatar* of Perkins' metallic tractors—a little altered in theory, still the same in practice—under, it is said, the name and influence of a respectable practitioner. The French Royal Academy of Medicine had a committee employed from 1826 to 1831, inquiring into the existence of this supposed agent, and their Report has been lately translated into English, and published with an historical and critical introduction by Mr. Colquhoun, a gentleman at the Scotch bar, whose work exhibits proofs of considerable cleverness and ingenuity. We might also name a distinguished F. R. S., lately deceased, of great scientific and critical celebrity, who was a firm believer in the doctrines of animal magnetism, and made some attempts towards their introduction into this country; and, on the whole, public attention seems so much directed to the subject at present, that we feel it incumbent on us to do it due honour in our pages. Our article shall divide itself into three heads.

I. An historical sketch of Animal Magnetism.

II. An examination of its proofs.

Vol. XXIV.—No. 141.

III. An inquiry into its practical utility.

I. *Animal Magnetism*, so called because it is not magnetism, and has never been known to affect any animal but man, is the name given to an influence supposed to be exercised by one individual on another through means of a fluid or emanation, or merely a strong volition, the effects of which are exhibited in certain phenomena, such as yawning, sleepiness spasms, convulsions, and somnambulism; in which last state the patient acquires *clairvoyance* and *prevision*, two very remarkable faculties, by the former of which he sees clearly with his eyes shut; by the latter foretells future events, which, however, do not always come to pass. The disciples of any new and doubtful hypothesis are generally anxious to find as many traces as possible of it in universal belief: accordingly the magnetists have not been idle, but, collecting all those incidents formerly accounted for by sympathy, indignation, imitation, or credulity, they triumphantly bring them forward as undoubted evidences of the "influence" which they advocate, and commence their works with,—“In all times and in all ages has popular belief admitted the existence of a universal principle pervading all matter, and binding together all bodies. Plato speaks of the *anima mundi*, &c.” Now, without venturing so far, let us commence our views with the magnetic and sympathetic cures of the seventeenth century, at which period researches into the qualities of the mineral magnet had excited much attention, and the opinion that they might be usefully applied to the relief of human maladies had become very general. Kircher was one of the first to take advantage of these qualities, and in a way both ingenious and amusing. A patient affected with hernia having applied to him for relief, was directed to swallow a small magnet reduced to powder, while Kircher applied on the external swelling a poultice made of filings of iron. When the magnet had got to the corresponding place inside, it drew in the iron, and with it the tumour, which was thus safely and expeditiously reduced.* Ambrose Pare assures us that he had seen several cures performed in this way. In other cases the application was reversed. A Prussian having swallowed a knife, a magnetical plaster was placed on the surface, which soon drew the blade out of his stomach, so that, by a slight incision, the surgeon was able to remove it. In these instances, however, recourse was only had to the physical properties of the agent. Paracelsus had endowed it with the more mys-

* *Magnes, Sue de Arte Magnetica.* Col. Ag. 1643. This statement is made after Thourret, as we have not this edition of Kircher's work. In ours, which is the third “longue emendation,” published at Rome, 1654, the discovery is given to Paracelsus and Becher, and the operation to Florian Mathis. After discussing the question, Kircher seems to think that the magnet, when reduced to powder, would not retain its power: the effects in the cases cited he rather refers to the *medicamentis balsomica analyticaque*, which were employed at the same time.

terious power of attracting out noxious influences that preyed on the vital spirits, but for this purpose certain combinations and astrological influences were necessary, together with a certain degree of faith in the patient.

The great object of magnetic treatment, in his hands, was, as Maxwell informs us, the transplantation of the disease. This might be accomplished in six ways, but one of them will probably be sufficient to gratify our readers' curiosity.

"The first mode is *inseminatio*. This is done when a magnet impregnated with mummy* is mixed with rich earth, and in that same earth are sown seeds that have a congruity with the disease. Let this earth, well sifted and mixed with mummy, be laid in an earthen vessel, and let the seeds committed to it be watered with a lotion in which the affected limb has been washed, or the whole body, if the disease be general: thus the languor is transplanted to the seeds dedicated to the disease. If necessary, let them be watered daily with the lotion, as above directed. Having done this, wait till you see the herbs begin to sprout. Finally, when it is time, transplant them into similar earth: as they increase the disease will decrease, and at length totally disappear."

Maxwell, who was a canny Scotchman, though his works were published in Germany, saw that this mode of cure might be occasionally rather tedious. Accordingly, to amuse the patient's imagination, he ordered that, while waiting, they should use some of the vulgar remedies, such as bleeding, purgatives, sudorifics, &c., respecting which his directions are extremely judicious. With this precaution, magnetic cures were not unfrequently performed, and the grateful patients proclaimed the wonderful virtues of the new system, forgetting the trifling aid it had received from the old. This hint, we perceive, has not been by any means lost on modern magnetists; for in the case of Paul Villagrard, related by M. Hussion in the recent "Experiments," this very sensible young man, while he chose to

be cured of his paralysis by *passes*, did not omit at the same time a tolerably efficient course of strychnine, with sinapisms, bleeding, Bareges' baths, setons and cauteries, continued to within a short distance of his entire and final recovery.

To return to our magnetists of the seventeenth century, whom we shall find getting more refined and philosophic at every step, it next appeared that applying medicaments to the body was altogether a useless proceeding, at least in cases of wounds, as the best mode here was to treat the instrument by which the wound had been inflicted. In consequence of this was prescribed the celebrated sympathetic ointment, the original invention of which was keenly contested. It would appear, however, from a comparison of testimonies, that the ointment, if not invented, was at least considerably improved by Paracelsus; and we translate the receipt in its most approved form for the benefit of our readers.

"Take of moss growing on the head of a thief who has been hanged and left in the air:—of real mummy—of human blood still warm—of each one ounce; of human suet, two ounces; of linseed oil—turpentine—Armenian bole—of each two drachms. Mix all well in a mortar, and keep them in an oblong narrow urn."

This would heal all wounds inflicted by a cutting weapon, unless those which penetrated the arteries, the heart, the brain, &c. The mode in which it was to be employed was the following:—Take the weapon with which the wound was made, or if it cannot be had, a sally rod dipped in the

*The reason for preferring this moss we find translated into an English anonymous pamphlet, published in 1743, in these words. "The vital spirits of a man to be strangled, by reason of the presence of his unhappy chance, do retire to the head and brains, and the violent constriction hindreth their going back to their principles; they remain also there, and mingle and are confounded with the spirits and the balsam of the head and brains; and though all animal functions do cease, nevertheless there remains a certain heat or warmth in the bones, nerves, and the other similar parts, which is in stones and in pepper, that is to say, an elemental one. Now after this mixture, and through the help of this heat and the joint working of a heavenly influence, moss, like a vegetable, growing upon the skull of a man being hanged, must needs be of a greater force than such as grows upon the head of another, who died of some disease."

*Mummies were of several kinds, and were all of great use in magnetical medicine. Paracelsus enumerates six kinds of mummies: the four first, only differing in the composition used by different people for preserving their dead, are the Egyptian, Arabian, Pissaspaltos and Lybian: the fifth mummy, of particular power, was made from criminals that had been hanged; "for from such there is a gentle siccation that expungeth the watery humour, without destroying the oyle and spirituall, which is cherished by the heavenly luminaries, and strengthened continually by the affluence and appulses of the celestial spirits, whence it may properly be called by the name of constellated or celestiall mummy." The sixth kind of mummy was made of corpuscles or spiritual effluences radiated from the living body, though we cannot get very clear ideas on this head, or respecting the manner in which they were caught.—*Medicina Distantia, or Sympatheticall Mummy, abstracted from the Works of Theop. Paracelsus, and translated out of the Latin by Fernando Parkhurst, Gent. Lond. 1633, pp. 2-7.*

†Guil. Maxwell, *Medicine Magnetice*, lib. iii. p. 118, Ed. Georgio Franco. 1679.

†Goclenius, *Tractatus de Magnetica Vulnerum Curatione*. Francof., 1613, p. 93. The grave absurdity of quoting such men as authority was reserved for Mr. Colquhoun. In addition to those we have mentioned, he cites Van Helmont, Burgraavius, Pomponatus, Vaninius, Cornelius Agrippa, Papin, and Sebastian Wirdig, to whom, as they differed from the others chiefly in the greater extent of their credulity, we have not thought it necessary more particularly to refer. Any person who can waste time in reading their works will perceive that with them magnetism has a totally different signification from what Mr. Colquhoun understands by it. Of course all arguments founded on their commendations of it are ridiculous.

blood; anoint this carefully, and lay it by in a cool place. Nothing is necessary for the wound except to wash it with fair water; cover it with a clean, soft, linen rag; and open it once a day to cleanse off purulent or other matter. In this way the wound speedily healed, and thus the wonderful power of sympathy was exhibited. Of the success of the treatment we have not the least doubt, for surgeons at this moment follow exactly the same method, *except* anointing the weapon.

The celebrated sympathetic powder of Sir Kenelm Digby belonged to the same period,* but we can merely allude to that, and pass on to means much more closely resembling those employed by animal magnetists of the present day, and which therefore they claim with much more justice than those we have already enumerated. Dr. Fludd, or, as he latinised his name, Robertus a Fluctibus,† had by his writings divulged the fame of the sympathetic ointment in England, where it acquired considerable popularity. To obviate this, "Master Foster, Parson of Hedgely, in Bucks," wrote a work called "Hoplocrisma-Spongus; or A Sponge to wipe away the Weapon-Salve;" in which he proved the unguent to be magical and unlawful, and duly deduced its genealogy from the original inventor—the devil.

"Now the divell gave it to Paracelsus, Paracelsus to the emperour, the emperour to the courtier, the courtier to Baptista Porta, and Baptista Porta to Dr. Fludd, a doctor of physicke yet living and practicing in the famous city of London, who now stands toothe and nayle for it."‡

Dr. a Fluctibus could not of course stand patiently by and see his favourite remedy thus scurvily treated, so he produced a reply, called "The Squeesing of Parson Foster's Sponge, wherein the Sponge-bearer's immodest Carriage and Behaviour towards his Brethren is detected; the bitter Flames of his Slanderous Reports are, by the sharp

Vineger of Truth, corrected and quite extinguished; and lastly, the vertuous validity of his Sponge, in wiping away of the Weapon-Salve, is crushed out, and clean abolished." We chiefly allude to this dispute because it was the means of preparing people's minds for a far greater exertion of supernatural power, which was displayed soon after in the "marvillous cures performed by the stroaking of the hands of Mr. Valentine Greatrakes." Of these cures we have a true and faithful account drawn up by the hands of Mr. Greatrakes himself;§ and as they were chiefly performed with no other aid than the patient's imagination, and as he produced almost all the results since attributed to animal magnetism, not even excepting that abstraction from external impressions observable in somnambulism, we shall speak a little more particularly of his exploits.

He was a hypochondriacal Irishman, who, after some years of active service under Cromwell, having given himself up to indolence and gloomy meditations, began to have visions, and was at last impressed with what he calls "an impulse or strange persuasion," that there was bestowed on him the gift of curing the kingseil. He mentioned this to his wife, who told him he was a fool; but, not being content with this explanation, he determined on a trial of his skill, which accordingly he made a few days after "on one William Maher, of Salterbridge, in the parish of Lismore," who had the kingseil very grievously in his eyes, cheek and throat. On him Mr. Greatrakes laid hands and prayed, and with such happy effect, that in three days "the eye was almost quite whole, and the node, which was almost as big as a pullet's egg, was suppurated, and the throat strangely amended, and, to be brief, (to God's glory I speak it,) within a month discharged itself quite, and was perfectly healed; and so continues, God be praised."||

This signal success was of course a great comfort and encouragement, and was followed by a number of other "impulses," informing him in succession that he could cure ulcers, ague, fever, falling sickness, aches and lameness; and finally, that he could cast out the devil, which last exploit he performed on an hysterical woman, hunting the foul spirit up and down her throat with great perseverance, until "at length, with great violence of belching, (which did almost choak her, and force her eyes to start out of her head,) it went forth, and so the woman went away well."¶

These supernatural cures attracted the notice of the clergy of the diocese, and Mr. Greatrakes found himself cited to appear in the Dean's Court at Lismore, where, after some debate, he was prohibited from laying on his hands for the future—a clear prece-

§ A Brief Account of Mr. Valentine Greatrakes's, and divers of the Strange Cures by him lately performed. Written by himself, in a Letter addressed to the Honourable Robert Boyle, Esq. London, 1669.

|| Greatrakes' Account of Himself, p. 23.

¶ Ibid. p. 34.

* An instance of his mode of cure, related by Sir Kenelm himself, is given in one of the notes to Sir Walter Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. See *Poetical Works*, vol. iv. new edition, pp. 262—263.

Perhaps the "sympathetic alphabet" was the most singular application of the principle. From the arms of two persons a bit of flesh was dissected out, and mutually transplanted. It soon took root on the new arm, but still retained so close a relation with its old possessor, that he was immediately sensible of any injury done to it. On corresponding situations in these transplanted pieces were tattooed the letters of the alphabet; and when a communication was to be made, it was only necessary that one of the persons should run a pin into any letter on his own arm, the pain of which was immediately felt in the same letter on the arm of the other. The facilities thus afforded for defrauding the revenue have caused us to hesitate before making the fact public: however we are willing to trust to the honour and discretion of our readers.

‡ *Medicina Catholica*. Francof., 1631.

† *Hoplocrisma-Spongus*. By William Foster, Master of Arts, and Parson of Hedgely. London, 1631, pp. 34, 35.

dent for the celebrated ordonnance forbidding any more wonders to be wrought at the tomb of the Abbe Paris. Mr. Greatrakes, however, like the little monk mentioned by Voltaire, had got such a *trick* of working miracles, that he could not long restrain himself; but two days after, seeing two epileptic patients, who fell down in a fit at his approach, he laid his hands on them, and stroked and "pursued their pains from place to place till they went out of them."

His fame had now become so great that Lord Conway sent to beg he would come over to England to cure a grievous headache, which his amiable lady had suffered under for many years; neither could any of the physicians heal her. Greatrakes accordingly came over, but totally failed in giving relief to Lady Conway; whose headache was in all probability attended with organic disease. He, however, during his stay at Lord Conway's mansion, laid hands upon several people in the neighbourhood, "some of whom," says an eye-witness, "I observed to have received no help by him at all; some I observed to have found a momentary benefit from his touch; and some as yet continue so well, that I think I may say they are cured." From this Greatrakes removed to Lincoln's-Inn Fields, and he has published numerous certificates of the beneficial effects of his system, which he continued to practise. From these we select the following, as absolutely identical with the powers claimed by later animal magnetists. He cured dead palsy, (p. 43†), violent headache (46), rheumatism (51), epilepsy (56), convulsions, aches and pains (58); in addition to which his treatment caused some to scream out (82), and produced in others convulsions (56), in others insensibility to pain (52—73)!. We may truly say, "un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire." This poor deluded fanatic, who fancied himself in direct communication with the Deity, by communicating that impression to others was enabled to perform as great, and certainly as well-attested, wonders as all the *philosophers* who have since studied magnetism as a science, or claimed for it distinct and substantive powers. There is but one other observation as connected with his cures. We observe on the list four children, three of whom were healed, not by stroking, but by *incision* (pp. 60, 76, 92); and the fourth is an obscure and not very intelligible case of a flux of rheum from the eye, which, by the frequent application of Mr. Greatrakes' hand and spittle "had been perfectly stayed for the space of three weeks last past; and her eye is at present very well, and it is hoped will continue" (p. 54). Belief in his supernatural powers was in these instances less confirmed, and therefore less efficacious than in his adult patients. We shall see that the same observation will hold good to the present day.

We have now as it were got through the

dark ages of animal magnetism, and seen its source mixed up with the remains of alchemy, judicial astrology and fanatical credulity. The subsequent part of its history is better known, and may therefore be touched on more lightly. Early in the eighteenth century the "Convulsionnaires de St. Medard" assembled round the tomb of their favourite saint, the Jansenist priest Paris. The scenes that occurred were a strange mixture of the superstitious, the obscene, the absurd, the ludicrous and the revolting. Here was a group, with bended knees and streaming eyes, devoutly approaching the holy sepulchre, supplicating God and St. Paul to take pity on their infirmities and heal their sickness; there was another composed of hysterical women, partly in strong convulsions, shrieking like so many Pythian prophetesses, partly yielding themselves up to the most unrestrained indecencies: on one side lay a delicate female, whose body was trampled over by half-a-dozen stout men; on the other, one equally delicate, whom a fellow of Herculean strength was beating with all his might with a heavy iron bar, while her pleasure seemed to increase with the violence of the blows, and she urged him to continue, exclaiming, "Ah! que cela est bon! ah! que cela me fait du bien! Courage! mon frere; redoublez encore des forces si vous pouvez." Carre de Montgeron was unable to satisfy one of these ladies with sixty blows given with all his might, though, using the same weapon and the same strength (for experiment), he succeeded in knocking a hole in a stone wall at the twenty-fifth stroke. Sister Sonnet earned for herself the name of Salamander by laying on a red-hot brazier, and Morand, the surgeon, informs us that he saw three crucifixions. The idea of connecting such extravagances with any thing pretending to the rank of a science would never have occurred to us, had not M. Deleuze, in his *Histoire Critique du Magnetisme Animal*, gravely claimed them as resulting from, and testifying to, the existence of a magnetic power. "There are certain arguments," M. Bertrand well observes, "which it is equally absurd to admit or seriously to refute;" this we think one of them.

Meantime magnetism continued to progress in Germany, but it was rather of that kind which investigates the effects of the loadstone on the human frame, than those of one animal body on another. Hell, a Jesuit, had rendered himself very celebrated by the number of his magnetic cures, and about the year 1774 communicated his experiments and success to Mesmer, under whom the theory was to assume a new form, and the practice to become so extended as to attract universal attention, exercise the ingenuity and research of physical inquirers, and obtain the honour of a special investigation from the French Royal Academy of Sciences and other learned bodies.

* Henry Stubbe, physician. See his *Miraculous Conformist*, p. 4, Oxford, 1666.
† Greatrakes' Account of Himself.

* *Dict. des Sc. Medicales*. Art. *Convulsionnaire*, par Montegre.

Mesmer had commenced his career by publishing, in 1766, a dissertation on "The Influence of the Planets on the Human Body," in which he maintained, that as the sun and moon cause and direct on our globe the flux and reflux of the sea, so these exercise on all the component parts of organized bodies, and particularly on the nervous system, a similar influence, producing in them two different states, which he termed *intension* and *remission*, and which seemed to him to account for the different periodical revolutions observable in several maladies, in different ages, sexes, &c. The property of the animal body, which rendered it susceptible of this influence, he termed **ANIMAL MAGNETISM**.^{*} Hell's observation seemed to him to throw new light on his theory, and having caused the Jesuit to make him some magnets of a peculiar form, he determined on a set of experiments which should give some certainty to his ideas. Expect a miracle, and it will be sure to happen. Mesmer had the good fortune to meet with a young lady called Oesterline, suffering under a convulsive malady, the symptoms of which exactly coincided with his new theory. The attacks were periodical, and attended by a rush of blood to the head, causing severe pain, followed by delirium, vomiting and syncope. How far these attacks were connected with the state of the moon he does not mention, but he soon succeeded in reducing them under his system of planetary influence, so that he was enabled to foretell the periods of accession and remission. Having thus discovered the cause of the disease, it struck him that his discovery would be perfect and lead to a certain mode of cure, if he could ascertain "that there existed between the bodies which compose our globe, an action equally reciprocal and similar to that of the heavenly bodies, by means of which he could imitate artificially the periodical revolutions of the flux and reflux before mentioned."[†] Of course, as he only wanted this little matter to complete so great a theory, he could not fail to find it; and he soon announced that this material influence did exist, but in some way for which he does not clearly account, his own body had come to be the principal depot in which it centred, and from which it could be communicated to all others. Thus, when M. Ingenhousz came with him to see Mademoiselle Oesterline in a fit, he found that he might touch any part of her body without appearing to produce in her sensation: but when Mesmer, taking him by the hands, communicated to him animal magnetism, and then sent him back to make fresh trials, he found that now the simple pointing of his finger was sufficient to cause convulsive motions.[‡] As this is one of the identical experiments with which M. Dupotet lately treated the French commissioners, it seems to justify M. Virey's sage reflection—"A voir l'éternelle igno-

rance qui pèse sur la grande majorité de notre espèce, il semble que nous recommandions toujours l'antiquité, et que nous passions sur les mêmes erreurs dont le temps efface sans cesse les traces."

Henceforth animal magnetism was distinctly and definitely separated from mineral magnetism; and though Mesmer continued for some time to use magnets in his experiments, it was not on account of their own inherent power, but from the quality which he attributed to them of being conductors of the newly-discovered influence: in 1776 he discontinued their use altogether. Finding his discoveries rather undervalued at Vienna, where they had been ridiculed by Stoerck and Ingenhousz, whom in turn Mesmer denominated "petty experiment-maker to the ladies of the court," he set out on an experimental tour through Swabia and Switzerland, where he found a formidable rival in Father John Joseph Gassner, already celebrated for casting out devils, which he held to be the primary cause of most diseases. Mesmer, however, showed much of that tact which has distinguished his followers in similar difficulties, and in place of questioning the truth of Father Gassner's cures, at once adopted them as facts, and declared them to be the evident results of the great power he had so lately discovered.^{*} He succeeded himself in healing an ophthalmia and a gutta serena, with due certificates of which achievements he returned to Vienna. Here he undertook to cure Mademoiselle Paradis of blindness and convulsions, and, after magnetising her for some time, declared her perfectly recovered. Barth, the oculist, went to see her, and declared her blind as ever,[†] and her family found on her return home that the convulsions continued as before! This was a sad mistake, but Mesmer, whose great talent was unblushing effrontery, pronounced it a false report got up to injure his fame, and asserted that the girl was quite well, but "that her family forced her to imitate convulsions and feign blindness."[‡] The cool impudence of this was a little too much, and Mesmer in consequence found it convenient to leave Vienna, and after some consideration determined that his next appearance should be at Paris. Here, as M. Virey informs us, he commenced modestly;

^{*}People conscious of their own weaknesses, sometimes overlook those of their neighbours. Mesmer and Lavater vouched for the truth of Gassner's miracles; Deleuze believed in those of Paris; the patients of Mesmer testified the efficacy of the incantations of Cagliostro; Spurzheim speaks in favour of Mesmerism; Hahnemann declares that none but a madman can deny it; Mr. Gordon tells us that in 1823 guarantees were exchanged between the kingdom of Greece and the knights of Malta: the principle is common,—the bundle of sticks.

[†]Grimm, in his entertaining "Correspondence," mentions the subsequent arrival of this same demoiselle Paradis at Paris, "où elle étonna tout le monde par la réunion singulière d'un grand talent d'exécution sur le clavecin, joint à la cécité la plus absolue."

[‡]Mém. sur la découverte, &c. p. 64.

^{*}Memoire sur la découverte du Magnétisme Animal, par M. Mesmer. Genève, 1779, pp. 6—8.

[†]Ib. p. 13.

[‡]Ib. p. 23.

he addressed himself to the savans and physicians, and explained to them his system, without however making any converts; he then sought for patients and pretended to have made some cures, but as he did not attract much attention, he published his "Memoir on the Discovery of Animal Magnetism," the same work from which we have already quoted. In this he announces twenty-seven general propositions,* asserting not only the existence of a magnetic fluid as before described, but of an anti-magnetic, which was so powerful in the bodies of some persons that their very presence was sufficient to prevent the operation of the magnetic power even in others. The utility of this new power is quite obvious, as it afforded him a ready means of accounting for the failure of any of his experiments. He now addressed himself to M. le Roi, President of the Academie des Sciences, and various negotiations were set on foot for a public inquiry into his system, which Mesmer always managed to break off when they were coming to any thing decisive. It was not, however, until Deslon, a French physician of some eminence, had announced himself a convert and joined Mesmer, in the practice of magnetism, that it acquired much renown. Their method of operating was as follows.

In the centre of the room was placed a vessel of an oval or circular shape, about four feet in diameter and one deep. In this were laid a number of bottles, disposed in radii, with their necks directed outwards, well corked and filled with magnetised water. Water was then poured into the vessel so as to cover the bottles, and occasionally pounded glass or filings of iron were added to the water. This vessel was termed the *baquet*. From its cover, which was pierced with many holes, issued long, thin, moveable rods of iron, which could be applied by the patients to the affected part. Besides, to the ring of the cover was attached a cord which, when the patients were seated in a circle, was carried round them all so as to form a chain of connexion; a second chain was formed by the union of their hands, and it was recommended that they should sit so close as that those adjoining should touch by their knees and feet, which was supposed wonderfully to facilitate the passage of the magnetic fluid.† In addition to this the magnetists went round, placed themselves *en rapport* with the patients, embraced them between their knees, and gently rubbed them down along the course of the nerves, using gentle pressure over different regions of the chest and abdomen. The effect of such treatment on

delicate women might have been foretold, but it was not left to work alone.

The house which Mesmer inhabited was delightfully situated; his rooms spacious and sumptuously furnished; stained glass and coloured blinds shed a dim, religious light; mirrors gleamed at intervals along the walls; a mysterious silence was preserved, delicate perfumes floated in the air, and occasionally the melodious sounds of the harmonica or the voice came to lend their aid to his magnetic powers. His *salons* became the daily resort of all that was brilliant and *spirituel* in the Parisian fashionable world. Ladies of rank whom indolence, voluptuous indulgence, or satiety of pleasures, had filled with vapours or nervous affections; men of luxurious habits, enervated by enjoyment, who had drained sensuality of all that it could offer, and gained in return a shattered constitution and premature old age, came in crowds to seek after the delightful emotions and novel sensations which this mighty magician was said to dispense. They approached with imaginations heated by curiosity and desire; they believed because they were ignorant, and this belief was all that was required for the action of the magnetic charm. The women, always the most ardent in enthusiasm, first experienced yawnings, stretchings, then slight nervous spasms, and finally, crises of excitation, according as the assistant magnetisers (*jeunes hommes beaux et robustes comme des Hercules*) multiplied and prolonged the soft passes or *atouchemens* by which the magnetic influence was supposed to be communicated. The emotions once begun were soon transmitted to the rest, as we know one hysterical female if affected will induce an attack in all others similarly predisposed in the same apartment. In the midst of this strange scene, entered Mesmer, clothed in a long flowing robe of lilac-coloured silk, richly embroidered with golden flowers, and holding in his hand a long white wand. Advancing with an air of authority and magic gravity, he seemed to govern the life and movements of the individuals in crises. Women panting were threatened with suffocation—they must be unlaced; others tore the walls, or rolled themselves on the ground, with strong spasms in the throat, and occasionally uttering loud shrieks,—the violence of the crises must be moderated. He approached, traced over their bodies certain lines with his wand; they became instantly calm, acknowledged his power, and felt streams of cold or burning vapours through their entire frames according to the directions in which he waved his hand.*

Mesmer now was in a fair way; he had obtained notoriety. he was the subject of general conversation; money, which he eagerly coveted, was flowing in on him, and he was even offered a handsome pension and the order of St. Michel, if he had made any real discovery in medicine, and would

*Mem. sur la decouverte, &c. pp. 74—83. Colquhoun's Introduction, pp. 55—57.

†Dict. des Sciences Medicales. Art. Magnetisme Animal, par Virey. This article contains almost every thing that could be said on the subject up to the period at which it was written (1818.) It presents all the arguments adduced in favour of the new doctrine, stated with impartiality and refuted with reason. It has been much cavilled at, but never answered.

*Ib. p. 478. Rapport des Commissaires charges par le Roi de l'examen du Magnetisme Animal. Paris 1784, pp. 3—6.

communicate it to physicians nominated by the king. This scrutiny was exactly what Mesmer most dreaded; accordingly, in place of accepting the offer, he suddenly affected wonderful magnanimity,—spoke of his disregard of money compared with his love of science, his philanthropy, and his anxiety to have his great discovery acknowledged and patronized by government; then, breaking off the negotiation, set out abruptly for Spa, where he had the mortification to hear that Deslon had succeeded to his business, and all his emoluments at Paris. To console him for this misfortune, Bergasse, one of his patients, proposed opening a subscription for 100 shares at 100 louis each, the profits of which should be offered to him on condition that he would disclose his secret to the subscribers, who were to have it in their power to make what use they pleased of it. Mesmer readily embraced the proposal and returned to Paris, where the subscription was soon filled; and, the generosity of the subscribers exceeding their promises, he received no less a sum than 340,000 livres.* Among his pupils were La Fayette, d'Epremenil and M. Bergasse, to whom he was indebted for the whole plan.

Numerous writings now appeared on each side. M. Court de Gebelin, author of the "*Monde Primitif*," professed himself cured by magnetism, became one of its most enthusiastic supporters, but unfortunately dying soon after, revealed to a post-mortem examination that his kidneys were in a complete state of disorganization of long standing, and that therefore the magnetic cure had no existence but in his imagination. The papers noticed the event in these terms: "M. Court de Gebelin, auteur du *Monde Primitif*, vient de mourir, guéri par le magnétisme animal."† About the same time also, Berthollet, the celebrated chemist, who had gone so far as to become one of Mesmer's pupils, announced in a pithy little advertisement that the whole was a piece of quackery, and it is said even went so far as to threaten his master with a caning for having imposed upon him.—But it was at length determined that a serious examination should take place, the king directed the attention of the Académie des Sciences to the subject, and a committee of investigation was appointed,‡ of which Bailly, Franklin, Lavoisier, and others, were members. Mesmer at once perceived his danger, refused all communication with the commissioners, and absented himself from the inquiry. His presence, however, was not required. M. Deslon, who had long assisted in his practice, known his theory, and produced the same effects, was either more sincere or more silly than his

master. He laid open to the commissioners all the proceedings, displayed all his varieties of convulsions, crises and cures, and enabled them to convince themselves and every rational person that Mesmer was a bold charlatan, and Deslon a clever dupe.* Their report, which presents one of the most beautiful examples of judicious experiment and clear logical deduction, has been so often reprinted, and so generally quoted, that it is unnecessary for us to do more than repeat its conclusions.

It shows that there is no proof of the existence of a universal fluid or magnetic power except from its effects on human bodies; that those effects can be produced without passes or other magnetic manipulations; that those manipulations, alone, are insufficient to produce the effects, if employed without the patient's knowledge; that therefore *imagination* will, and animal magnetism will not, account for the results produced.

The commissioners also notice the effect of the *attouchemens* in sensitive patients, and of *imitation* in inducing many crises to follow the appearance of the first. Their concluding observation is grave and judicious. "*Le magnétisme n'aura pas été tout-à-fait inutile à la philosophie qui la condamne; c'est un fait de plus à consigner dans l'histoire des erreurs de l'esprit humain, et une grande expérience sur le pouvoir de l'imagination.*"†

We have now done with Mesmer: this report annihilated him. He retired to his own country to enjoy his ill-gotten booty, and his system took shelter at Busancy, with M. de Puysegur.

By him somnambulism was discovered and added to the system.

M. Petetin, of Lyons, found that cataleptic patients, whom he considered as in a state of natural somnambulism, could read a book, or taste bon-bons, if laid on their epigastrium. Of this fact, which he called the transport of the senses, he has made a present to the science. The faculty of inspecting the state of one's own inside, or of doing the same favour to another, together with that of foretelling future events, and describing the termination of the disease, must, we believe, rank amongst M. de Puysegur's discoveries.

But the Revolution came, and men had no time to regard these puerile absurdities. Animal magnetism returned to its native soil, Germany, where it has since continued to thrive.‡ Some few exhibitions of the

* It is a reflection of Cabanis, "qu'il est des erreurs dont les hommes d'esprit sont seuls susceptibles."

† *Memoires de l'Académie des Sciences*, &c. 1784, p. 15.

‡ Our limits prevent us from noticing more fully the progress of the science in Germany.—Compelled to choose, we have preferred following the French school, as their experiments have been more recent, and the results are authenticated by the report of a committee expressly appointed to observe them. If these results fail in establishing facts or theories, it can neither be attributed to want of time, the

* *Biographie Universale*, tom. xxviii. p. 413. Art. Mesmer.

† *Du Magnétisme Animal en France*, par Bertrand. Paris, 1826.

‡ Another committee was appointed at the same time by the Royal Society of Medicine; as their report agreed with that of the committee appointed by the Académie, it is unnecessary we should further allude to it.

kind also occurred in England. De Louth-
erbourg, the painter, fancied himself com-
missioned to cure diseases, which he did by
the touch, much after the manner of Great-
raikes. Account of his miracles was pub-
lished in 1789, under this title, "A List of
new Cures performed by Mr. and Mrs. de
Louthembourg, of Hammersmith Terrace,
without medicine. By a Lover of the Lamb
of God. Dedicated to his Grace the Arch-
bishop of Canterbury." This "lover of the
Lamb of God" was, we understand, an ill-
favoured woman called Mary Pratt; those
who are anxious about her work will find it
in the British Museum.

Perkins's metallic tractors made their ap-
pearance here about the year 1798.* They
belong rather to mineral than animal mag-
netism. However, they received their coup-
de-grace from Dr. Haygarth, who made
himself some very neat wooden tractors,
which, being painted to resemble the met-
allic, performed exactly the same cures, of
which he published a full account in his
work called "Of the imagination, as a
Cause and Cure of Disorders, exemplified
by fictitious Tractors," Bath, 1800. Since
that time, England has been free from any
attempt to revive the subject up to the re-
cent publication and translation of the
French report. In France it maintained a
dubious sort of existence under the auspi-
ces of M. de Puysegur, who, being of a cha-
ritable disposition, and feeding as well as
magnetising his patients, was always sure
to have them in sufficient numbers. To
operate on each individual would have been
rather tedious and troublesome, so he or-
dered these matters better by magnetising
an old elm-tree in the market-place, from
the branches of which he hung a number
of ropes to serve as conductors of the fluid.
A gentleman who went down from Paris to
witness this exhibition, found more than a
hundred and fifty people assembled round
the tree in different states of excitement;
none of them, however, ventured to fall in-
to a crises, until one had gone up to the
chateau to ask leave, and came back with a
fresh charge of the fluid, which soon pro-
duced a general commotion. The popula-
tion of the neighbourhood was found to be
more improved by these assemblages than
the health or morality of its inhabitants.†

committee having continued their investiga-
tions for nearly six years, nor to want of skill
in the operators, who included the first magnet-
ists in Paris.

* An account of their effects was published
in 1799, containing "the Experiments of sur-
geons Herholdt and Rafn, of the Royal Academy
of Sciences, Copenhagen," together with "Re-
ports of 150 Additional Cases in England, by
Benjamin Douglas Perkins, of Leicester square."
The object of this work may be readily under-
stood from the following little note p. 32:—

"In obstinate cases the tractors should be
employed at least three times a day, but this
cannot be accomplished in an hospital unless it
possesses many sets of the tractors."

Perkins had a patent for the tractors, and sold
them at five guineas the pair.

† "Lettre à l'Intendant de Soissons," publish-

The proceedings of magnetism had been
much simplified; baquets and wands and
strong pressure on different parts had
been relinquished, and with those died
away, in a great measure, the violent
crises and strong convulsive attacks which
were consequent on their use. A mode of
operating more dreamy—more purely ad-
dressed to the imagination—had been
adopted, and with the change in mode came
a change in results—somniaambulism was
developed. As if to prove beyond doubt its
direct dependence on the imagination, the
Abbe Faria found a still simpler method of
producing it. He placed the patient on a
sofa, begging him to close his eyes and col-
lect himself, then, all at once, he pronounced,
in a strong commanding voice, the word
"Dormez;" the effect was generally a slight
convulsion through the body of the patient,
heat, transpiration, and even sometimes
somniaambulism. If the first attempt did not
succeed, he submitted the patient to a se-
cond, a third, and even a fourth; after
which he declared him incapable of being
acted on.*

Little more remains to be told of its his-
tory. In 1813 M. Deleuze published his
Histoire critique du Magnetisme Animal,
which, affecting a grave, philosophic tone,
deprived the matter of the only merit it ever
had—that of being amusing. Some period-
icals devoted to the subject appeared, but
their existence was almost ephemeral.—
There were in succession the *Annales du
Magnetisme Animal*, the *Bibliothèque du
Magnetisme Animal*, and last of all *L'Hermès,
Journal du Magnetisme Animal*, ed-
ited by two ladies (Mme. Levi and Mme.
Fouchard,) which finally expired with the
year 1829.

M. Dupotet, in 1826, published his *Expe-
riences sur le Mag. An.*; in the same year
appeared M. Bertrand's work, with this
singular announcement, "Je crois aux phé-
nomènes du somnambulisme, et j'écris ce
livre pour prouver que le magnetisme est
une pure chimère." M. Rostan wrote an
article in its favour in the *Nouveau Diction-
naire de Médecine*, chiefly remarkable for
the strength and the generality of its asser-
tions. M. Georget inserted a chapter on
the subject in his *Physiologie du Systeme
Nerveux*, evincing an equal dislike to detail.
This young writer was possessed of a most
brilliant imagination, but died before he at-
tained any maturity of judgment. He was
first a materialist, then a magnetist; he
wrote a *Traité de la Folie*, which was
much praised; yet perhaps the nature of
the subject, compared with the author's ca-
reer, may suggest to some of our readers
Byron's unlucky lines—

"That all who view the idiot in his glory,
Conceive the bard the hero of the story."

The last act of the magnetic drama was
the obtaining from the *Académie Royale
de Médecine* a committee to inquire into

ed by M. Montegre in his "Recueil des pièces
importantes," p. 28—32. Paris, 1812.

‡ Bertrand, Du Magnet. An. p. 247.

new proofs, which it was asserted could be advanced. The nomination of the committee took place February 28, 1826, and its report was read June 21, 1831.

The members who originally composed it were MM. Bourdois, Double, Itard, Gueneau de Mussy, Guersent, Fouquier, Laennec, Leroux, Magendie, Marc, and Thillaye. Of these MM. Magendie and Double declined acting; Laennec resigned from ill health, and was succeeded by M. Husson, to whom we are indebted for drawing up the present Report.*

The proceedings of this committee, involving an experimental inquiry into the new proofs of animal magnetism, will more properly come under our second head, to which we now proceed.

II. Examination of proofs.

At our first step in this part of our subject, we are met by the fact, that a great number of persons, witnesses of magnetic experiments, have declared their belief in the existence of a magnetic power. We naturally inquire, then, by what means this belief has been arrived at, and how we may attain the same conviction? The answer shall be from the pen of M. Deleuze, "the Nestor of Animal Magnetism," as we find him denominated in the *Hermes*.

"The only real and solid conviction is that which results from our own experience. The way, then, to be convinced of the existence of Animal Magnetism is to magnetise!†

"The exercise of magnetism requires,

"An active desire to do good.

"A firm belief in its power.

"An entire confidence in employing it.

"The desire depends on yourself. The belief you have not yet, 'mais vous pouvez mettre votre ame dans l'état ou elle serait si vous croyiez.' It is sufficient to repel all doubts, desire, success, and act with simplicity and attention.‡

"Forget for a time all your knowledge of physics and metaphysics; remove from your mind all objections that may occur.§

"Imagine that it is in your power to take the malady in your hand and throw it to one side.¶

"Allow your patients at the same time to use proper remedies.‡

"Never magnetise before inquisitive persons."**

But we were near omitting the best of all.—

"Do not reason for six weeks after you have commenced the study."††

Really M. Deleuze is very modest; he

*Mr. Colquhoun, in the title-page of, and throughout his translation of this Report, has made a serious mistake in styling it that of "the Committee of the Medical Section of the French Royal Academy of Sciences." The "Académie Royale de Médecine" is quite unconnected with the "Académie des Sciences;" it may be considered the successor of the old "Société Royale de Médecine;" the new designation only dates from 1820.

†Hist. Crit. du Mag. An., vol. i. p. 53.

‡Hist. Crit. du Mag. An., vol. i. p. 58.

§Ib. p. 59. ¶Ib. p. 59. **Ib. p. 60. ††Ib. p. 60.

‡Ib. p. 57.

only asks a man to resign his reason, imagine an absurdity, forget his knowledge, commence with credulity, and then promises him that he shall end with belief.

M. Deleuze may be the "Nestor of Animal Magnetism," but he is undoubtedly the Thersites of common sense. And is it not an almost irresistible argument, *a priori*, against the whole system, that such preliminaries to its reception, are declared necessary by one universally cried up as its sagest and most philosophic defender?

Perhaps there are some men who consider that the sacrifice of their reason would be repaid by a belief in Animal Magnetism; certainly there are others who will think with us, that "le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle." For the former a royal road to faith lies open by following M. Deleuze's directions; for the latter, we proceed to inquire whether any hopes remain in the new experiments made to force conviction upon every mind.

And, let it be remarked, these experiments have been made under the most favourable circumstances.

The committee were patient, attentive, and so far from being prejudiced against the system, that we shall show them to have admitted some of its conclusions on most inadequate proofs.

Their sittings lasted upwards of five years, during which time it was publicly known that experiments were being made, and attention was paid by the committee to every proposal coming from the magnetists, even when involving the most ridiculous absurdities, as in the case of the woman under the care of M. Chapelain, mentioned at page 141 of the Report.††

The magnetic operations were conducted by MM. Foissac, Dupotet, Chapelain, and others, whose skill no one will think of disputing.

All effects, therefore, claimed for Animal Magnetism by its partizans, beyond those which they attempted to demonstrate on this occasion, we leave as unworthy of notice. If they exclaim against this, our reply is—why have you not shown them?

The committee was appointed at the instance of M. Foissac, a young physician and magnetist, who, tired of obscurity, had determined to attract attention to his proceedings. In order to this, he wrote to the Académie, reminding them that, since the formal condemnation of his art by the Report of 1784, a new fact had been discovered, somnambulism, of the extraordinary nature of which he declared himself able to afford them proof through means of a female patient, then under his care. His account of what she, in common with other somnambulists, could do, is so extraordinary, that we copy the part of his letter referring to this, which, strange to say, is

‡‡As the Académie declined publishing M. Husson's 'Rapport,' of which only a few copies for the use of the members were struck off, we make our references to Mr. Colquhoun's translation, which alone can be accessible to our readers.

neither given in the Report nor in Mr. Colquhoun's introductory matter.

"Somnambulists," he asserts, "by laying the hand successively on the head, the chest, and the abdomen of a stranger, immediately discover his maladies, with the pains and different alterations, thereby occasioned; they indicate besides whether the cure is possible, easy, or difficult, near or remote, and what means should be employed to attain this result by the readiest and surest way. In this examination they never depart from the avowed principles of sound medicine. I go farther, *leurs inspirations tiennent du génie qui animait Hippocrate!*"

He then invites the Académie to go into any hospital and choose persons affected with any disease, acute or chronic, simple or complex, and offers to guarantee that in all cases his somnambulists would discover the disease with certainty, and treat it with propriety. '*Les somnambules, j'en réponds, feront briller leur sagacité en raison des difficultés.*'

That the Académie should have taken any notice of such glaring absurdities is to us the source of much wonder; we should as soon have expected our College of Physicians to attend to the vapourings of St. John Long, or the paid-for certificates of some man with a cholera specific. The Académie, however, did appoint a committee to inquire into M. Foissac's assertions; before this committee M. Foissac produced his somnambulist; and by this committee we find it reported that the somnambulist failed in exhibiting *any one* of the phenomena which M. Foissac had pledged himself to produce! We do not wish to impute bad faith to M. Foissac, but shall admit the more courteous explanation that his judgment, if ever he had any, was completely overpowered by his enthusiasm and imagination: this, however, is sufficient evidence with what caution we should receive even the most positive assertions of magnetic experiment-makers, unless supported by the testimony of impartial witnesses.

And here is the first proof that the committee were prejudiced rather in favour of, than against, magnetism. In place of calling on M. Foissac to fulfil his promise, or at once closing the session and reporting that he had failed in performing what he had undertaken, they set about framing excuses for his failure, saying that "*they were inexperienced, distrustful, and perhaps impatient.*" What! we knew indeed that the magnetist should be experienced, and according to M. Deleuze, credulous; but are those qualifications also necessary in a witness or observer? We must henceforth be careful what we receive from men who supposed that a miracle was not wrought, "because of their unbelief."

The committee next commenced hunting after proofs in hospitals, in the houses of the patients of magnetisers, in the houses of the magnetisers themselves. Thus, "M. de Geslin wrote to inform the committee that he had at his disposal a somnambulist,

Mlle. Couturier, residing in the same house with himself," (p. 139); "M. Chapelain informed the committee that a woman of twenty-four years of age residing in his house," &c. (p. 141); "M. Dupotet presented to the committee M. Petit, an old patient," (p. 144); he also produced Mlle. Sanson, whom he had magnetised six years before, (p. 147.) The evident facility of collusion thus afforded could not escape even the obtuse perceptions of the committee, and they hasten to assure us that they had taken measures to guard against all connivance, "unless it can be supposed that a man of honesty and integrity, as we have always found M. Foissac, could enter into a conspiracy with another, devoid of education and knowledge, to deceive us.† We confess that we could never entertain an idea so injurious to the one or the other; and we must render the same justice to MM. Dupotet and Chapelain, of whom we have repeatedly had occasion to speak in this Report."[‡]

Was there ever a sentence so truly absurd? They guarded themselves against all collusion "unless" that which might take place between the magnetiser and his patient, the *only* collusion in short which could occur; *here* they trusted themselves to the honour and faith of the magnetiser, of whom "they could entertain no unworthy suspicions." But to show that they had not only suspicions, but *certainly*, they state as their twelfth conclusion, "That somnambulism itself may be feigned and furnish to quackery the means of deception,"§ and in support of this conclusion, they refer to three cases, which we find classed together, pp. 137—141, one operated on by M. de Geslin, one by M. Dupotet and one by M. Chapelain, between which gentlemen and their patients we therefore suppose the "quackery" and "deception" may be fairly divided. From such a committee what was not to be expected! They had truly a "robuste foi," as M. Dubois happily terms it, and their reasoning was as clumsy as their credulity was gross. The first instance we have of this is in their classification of cases, made, as they inform us, "according to the more or less conspicuous degree of the magnetic action recognised in each."

Only look at the classes *said* to be formed on this principle:

"I. Magnetism has no effect upon persons in a state of sound health, nor upon some diseased persons.

"II. In others, its effects are slight.

"III. These effects are sometimes produced by *ennui*, by monotony, by the imagination.

"IV. We have seen them developed independently of these last causes, most probably as the effect of magnetism alone."^{||}

Now with respect to the first class, we beg to ask, whether "magnetic action" is "more or less conspicuous" where "magnetism produces no effects?"

†Rapport, p. 58. We do not quote Mr. Colquhoun's translation here, because we do not think "a mains que" well rendered by "even if."

‡Report, p. 176. §Report, p. 194. ||Ib. p. 120.

With respect to the second, is it not asserted, (Conclus. 7. p. 193.) that what are here termed "slight magnetic effects," cannot be attributed to magnetism alone, but may be explained *without the intervention of a particular agent?*

The third speaks of magnetic effects produced by ennui, monotony or imagination! This sets all our ideas of causation at defiance. The fourth class includes magnetic effects produced by a magnetic power, and as this is at least intelligible and involves the existence of such a thing as a magnetic power—the very point at which we want to arrive—our future notice must be confined to this class.

The two first cases in which, as the committee declare, "it would have been difficult not to admit magnetism as the cause of the phenomena," are the following:—

"A child of twenty-eight months, subject, like its father, of whom we shall have occasion to speak in the sequel, to attacks of epilepsy, was magnetised in the house of M. Bourdois, by M. Foissac, upon the 6th of October, 1827. Almost immediately after the commencement of the treatment, the child rubbed its eyes, bent its head to one side, supported it upon one of the cushions of the sofa where we had placed it, yawned, appeared agitated, scratched its head and its ears, seemed to contend against the approach of sleep, and soon rose, if we may be allowed the expression, grumbling. We magnetised it again; but as there appeared, this time, no symptom of drowsiness, we terminated the experiment.

"There occurred to us a similar case of a deaf and dumb lad, eighteen years of age, who had long been subject to very frequent attacks of epilepsy, and upon whom M. liard wished to try the effects of magnetism. This young man was magnetised fifteen times by M. Foissac. We need scarcely say here that the epileptic attacks were entirely suspended during the sittings, and that they did not return until eight months afterwards; a circumstance unprecedented in the history of his disease; but we shall observe that the appreciable phenomena exhibited by this young man during the treatment were a heaviness of the eyelids, a general numbness, a desire to sleep, and sometimes vertigo."—pp.130, 131.

On these cases the committee reason thus—

"These cases appeared to your committee to be altogether worthy of remark. The two individuals who formed the subject of them,—the one a child of twenty-eight months, the other a deaf and dumb lad,—were ignorant of what was done to them. The one, indeed, was not in a state capable of knowing it; and the other never had the slightest idea of magnetism. Both, however, were sensible of its influence; and most certainly it is impossible, in either case, to attribute this sensibility to the imagination."—p. 132.

Now that a child of twenty-eight months old had not much imagination we admit; but that he experienced any effects which evinced a magnetic power we distinctly deny, and wonder that any man in his senses can be found to assert. A poor little

child is brought in, laid on the cushion of a sofa, surrounded by grave-looking men in black, one of whom waves his hands in a mysterious way before its face; and what does the poor little child? It rubs its eyes, yawns, scratches its head and ears, grumbles and runs away. And this is magnetism! No—we showed before that Great-rakes failed in curing children by his touch, the Report of 1784 noticed the same fact respecting M. Deslon's manipulations, and M. Foissac seems not to have been slow in appreciating this truth and discovering that children would do but little credit to his magnetic powers, as this is the only one we find operated on during the whole session of the committee.

But the assertion "that it is impossible to attribute any of the effects to imagination in the lad, *because* he was deaf and dumb," is to us a most startling absurdity. Is it meant to be asserted that because he was deaf and dumb, *therefore* he could not see M. Foissac's manipulations; or that seeing them he had no imagination on which they could act? We really do not know which of the assertions would be most ridiculous, particularly when we remember that M. liard, one of the committee, was physician to a deaf and dumb institution, where he could not fail to have hourly proofs that the "poetic sense" was by no means wanting in them. We have ourselves the pleasure of being acquainted with an engraver who, though deaf and dumb, has never been accused of any lack of imagination, and we doubt not that several of our readers in visiting Windsor Castle have had pointed out to them a picture painted by a deaf-and-dumb artist.

The observation "*we need scarcely say here that the epileptic fits were entirely suspended during the sittings, and that they did not return until eight months afterwards,*" is to us equally unintelligible. The obvious insinuation is that such was a uniform result of magnetic power. To refute this we merely refer to their own report of the case of Pierre Cazot.

So much for the cases that were to prove the existence of a magnetic power. Now for those that are to present us with "the first appearance of somnambulism, and the first traces of the expression of a commencement of intelligence."*

They are five in number and fortunately will bear abbreviation. Mlle. Delaplane was magnetised by M. Foissac, and fell asleep at the end of eight minutes. At the second sitting she answered by affirmative and negative motions of the head. At the third she gave us to understand that in two days she would speak and point out the nature and seat of her complaint. She was magnetised four times after, and *never once spoke.*†

Baptiste Chamet was magnetised by M. Dupotet, and fell asleep at the end of eight minutes. As he seemed to suffer pain, he was asked what ailed him, when he pointed

*Report, p. 137. †Ib. p. 136.

with his hand to his breast. He was again asked what part that was, and replied *his liver*.*

Mlle. Martineau magnetised by M. Dupotet. In her sleep she said she did not see the persons present, but that she heard them. No one was speaking at the time. She said, she would not recover until she was purged with manna and English pills;—she got no manna but had some pills of crumb of bread, which operated very well. She said she should awake after five or ten minutes sleep; and did not awake for sixteen or seventeen. She announced that on a certain day she would give us a detailed account of the nature of her complaint; and when the day arrived she told us nothing. *In short, she was at fault every time.*†

Mlle. Couturier, patient of M. de Geslin, was by him announced to be able to read his thoughts or execute his mental orders. To ascertain this, the committee went to M. Geslin's house, where Mlle. Couturier was set to sleep. One of the committee then wrote on a slip of paper the words, "Go and sit down upon the stool in front of the piano," and gave the paper to M. de Geslin. He, having conceived this mentally, told the somnambulist to do that which he required of her. She rose from her place, and going up to the clock, said *it was twenty minutes past nine!* She made nine other mistakes, and as the Report says, 'to sum up all, did not fulfil any of the promises which had been made to us!'"‡

The fifth case is inimitably ludicrous,§ but unfortunately contains some details which must exclude it from our pages. M. Dubois, however, has not been under such restraint, and will certainly exercise the risible faculties of his readers. Suffice it to say, that as in the other four cases a foolish woman made a foolish prophecy, which of course was never fulfilled.

And these five cases, the committee tell us, showed "the first traces of the expression of a commencement of intelligence!"

With some little inconsistency they next say that in these instances somnambulism was feigned, and proceed to inquire whether any sure test existed by which they could ascertain when the patient was really somnambulant. M. Dupotet, to whom they applied in this difficulty, answered that there was. "He undertook, and we have his promise to this effect under his own hand, to produce at pleasure, and out of sight of those individuals whom he had placed in a state of somnambulism, convulsive motions in any part of their bodies by merely directing his finger towards that part. These convulsions he looked on as an unequivocal sign of the existence of somnambulism."||

If this be so, somnambulism was not re-

served for Puysegur to discover, as this was identically the very first experiment shown by Mesmer to Ingenhousz on Mlle. Oesterline. Let us see how far M. Dupotet redeemed his *written* promise, for we are beginning to learn the value of these things from a magnetist.

"Your committee took advantage of the presence of Baptiste Chamet, already mentioned (page 136,) to make experiments upon him, for the purpose of elucidating this question. Accordingly, M. Dupotet having placed this person in a state of somnambulism, directed the point of his finger towards those of Chamet, or approximated them with a metallic rod: no convulsive effect was produced. A finger of the magnetiser was again directed towards those of the patient, and there was perceived, in the fore and middle fingers of *both* hands, a slight motion similar to that produced by the galvanic pile. Six minutes afterwards, the finger of the magnetiser, directed towards the left wrist of the patient, impressed upon it a complete convulsive motion; and the magnetiser then informed us, that in five minutes *he should do all that he pleased with this man*. M. Marc, then, placing himself behind the patient, indicated that the magnetiser should endeavour to act upon the fore-finger of the *right* hand: he directed his own fore-finger towards this part, and the convulsions took place in the *left*, and in the thigh of the same side. At a later period, the fingers were directed towards the toes, but no effect was produced. Some anterior manipulations were performed. MM. Bourdois, Guersent and Gueneau de Mussy successively directed their fingers towards those of the patient, which became contracted at their approach. At a later period, motions were perceived in the left hand, towards which, however, no finger was directed. Finally, we suspended all our experiments, in order to ascertain whether the convulsive motions did not take place when the patient was not magnetised; and these motions were renewed, but more feebly."—pp. 142, 143.

Will any one say this is performing what was promised? Yet the committee seem to hold that the certainty of somnambulism is established,—that the existence of a magnetic power is established. We have gone through all the experiments, and it bewilders our poor understanding to find the proof of either.

The next point is to ascertain the faculty termed *clairvoyance*; for this also they had M. Dupotet's word. He asserted that the somnambulist would be able to choose, with his eyes shut, a certain coin out of twelve others. The experiment was made, and M. Petit (the somnambulist) chose the *wrong one*.¶ He was then tried with the hands of a watch and "twice consecutively was mistaken." At a subsequent sitting he was able to make out a word here and there in a book,** and to tell the colour and figures of cards.†† All this time his eyelids appear-

some mistake in the experiment, as the committee did not go until within *five* minutes of eleven; the text, however, shows at once that fifteen refers to the day of the month.

||Report, p. 142.

**Ib. p. 155.

¶Report, p. 153.

††Ib. p. 156.

*Report, p. 139. †Ib. p. 139. ‡Ib. p. 139. §In translating this case, which however he does not give at length, Mr. Colquhoun makes the curious mistake of rendering "le lendemain 15, a onze heures du soir," by "the next day at fifteen minutes from eleven." Looking at first at the translation, we were inclined to suspect

and closed, but a bandage put over them at once interrupted his vision,* as did also a sheet of paper interposed between his eyes and the object to be perceived.† The ball of his eye was observed to be constantly moving in the direction of the object.‡

From which it is clear that the *voluntary* muscles were in full action;—and that M. Petit saw with his eyes and not by means of any new sense, as supposed in the legends told by Messrs. Petetin and Rostan, of people reading through their epigastrium or telling the hour on a watch placed at their occiput. The committee neglect saying whether M. Petit brought the objects *under* his eyes,§ so that by a slight and momentary opening in the midst of many efforts, which he generally made, he might catch a word in a book or the colour of a card. It is clear that he saw a large object more perfectly than a small. On the whole, we think we have seen a better trick at Bartholomew fair.|| We suppose then we are to say "this faculty is established," as Mr. Combe does when he has finished a dissertation on an organ.**

But we fear our readers are getting tired of these scenes of never-varying stolidity, and we hasten to announce that there are but three cases more, the first two of which we shall give as briefly as possible; on the last we must dwell a little longer, as it is the only example in which it is attempted to be shown that the somnambulist could see into the bodies of others.

Paul Villagrand had apoplexy followed by paralysis of the left side. He was admitted into hospital April 8, 1827, and treated by bleedings, purgatives, and blisters, with alcoholic extract of *nux vomica*. Under this

*Report, p. 154. †Ib. p. 153. ‡Ib. p. 156.

§In one case it is distinctly mentioned that this was the fact: "A passport was placed under his eyes."—p. 155.

||M. Dubois, who has often witnessed those pretended attempts at reading or distinguishing objects with the eyes shut, gives the following account of them. "Somnambulists never distinguish an object at once on its being presented to them. They take it in their hands, feel it, turn it about in different directions, approach it to their eyes, and at length, after many attempts often unsuccessful, they catch at a glance two words, sometimes three, rarely four or five, then declare they have need of rest, this exercise being, as the magnetisers gravely announce, extremely fatiguing."—*Ereman*, p. 72.

**An amusing circumstance has lately come to light, as connected with Mr. Combe's work. It will be recollected by any one who has read it, and a more entertaining work on phrenology does not exist, how often he supports his views by drawings of Raphael's skull compared with the skulls of people noted for deficiency in imaginative and pictorial talent. Mr. Scott also took up the subject, and, in an extremely ingenious and well written paper, published in the *Phrenological Journal*, vol. ii. p. 327, traced the minutest shades of Raphael's character and disposition in the protuberances of this same skull. It now appears the skull no more belonged to Raphael than it did to Judas Iscariot! Raphael's tomb was opened the other day, and his skeleton found perfect, skull and all.

treatment he was improving; he was able to walk with the aid of crutches, his headaches were gone, his left arm had gained a little strength, when (August 29) he was magnetised for the first time by M. Foissac. He became a somnambulist, and thereupon took to prescribe for himself. He showed, however, much discretion in the use of his new faculty; for though he announced that he could not be cured but by means of magnetism, he did by no means neglect what he found was doing him good, but ordered a continuation of the *nux vomica*, with sinapisms and Bareges' baths. Finding himself improved in strength, he thought this a good opportunity for showing off the new talent called *precision*, and therefore prophesied that on a certain day he should walk without crutches, a prophecy which he took good care to accomplish, "to the great surprise of the other patients, who had hitherto constantly seen him confined to bed,"*** says the Report; though, how a man who used to walk about on crutches†† can be said to be constantly confined to bed, is another point which in no slight degree perplexes us. A short time after, seeing that all matters were going on well, Paul thought it very safe to declare that he would be quite well by the end of the year. He still continued his medicines, with occasional setons, cauteries, &c., until towards the close of the year, when he thought it would be proper to complete his cure by a strong dose of magnetism. Accordingly "he was magnetised upon the 25th December, and continued in a state of somnambulism until the 1st of January!"††† What! slept eight whole days without eating! Oh, by no means, gentle reader,—he was regularly awoke to be fed, ate with a good appetite, digested well, walked about arm-in-arm with M. Foissac, ran, leaped, performed feats of strength, and recognised his old friends;§§§ in short, as M. Dubois pitifully observes, "his sleep existed no where but in the brains of the commissioners."

The next case will detain us for a very short time. Cazot was an epileptic patient, and showed *precision*, by foretelling the period at which his next fit would occur. Every one who knows the facility and accuracy with which this disease can be simulated, or who is aware of the effect of a strong impression or prepossession in bringing on a fit, will readily conceive how these prophecies may have been accomplished, without attributing them to any miraculous endowment. His last prophecy, delivered on the 22d April, was, that in nine weeks he should have a fit, in three weeks after go mad, abuse his wife, murder some one, and finally recover in the month of August, after which he was never to have an attack again.|||| In two days after uttering this prophecy, he was run over by a cabriolet, from the effects of which accident he died; and our medical readers will judge what chance he had of a final recovery in a few months when they learn that "at the ex-

**Report, p. 163. ††Ib. p. 160. †††Ib. p. 165.

§§Ib. p. 165, 6.

||||Ib. p. 180.

tremity of his plexus choroides was a substance, yellow within and white on the outside, containing small hydatids."^{*}

And now for the great miracle of looking into another person's body, as performed, in the presence of the committee, three several times, by Mlle. Celine Sauvage; and, by the way, the greatest miracles of faith are generally performed by female disciples. Mlle. Celine, however, of whom the Report only informs us that "she had a sweet breath,"† omitting all notice of her age, temperament, previous state, habitude of being magnetised, by whom magnetised, and therefore how far collusion was probable, Mlle. Celine, we say, was thrown into a state of somnambulism before the committee, "and it was while sunk in this state that the committee recognised in her three times the faculty of discoursing upon the diseases of other persons whom she touched, and of pointing out the appropriate remedies."[‡]

The first trial of skill was made on M. Marc, one of the committee.

"She applied her hand to his forehead, and to the region of the heart, and in the course of three minutes she said, that the blood had a tendency to the head; that, *at that moment*, M. Marc had pain on the left side of this cavity; that he often felt an oppression, especially after having eaten; that he must often have a slight cough; that the lower part of the breast was gorged with blood; that something impeded the alimentary passage; that this part (pointing to the region of the xiphoid cartilage) was contracted.

"We were anxious to learn from M. Marc whether he experienced all that this somnambulist had announced. He told us that, in reality, he felt an oppression *when he walked* upon leaving the table; that, as she announced, he frequently had a cough; and that, *before* this experiment, he *had* felt pain in the left side of the head, but that he was *not* sensible of any impediment in the alimentary passage."—p. 184.

"And," say the committee, "we were struck with this analogy between the feelings of M. Marc and the announcement of Mlle. Celine!"[§] Analogy, truly! M. Marc, for whose *personnel* we are indebted to M. Dubois, is a fat, puffy, little man, with a yellowish tint, and a short neck. What wonderful sagacity, then, in Mlle. Celine to say that he had occasionally "a little cough," and must feel an oppression after a heavy meal! But when she leaves these vague generalities, she is all in error. M. Marc, she announces, "has, *at this moment*, a pain in the left side of his cavity" (meaning thereby his head): M. Marc, called on to verify this statement, replies, "that *before* the experiment he *had* felt a pain." The lady adds, "something impedes your alimentary passage:" the sage replies, "I am not sensible of any impediment." Analogy, quotha!

The next case is that of a young lady who had been dropsical for two years. Her mesenteric glands were also much enlarged, so as to be easily felt externally. She had been punctured ten or twelve times by M.

Dupuytren, and a considerable quantity of water drawn off each time. It was well known that M. Dupuytren is in the habit of mentioning at lecture such remarkable cases as occur to him in practice; he could scarcely fail to have spoken of this. Had Mlle. Celine ever heard of the case in this way through M. Foissac her patron? We cannot answer that question; but we can state, that she gave the identical diagnosis (with additions), and prescribed the identical treatment, which M. Dupuytren had done before.¶ Her additions were "pouches containing worms," and "at the bottom of the stomach, in its interior, a gland of the thickness of three of her fingers." We should be glad to know what gland this was. However, the diagnosis was never verified, for "the body was not opened."||

And this is offered us as proof.

The last case is equally weak and inconclusive. M. Husson's report of it is as follows.

"Upon an occasion of great delicacy, when very able physicians, several of whom are members of the academy, had prescribed a mercurial treatment for an obstruction (*engorgement*) of the glands of the neck, which they attributed to a syphilitic taint, the family of the patient under this treatment, alarmed at the appearance of some serious consequences, wished to have the advice of a somnambulist. The reporter was called in to assist at a consultation; and he did not neglect to take advantage of this new opportunity of adding to what the committee had already seen. He found a young married woman, Madame La C——, having the whole right side of the neck deeply obstructed by a great congeries of glands close upon each other. One of them was opened, and emitted a yellowish purulent matter.

"Mlle. Celine, whom M. Foissac magnetised in presence of the reporter, placed herself in connexion with this patient, and affirmed that the stomach had been attacked by a substance *like poison*; that there was a slight inflammation of the intestines; that, in the upper part of the neck, on the right side, there was a serofulous complaint, which ought to have been more considerable than it was at present; that, by following a soothing treatment, which she prescribed, the disease would be mitigated in the course of fifteen days or three weeks."—pp. 187, 188.

Now let us fill up the deficiencies in the above report. A lady had enlarged glands of the neck; she was placed on mercurial treatment, which was followed by "some serious consequences." What these consequences were we are left to guess. Suppose them to be the most common results of an ill-judged administration of mercury, viz. irritation or inflammation of the lining membrane of the stomach and bowels, attended with occasional vomiting, diarrhoea, and of course tenderness on pressure over the af-

§Neither was this an accidental coincidence in prescribing an ordinary remedy. The prescription, as originally given by M. Dupuytren, the prescription as repeated by Mlle. Celine, was "the milk of a goat which had been rubbed with mercurial ointment!" ||Report, p. 187.

*Report, p. 186. †Ibid. p. 183. ‡Ibid.

lected parts. Well—the family, alarmed, wish to have the *advice of a somnambulist*. Whether this notable expedient was suggested by a magnetist or antimagnetist, we need scarcely stop to inquire. M. Husson, of the committee, is sent for in consultation, and meets M. Foissac and Mlle. Celine. This latter is magnetized, applies her hand over different parts of the patient, and announces three facts:

1st. "That the stomach had been attacked by a substance like poison" (mercury?)

2d. "That there was a slight inflammation of the intestines," (diarrhœa?)

3d. "That in the upper part of the neck, on the right side, there was a *scrofulous complaint*."

Now, is there any announcement here that M. Foissac could not have made, after a minute's previous examination, or even from hearing the history of the case?

Did Mlle. Celine learn from M. Foissac that enlarged glands of the neck constituted a "*scrofulous complaint*," or had she this term also by direct inspiration?

But, for the proof of her prophecy. The patient died, the body was examined, and three facts ascertained.*

1st. The mucous lining of the great end of the stomach almost entirely destroyed; a simple result of inflammation.

2d. "Scrofulous or enlarged glands in the neck;" this was as well known during lifetime, when one of them was opened.

3d. "Two small cavities full of pus, proceeding from the tubercles at the top of each of the lungs." What! is it possible that the patient had tubercular phthisis, and that Mlle. Celine never saw or mentioned it, because M. Foissac's attention was not drawn to this point by any thing in the history of the case?

From the whole narrative one of two conclusions is necessary: either Mlle. Celine derived her information in some such way as we have pointed out, which is at once simple, natural, and probable; or she obtained it by the new sense—by special revelation; and of these conclusions the committee adopt THE LATTER!

III. An inquiry into its practical utility. we had proposed as the third part of our article on Animal Magnetism.

"Le Magnetisme Animal peut bien exister sans être utile, mais il ne peut être utile s'il n'existe pas." Under this plea we might have excused ourselves from saying any thing on this head; but though Animal Magnetism does not exist, there can be no doubt of the extraordinary effects which artifice and imposture may produce on enfeebled intellects and overheated imaginations.† We give four authentic proofs of

the practical evils that may result from magnetism in this point of view, and they will be found to represent four distinct stages in its history.

1. The commission of 1784, in addition to their published Report, of which we have already spoken, addressed a private memoir‡ to the king, setting forth the serious injury to public morals consequent on the employment of Animal Magnetism as a remedial agent. They referred to M. Deslon himself, as admitting that a woman in a high state of magnetic excitement was not mistress of her own actions, and was incapable of resisting any attempts on her modesty.

As to its remedial power they state, and this statement is borne out by the Report§ of the Societe Royale de Medecine; "Il n'y a point de guerisons reelles, les traitemens sont fort longs et infructueux."

2. The effects of M. Puysegur's somnambulism we have already noticed.

3. M. Petetin states that he had verified his observations respecting the transposition of the senses on no less than eight cataleptic patients. Now that in a very few years he should have seen so many instances of a complaint which is so rare that few physicians see even a single case, will appear extraordinary, until we remember with what facility nervous diseases are propagated by imitation, and how readily a delicate person, predisposed to such an affection, would begin to exhibit any wonderful symptom often spoken of, and much dwelt on in her presence. "On peut donc dire que Petetin crea lui-meme autour de lui une *epidemie de catalepsie*."||

4. To show that magnetism has lost none of its dangerous qualities in the present day, we quote the following from Mr. Russell's *Tour in Germany*, a book which we always read with renewed pleasure for the accuracy of its facts and the soundness of its observations.

"A melancholy instance of the pernicious results to which this may lead was still the subject of general conversation when I arrived at Berlin. The principal actor in the affair was Dr. W—, the great apostle of the doctrine in Prussia, and moreover a professor in the University. The unfortunate victim was a young lady of very respectable family. She had been led by curiosity to visit the apartments in which the doctor performs the magnetical process on a number of patients, in presence of each other; and it is at once a very decisive

the points on which its supporters rest its claims to utility, we may be excused entering upon it, particularly as it would lead us into the general consideration of the influence of mind on matter—a subject so extensive as to require a volume rather than the few lines we could introduce towards the end of an article which has already grown beyond its intended limits.

†Rapport Secret sur le Mesmerisme, redigé par Bailly, 1784. To be found in Bertrand, Montegre, and other collections of papers relating to magnetism.

§Rapport des Commissaires de la Societe Royale de Medecine. Paris, 1784.

||Bertrand, du Mag. An.

*Report, p. 189. As our copy is imperfect, we are here obliged to rely on Mr. Colquhoun's translation, which we hope is correct.

†The results of magnetic treatment have undoubtedly furnished us with new views as to the extent of power possessed by the imagination over our organization; but as this is not among

and intelligible fact, in that science, that females are found to be the most suitable subjects for its exercise."

Several experiments, which it is unnecessary to repeat, were gone through for her satisfaction.

"The lady departed, still in doubt; but these amusing scenes had so far shaken her original scepticism, that the magician easily prevailed upon her to arrive at certainty, by having the truth displayed in her own person. * * *

"To the poor girl conviction and ruin came together: a miscreant could find little difficulty in abusing the mental imbecility which must always accompany such voluptuous fanaticism. I cannot enter into the details of the miserable and disgusting circumstances which followed. Excess of villany brought the whole affair before a court of justice and the Prussian public. It was clear that what was to become the living witness of their guilt had met with foul play, and the enraged father preferred against the professor an accusation of a crime which is next to murder, or rather which threatened a double murder. The judges ordered the recipes of certain medicines which the doctor had administered to the lady to be submitted to three medical gentlemen for their opinion. The report of these gentlemen rendered it impossible to convict Dr. W—— of having used the drugs directly for his infamous purpose; but, as in certain circumstances, their indirect operation would lead to the same issue, the professional persons gave it as their opinion that the professor was bound to explain on what grounds he had administered medicines of a most suspicious class, in circumstances where no prudent medical man would have prescribed them. The man did not choose to do himself this justice; the court did not think there was sufficient evidence to convict him of the direct charges. Professor W—— has lost his character, but retains his chair."—vol. i. p. 102.

Were it not for the occurrence of such scenes as those, we would willingly subscribe to the justice of M. Hoffmann's *mot*: "Ceux qui s'acharnent contre le magnetisme ont bien tort; car, s'il n'est pas vrai, il est au moins bien plaisant."

And with this observation we leave it.

From the London Literary Gazette.

The Spanish Novelists: a Series of Tales from the earliest Periods to the close of the Seventeenth Century. Translated from the Originals, with Biographical and Critical Notices, by Thomas Roscoe, Esq., editor of the "Italian Novelists."—3 vols. 12mo. London, 1832. Bentley.

Mr. Roscoe has executed his laborious task with the same judgment and ability which characterized his translations from the Italian. The tales are very various, though some of them, "The Visions of Quevedo," "The Test of Friendship," &c. &c. are already familiar to English readers. Most of the stories are too long for quotation; but the following, a Spanish John of Lynn, is of a suitable length. The cava-

lier in question has quite exhausted his resources.

"Here was a sad revolution in Don Pablo's affairs, and it proved a great hindrance to his studies, in which he had always shown a decided predilection for the theory, in preference to the practice of the law. He imagined himself already seized and incarcerated for debt, and that he was become the jest of all the place, particularly of the students, who would be infinitely amused at the notoriety of his adventures. For this reason, he took speedy leave of his companion, and sought shelter among the shady elms and poplar-trees that skirt the banks of the river Henares, till he arrived at a little wood, in which he soon disappeared. But not yet thinking himself secure enough from the searching eye of the alguazils—suspecting even the fidelity of his late companion, he mounted into a lofty poplar, whose thick umbrageous arms completely sheltered him from public view. Having found a secure seat, he there first gave himself up to his melancholy forebodings, in which he was doomed to beguile his time until the shades of evening should afford him safer escort to proceed on his way. He was bent on flying as far as possible from Alkala and his creditors, though he felt assured they would hold him in so much respect as not to meddle with much of his substance during his absence, which he meant should continue some special long time. He now repented of his extreme folly, and prayed heartily that in future he might be endowed with grace to conduct himself with more prudence and discretion. In this perplexed state of idle repentance, weak resolutions, and hearty prayers to be released from his manifold difficulties and anxiety, he continued to ruminate some time. He was first roused by the sound of footsteps, and, looking out sharply from his concealment, he saw a well-dressed elderly man, well known to him, and a native of Alcala. His name was Rosino, a most industrious genius, who had contrived to raise himself from nothing to a respectable and even lucrative condition; for he had married his daughter to a man of letters, and established his two sons in a promising way, if they would only have turned out half as good as their father. One, however, assumed the air of a bully; the other became a gambler; and, in short, what the father had amassed by long economy and cudgelling of his brains, his hopeful sons dissipated by bringing themselves into all kinds of scrapes and excesses. The sagacious old gentleman, seeing the speed at which he was going down hill, after all his efforts in climbing up it, judged it would be wise to stop a little short of the bottom. 'At this rate,' thought he, 'what will become of me when I am an old man?'—(he was not then quite seventy!) 'My dear, blessed, and long-saving wife is dead and gone, and I can no longer keep my house together against the violence of these scape-graces: they would ruin a nation. Alas!' he continued, 'they have turned it almost inside out! There is no one now that cares to lay by a single shilling—nay, by heavens, they have broken through stone walls and locks, and ransacked all my drawers and boxes! They have stripped me nigh to the skin. Yet why talk only of my

spendthrift sons?—there is my son-in-law, a man of letters, my daughter, and ten grandchildren, all as greedy as the rest; and when they come to see me, it is only for what each and all can carry away with them. I live in continued hot water. Like an old soldier on active service, I have to fight to the last, surrounded by inveterate enemies. Yes, I shall be ruined! I see it as plainly as that poplar-tree—(here our hero drew in his breath)—there is nothing left for it but to steal my own money, and hide as much of it as I can get!"—In this way the old man went on lamenting himself, much to the edification of the student; at the same time proceeding to count out of a large yellow bag, one by one, a thousand crowns in hard gold. He had come to the resolution of concealing them in the thickest part of the wood, where no wicked relations would have any further chance of finding them. So, cautiously wrapping them up in a cat-skin, which he had prepared for the purpose, in order the better to secure and protect them, he set to work to find an appropriate bank for their safe deposit. With this view, he approached the identical tree on which he had before fixed his eyes for an apt illustration of his hard case, and from whose venerable branches Don Pablo had contemplated the whole proceeding. With his usual caution, the old merchant looked earnestly round him, on every side and in every direction, except above his head; till, finding all safe and quiet, he took from his pocket a large garden-knife, and with singular dexterity began to excavate a little savings' bank at the foot of the tree.—He first made some neat incisions in the green turf, which he carefully removed, and then hollowed out the earth till he had made a reasonably sized aperture, when he stooped and breathed a little from his labours. Next he took the gold, which after wistfully gazing at some moments, he still more carefully deposited in the hole, observing at the same time:—"Heaven defend *mas* at least from all evil hands; as Heaven knows it is done with good intent, to befriend a poor man in his old days, instead of his being driven to beg alms from door to door, besides saving a mass or two for his soul when he is gone, which I doubt his own sons would never have the grace to see done!" Saying these words, he proceeded to replace the earth, and refix the sward exactly in the manner he had found them. Moreover, that he might be at no loss to recognise the precise spot where he had deposited his treasure, he carved with the same knife in the bark of the said tree the following letters in large capitals, such as we see used for grand inscriptions at our cathedrals:—"HERE." He then looked very complacently around him, as if congratulating himself on his providential labours; and returned, well satisfied with the security of his money, to rejoin his friends at Alcala. Meantime Don Pablo, intent on all that had passed, permitted the old gentleman to go, without the slightest molestation. He even maintained his seat till evening; but then he descended from his aerial station, and forthwith began to repeat the same operation which the old man had shortly before concluded.—He guessed so well, that he hit at once upon the hidden treasure, which he began to count

at his leisure, and found it amounted to not less than five hundred. But the night having set in, Don Pablo was at a loss to make out whether the precious pieces were doubloons, reals, crowns, or penny-pieces. It was his good fortune, however, to find that the whole consisted of doubloons; and as to reconciling his conscience to carry them away with him, though he had some qualms, he consoled himself with the mental reservation, that he would certainly one day restore them, when somewhat less inconvenient to him than just at present. He then proceeded smartly on his way, after first inscribing, by way of rejoinder upon the tree, under the emphatic word *HERE*, the following couplets:—

"Here came one who could not see
The man who saw him from this tree:
May fortune grant, ere long he may
The money that was stolen repay."

"All this led Don Pablo seriously to reflect; next to repent of his errors; then to resolve, and upon good resolutions to lay the foundation of a reformed life. He grew discreet, studied hard, and avoided all undue extravagance and display. Indeed, he applied the remainder of his time at the University to such good purpose, that he rose high in credit with all classes. He succeeded so well in his profession, that in a short period he was raised to the decretal chair in the University, and was in no want of the approbation and patronage of men of rank and influence. In a very brief period he became both honoured and wealthy; acquired the reputation of a distinguished pleader, and formed a union with the daughter of a man of great landed property, so as to assure him a fixed rank and station among the chief families of Alcala. It was now Don Pablo had leisure to think of the good turn which a certain old gentleman named Rosino had once served him, as we have seen. As bound in honour, as well as in conscience, he immediately restored not only the capital with the entire interest, but did every thing to forward the interests of his family, and to oblige him in every respect. And true it was, as the old gentleman had predicted it would ensue from his graceless sons, although they had paid the forfeit. He found him begging his way from door to door; one of his sons had died, and the other met with the accident of being hanged. Moreover, he assured Don Pablo, it was a wonder he had not himself died when he returned to claim his secret treasure, and instead of it found only the said inscription upon the tree. He would certainly have hanged himself from one of its branches, but for the consolatory tenor of the last line, which held out a sort of promise of restitution. Upon this single hope he had ever since lived, and never ceased to pray, and weary Heaven that the thief might be forgiven and permitted to prosper, in order the sooner to be enabled to clear his conscience by refunding the whole sum with interest, as early as convenient. To these prayers, indeed, the old man attributed Don Pablo's sudden reformation and subsequent success; and he often declared, that unless the borrower had been honourable enough to leave his note of hand upon the tree, he should perhaps never have thought of praying for his reformation; that

consequently Don Pablo would have gone on in his old courses; have come to some bad end; and he himself, without Heaven's help, never have seen his money more."

There are contained in this series, "Lazarillo de Tormes" and "Gusmand Alfarache," the foundations of "Gil Blas;" but never were models so improved. They contain only the ingenious tricks of the rogue and the mendicant; but Le Sage's work is an epic epigram (if we may use the expression) on all human nature.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Memoires de Madame la Duchesse d'Abrantes, ou Souvenirs Historiques sur Napoleon, la Revolution, le Directoire, le Consulat, l'Empire, et la Restauration. Tom. VII.—XII. 8vo. Paris. 1833.

WHEN we despatched the first six volumes of Madame la Duchesse d'Abrantes,* we proposed to ourselves the comprising the whole of the remainder in another article, but again we are foiled. The lady has put forth six more volumes, reaching only to some early period of the Peninsular war,—we suspect, for she still despises dates, the beginning of the year 1810,—but containing matter well entitled to notice; and as the bookmaking propensity, of which the former volumes discovered few traces, appears to be rapidly gaining upon the fair and noble authoress, we are apprehensive that, should we await the completion of her task, this middle portion of her labours might be altogether forgotten, ere we could sit down to review it. We must therefore proceed with these memoirs, as we began, piecemeal.

Great as was the political importance of the period comprised in the six volumes now before us, their chief interest lies in the writer's personal reminiscences of Bonaparte, and to these we shall principally confine our extracts. Some few other matters are, however, too remarkable to be altogether passed over; and, amongst these, are the feelings, the regrets, of those who had once been that extraordinary man's comrades, upon the transformation of the republic into an empire; touching which she says—

"I have seen my husband weep over this farewell to all the customs, to all that so thoroughly constitutes what the French have ever desired far more really than liberty—equality. * * * But these regrets had nothing hostile to the Emperor. How often have I heard men, several of whom are still living, acknowledge that Napoleon alone could govern us, and take charge of the vessel in those moments of tempest! yet they were republicans, and pure republicans."

We have extracted this passage principally on account of the opinion it enunciates, in which we fully concur, upon the relative value of liberty and equality in

French eyes. But a few pages afterwards we find another opinion upon the same subject, corroborative of the Dutchess's and ours, which the reader may probably esteem of more value than either, and which is further curious as showing the confusion of ideas of a great man upon a subject that he did not understand, because he hated it, viz. liberty. The advantages ascribed by Napoleon to equality were, it will be seen, only equal legal rights, and these liberty insures in England, which was traduced by him, and indeed still is by most of the liberal continental authors, as feudal, and therefore enslaved. Madame Junot tells us:—

"I have often heard the Emperor speak on this subject (equality,) and all his words are still present to me. Even his nobility, a creation which he looked upon as one of his grandest conceptions, his nobility had been instituted with a view to the establishment of this equality, the true main-spring, as he said, of all that the French have done, and asked for, during the last twenty years. 'Liberty,' observed Napoleon, 'was undoubtedly the first cry of the people, when the Revolution projected the first rays of its light, but it was not the correct expression of their thought. Let Russia revolutionize herself, and liberty will be the first word to escape from those really enslaved mouths, that so frequently open to shriek under the lash of a barbarous master. Liberty is the real good which the Russian people will desire, so soon as they have a wish to express; they cannot yet understand equality. But amongst us it is a different affair, and the first flash of our revolution showed what abundance of talent existed, which the levelling principle restored to society for the good and the glory of the state. Accordingly, it is equality that the French people have always wanted.'"

How curious is the accurate relation of action and reaction! The French noblesse held a monopoly of office, civil and military, and the people therefore could not, and still cannot, conceive their fair share, in proportion to merit, attainable without the abolition of all distinction of ranks. And the same cause having existed, and in some places still existing, all over the continent, explains the difficulty experienced by modern liberals in comprehending the amalgamation of an *unprivileged* order of nobility with real liberty in England. But to return to the Dutchess and the Emperor. We must here, though it be somewhat anticipating, if not upon chronology, yet upon the sequence of the lady's volumes, subjoin Napoleon's further explanation of these very original views about his nobility, given or recorded upon a different occasion, and shall introduce it as introduced by Madame Junot, seeing that the prefatory matter is both characteristic and comic. We must premise that Madame Junot was *dame pour accompagner* (lady in waiting, we presume,) to Madame Mere, as Napoleon's mother was denominated.

"I was in attendance upon Madame, and accompanied her to the Tuileries, to the family dinner that took place every Sunday. On reaching the *salon de service* (the saloon allotted to the lady and gentleman attendants upon

*Vol. x. p. 254.

the imperial family) of the *Pavillon de Flore*, for Madame almost always went to the Emperor's apartments, I saw Savary coming towards me, exclaiming,

"Give me a kiss, I have good news for you."

"Tell your news first, and the kiss shall follow, if your news be worth one."

"Well, then, I am a duke!"

"That is astonishing enough, certainly, but what reason is it for my giving you a kiss?"

"— And I am entitled the Duke of Rovigo." He went on, walking about the room, so inflated with joy that he might have risen up in the air like a balloon.

"But what are your title and your ridiculous name to me?" said I at length, for he put me out of all patience.

"If he had told you that you are a dutchess," said Rapp, coming up to me, and affectionately taking my two hands, "I am sure you would have given him a kiss, as you are going to give me one."

"And with all my heart," I replied, offering my cheek to the excellent man, and quite delighted with his frank and cordial friendship.

"And another for Junot?" said he.

"And another for Junot, willingly. And I promise you to write him word that you were the first to tell me the grand news."

"And, moreover," said Rapp, "that you have the prettiest name of the batch. You are Dutchess of Abrantes."

"I understood at once that the Emperor had sought to gratify Junot by naming him *Duke of Abrantes*, (Junot was then Imperial Lieutenant of Portugal,) and I was doubly happy in this new honour. Junot afterwards told me that on learning this spontaneous mark of the Emperor's favour he had been moved to tears.

"Our Sunday evenings were passed differently from the others at the Tuileries. We went up again to the Emperor's apartments to wait for our respective princesses, and sometimes, when the Emperor was in good humour, and the ladies in waiting were to his taste, he had them called in. This was the case on the day in question.

"Well, *Madame la Dutchesse-Gouverneuse*!" he exclaimed, as soon as he saw me, (Junot, though in Portugal, was still Governor of Paris,) are you pleased with your name? *D'Abrantes*! And then Junot must be pleased with it; he will see in it a proof of my satisfaction. And what will they say of this in your *salons* of the *Faubourg St. Germain*? They must be a little startled at the reinforcement I am giving them! Then, turning to the Arch-Chancellor.

"Well, *Monsieur l'Archichancelier*, it is a positive fact that I have never yet done anything more truly in the spirit of the French Revolution than this re-establishment of high dignities. The French never fought but for one thing—equality before the law, and the power of attaining to the highest posts in the administration. What will be called my no-

"I would have named him Duke of Nazareth," said the Emperor to me, (Nazareth was the scene of one of Junot's Asiatic exploits,) but people would have called him Junot of Nazareth, as they used to say Jesus of Nazareth." We insert this note as characteristic, though with some reluctance.

bility,—but which is not a nobility, because none can exist without prerogatives, and without being hereditary; and this has no prerogative except a fortune given as the reward of services, civil or military; and is no further hereditary than as the sovereign may be pleased to confirm the succession to a son or nephew;—well, what will be called my nobility is, do you see, one of my grandest creations."

We need scarcely pause to observe how admirable a creation, for the purposes of despotism, was indeed, such a nobility, wholly dependent upon the pleasure of the crown for the transmission of the father's honours to his children. It is self-evident. Besides, we still are as desirous, as we professed ourselves upon a former occasion, of avoiding political discussion with a lady, and that for many reasons. To say nothing of any private notions of our own respecting the unsuitableness of such topics to the softer sex, which notions, by the way, seem to be Madame Junot's, inasmuch, as she often disclaims the power of judging upon political questions even when giving us her own opinions as incontrovertible, we may observe, that as a petticoated politician was Bonaparte's *bête noire*, or antipathy, and as Junot, though always a kind, soon ceased to be a faithful and devoted husband, our memoirist could know nothing beyond the gossip of the court. We, therefore, cannot look in her pages for new facts of importance, and shall not dispute her positions as to Napoleon's moderation, all his wars having been purely defensive, and others of the same character. Neither shall we enter into the history of Junot's embassy to Portugal, but content ourselves with extracting part of Napoleon's instructions to the newly appointed ambassador's wife, as peculiarly illustrative of this extraordinary man's frequent combination of the least means with the greatest ends.

"An Ambassadors' wife," said he, "is a more important member of an embassy than people fancy. This is so everywhere, but most especially with us, by reason of the existing prejudices against France. It will be your business to give the Portuguese ladies a just notion of the manners of the imperial court. Be not haughty, be not vain, still less irritable. * * * Above all, beware of laughing at the usages of the country, when you do not understand them, or at the domestic affairs of the court. It is said that they are open to ridicule and scandal. If you cannot refrain from both, abuse, but do not laugh at them. Recollect that sovereigns never forgive ridicule. * * *

"The queen of Spain will question you about the Empress, the Princess Louis, the Princess Caroline, the Princess Joseph. It is your part to know how to measure your words. My family circle may be laid open to all eyes; yet it would not be agreeable to me that my sisters should be portrayed by a bad painter. * * * The queen will ask many questions about the empress and the court. As long as they relate to the mode of wearing a gown, well and good. But so soon as the conversation shall take a more serious turn, which it will, because Maria Louisa is clever and sly, be upon your guard. As for me, you know that

my name is to be pronounced only as it appears in the *Moniteur*."

"Another time he said to me, 'One person at Madrid is reported to detest me; it is the Princess of the Asturias. Take care what you say before her. She speaks French as well as you do. But you speak Italian, do not you? That's good.' And he walked about smiling—'That's very good. Let us hear how you acquit yourself.'"

The youthful ambassadress declaimed Petrarch, Tasso, and Dante, and the Emperor approved. He then inquired, with some circumlocution, as to what terms she was upon with the friends of her girlhood, his sisters; the ticklish part of the family, according to Madame Junot, who more than hints that the princesses in general were less correct in their deportment than their imperial brother hoped, and gives a pretty explicit account of an intrigue of Princess Caroline with Junot, of which she speaks as eventually the cause of his death. But this occurred subsequently, and indeed never seems to have interrupted the friendship of the two ladies. Napoleon, being satisfied upon this material point, proceeded to direct the representative of French femininity in Portugal to make her house agreeable, and concluded as follows:—

"Live in harmony with your diplomatic sisters, but form intimacies with none of them; little female rivalries ensue; the husbands interfere, and sometimes two states are on the point of destroying each other, because a couple of silly jades have squabbled, or the one has had a more elegant hat than the other."

We were proceeding with these original diplomatic instructions, but find ourselves compelled to stop, or to follow the example of our lady author and her Emperor, by invading with an absurd sneer the privacy of a respectable Englishwoman, for no better reason than that her husband was appointed to represent his country at the court of Lisbon. The allusion to this sneer, however, necessarily leads to the mention of that which we cannot leave quite unnoticed, though we propose not to invest it with a consequence that it does not deserve; we mean the extravagant detestation of every body and every thing English, happily rendered innocuous by an ignorance equal to the malevolence, (both evidently imbibed from Bonaparte,) that is betrayed at almost every opportunity throughout these memoirs.* Lady Robert Fitzgerald (whose lord is here called the *uncle* of his unfortunate brother, Lord Edward) cannot be much disturbed by the idle abuse thus engendered and thus attempted, that she shares with, amongst others, Lord Strangford, as the Dutchess is pleased to improve Lord Strangford's name—with George IV.,—with Lord Beresford, whose manners

*We are reluctant to suggest a personal cause of hostility to England, but we have heard that English ladies, who had frankly met the advances of our very agreeable authoress, have found it necessary to drop her acquaintance, from the character of the company they met at her house.

have not the good fortune to meet her approbation—with the Duke of Wellington, whom she calls *le héros du hazard*, and whose success in his first Portuguese campaign against Junot, the only one yet mentioned, she very naturally depreciates and endeavours to disprove—and finally with Mr. Pitt. Of this last she says—

"Mr. Pitt and General Bonaparte were personal enemies. * * * General Bonaparte, upon attaining to the Consulship, made some attempts to gain over Mr. Pitt to the French interest. The proposals were ill-managed, (the only cause of their failure, we presume, in our authoress's opinion,) although skilfully enough not to commit the First Consul, who however felt the annoyance of a rebuff. * * * Napoleon saw but one real obstacle to his schemes, and this was Mr. Pitt. * * * In vain Napoleon often said of him, 'William Pitt is a great minister as far as Dover: at Calais I do not fear him.'

"Fear him he did not, because Napoleon feared nothing, but he hated and dreaded him, as one hates and dreads an able man who is one's enemy. And yet Mr. Pitt was not a great man. * * * 'Plans of attack,' Napoleon was wont to say, laughing, and the thing was true, 'are not the forte of the fiscal financier, the tactician of the wool-sack.'"

Apparently confounding the Chancellor of the Exchequer with the Lord Chancellor.

But we must not let ourselves be betrayed into the field of politics, and turn to that subject which will be naturally expected to occupy a considerable share of the attention and the pages of a female writer of Recollections concerning Napoleon, namely, his feelings and his conduct towards women. And here we must say, that the pet widow of the devoted and justly favourite aide-de-camp, who frankly professes her participation in her husband's worship of Bonaparte, cannot be accused of partiality, for she places her hero in a light to the full as offensive, to English eyes at least, as any of his detractors, certainly as Bourrienne, whose revengeful malice she so bitterly reprobates. We do not allude to the coarse language which she charges Napoleon with using before women, for that seems to have been the French fashion of the day, if we judge from the frequent blanks left by Mad. Junot in recording conversations held in her presence by her own and her husband's friends, when the words used were such as could not well be printed; and some of the effects of the revolution may fairly enough explain, though nothing can justify, such a relaxation in the decencies of polished society. If Bourrienne and others have shown that poor Josephine's jealousy, however unwise, was by no means groundless, none have, like our Dutchess, exhibited Napoleon so completely as a sultan throwing the handkerchief amongst the *odalisques* of a seraglio, and vindictively resentful towards those who would not pick it up; and further, as a sultan unconscious almost of the existence of lasting conjugal affection. And what is not a little remarkable, though it may explain her frankness, Mad. Junot scarcely seems to feel her hero degraded by

this conduct, or by the sentiments which inspired it. She introduces the discovery of an imperial amour with the following remarks:—

"He fell in love, but really in love, and if I am to say what I think upon the subject, I believe he never was so but upon this occasion, and once before—(meaning with the authoress's mother, Mad. Permon)—but many years had elapsed between that era and this. * * * It sometimes indeed happened that he addressed himself to a woman, but, to speak truth, the thing was pretty much of an insult; at least I always considered it as such. And since the occasion in question, whenever he has paid attention to any one, it has always been the same. Upon this occasion only did he discover the attention, the delicacy, which are inseparable from a real passion. * * * This was *love*, not a liking rather insulting than honourable, and always producing two (rather one of two) vexatious results. The one, contempt for her who yielded; the other, a vindictive feeling towards her who resisted."

Thus far the panegyrist's own opinion, according to which it should appear that an intrigue with the Emperor was honourable, at least not dishonourable, to the lady thus delicately wooed. We pass over Josephine's jealousy upon the occasion, and proceed to a conversation between Napoleon and Mad. Junot after her return from Lisbon. Junot was at Parma, and had written to his wife to ask the Emperor's leave to join him there, less from any desire for her company, than as a mode of ascertaining how long he was to stay in a dullish place.

"At the first word I dropped upon the subject, the Emperor asked me, with some ill humour, whether Junot had appointed me his ambassador to him, and whether my credentials were in due form. I took care not to say that Junot had bid me ask an audience for this purpose, and answered that of my own accord, and without playing the part of an ambassador, though I still bore the title, I presumed to ask whether I might not rejoin my husband, and take him his children, whom he had not seen for six months."

Bonaparte, it seems, liked happy or at least well-behaved *menages*, for he answered with a smile—

"Indeed! What, it is you who want to rejoin Junot? That's right. It would be better still, though, if the children you took him were boys; but you make nothing but girls, Madame Junot."

An illness of these despised girls excused the delay of a journey, never really contemplated; and one evening, when Mad. Junot had attended *Madame Mere* to a family party at Princess Pauline's, the Emperor renewed the conversation, and banteringly asked her why she was not gone. Hereupon *Madame Mere* complained of being thus for ever robbed of her ladies, to which Napoleon answered—

"I do not send her, it is she who will go—only ask her;" and looking at me with a smile, he made a significant gesture, and added, "Well then, why do you not say that you are absolutely bent upon going to Parma?"

"But, sire, I cannot fib, and I have no inclination whatever to go thither."

"He burst into a fit of laughter, which, though he often smiled, he rarely or never did."

"And why will you not go, Madame Laurette?" and my poor nose was pinched to the quick. "A good wife should always follow her husband—so says the Bible."

"Sire, your majesty will allow me to say that the Bible has nothing to do with the matter, and that on this occasion I have no mind to be a good wife. Besides—I might, perhaps, be in the way at Parma."

"Ah, ha! They have been tattling to you!

What gossips women are! And why do you listen to idle stories? Besides, it's the hen's business to be silent before the cock. If Junot does amuse himself a little at Parma, what's that to you? Women must not tease their husbands, or they will make them ten times worse."

"This was said, looking, not at me, but at the empress, who, being a sensible woman, did not appear to understand. Scenes of jealousy were beginning to be frequent, and, truth to say, not without reason."

"Well! so you are quite stupified by a very small matter? People say it is but a trifle to us men when known, and nothing at all when unknown. Judge what you women should say to it. Come, what should you say? Will you learn?"

"I am listening, sire."

"Nothing at all. And as you cannot hold your tongues, you women, if you must speak, it should be to approve."

"Oh! approve!" exclaimed *Madame Mere*. "Atrocious!"

"It should like," said Princess Borghese, draping her shawl as she lay upon her sofa; "I should like to see Prince Camillo try to make me approve!—Ah, ha!"

"The empress was silent, but her eyes were full, and a word would have made her tears flow, which the Emperor did not like."

This imperial dislike to seeing ladies weep, Madame Junot admiringly ascribes to deep sensibility, and alleges in proof thereof the following substantial reasons: the sound of church bells in the evening affected Napoleon deeply; and so did the sight of an elegant woman, dressed in white, walking in a grove. Our fair eulogist does not, however, go so far as to hint that this deep sensibility led to any sacrifice for the prevention of the offensive tears, or indeed any other mode of drying them, than bidding the empress "have done crying;" and that, we believe, even when notice of her impending divorce had been given her. But we doubt not that Josephine's jealousy was very disagreeable to the Emperor, especially, notwithstanding Princess Pauline's menacing remark, as jealousy does not appear to have been the fashion of his court. We have already hinted that we cannot find in the *Memoirs* of our Dutchess, the slightest symptom of any interruption of the friendship between herself and Madame Murat in consequence of that princess's amour with Junot. And even that husbands should not be jealous, was, as we have just seen, Napoleon's opinion, which is partly confirmed by the

following fragment of a conversation between himself and Duroc, who lived, it is to be noted, on the footing of a brother with Junot.

"But, Duroc," said the Emperor, "you take a great interest in Madame Junot! Let us see—answer like an honest fellow;—have you ever been in love with her?"

"Duroc burst into a violent fit of laughing.

"That is no answer," said the Emperor, with a degree of impatience. "Were you ever in love with Madame Junot?"

"Duroc, recovering his gravity, answered, 'Never, sire; and I may say that this is the first time the possibility of such a thing ever occurred to me. . . .

"The Emperor took several pinches of snuff faster than usual, for he did not like to be obliged to give up his opinion to that of another. He walked about the room, looked upon the bridge, looked into the garden, and then said: 'Well! that is very singular!'

"He had notions on this subject which were themselves very singular, and I believe that virtue, when he met with it in a woman, always astonished him."

But we find the most decisive proof of the imperial estimate of wives, and of conjugal felicity, in a really affectionate letter of condolence to Junot upon the death of his mother. The widowed father sinking under the loss of the partner of his life, had asked permission to resign the office which he held, in favour of his son-in-law, whereupon Napoleon writes:

"I do not see why your father wants to give up his place. From the few times I have seen him I had fancied he possessed strength and energy. What had his wife and his place to do with one another? If he wants a wife *pour la representation*, (Anglice, to do the honours,) let him marry again."

And this letter, which Madame Junot herself confesses to be unsentimental, Junot showed to Josephine, and wondered to see her deeply wounded!

If such sentiments concerning women appear inconsistent with the sort of affection that Napoleon was always believed, despite his innumerable infidelities, to entertain for Josephine, we are scarcely less surprised at the strange rudeness with which the Dutchess represents him as treating such women as chanced not to be favourites. We know, indeed, that he had sneeringly said to the beautiful Queen of Prussia, who was endeavouring to alleviate the fate of her husband and sons by a sort of political coquetry, which the admirers of her character cannot but regret—"What I have done for the King of Prussia, I cannot conceal it from you, madam, has been done solely for the sake of the Emperor Alexander."

But there might be a political motive for this ungallant speech; the victorious Emperor might feel it wise to check his fair assailant's attempts upon his feelings.—There could be no such palliation for his behaviour to Madame Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, whom Madame Junot tells us, he disliked, (had she repulsed his illicit addresses?) and met at a ball one evening that he chanced to be out of humour. The

lady, then some twenty-eight years of age, and remarkably handsome, was all over roses.

"The Emperor looked at her from head to foot, then smiled bitterly, and with that voice of which the usual volume was redoubled, whilst it acquired a clear and sonorous tone, said, in deep and solemn accents—"Do you know that you age terribly, Madame Regnault?"

The rude speech of course drew all eyes upon the lady so addressed; but she quickly recovered herself, and with the smile indispensable in replying to imperial or royal compliments, however disagreeable, spiritedly said—

"What your majesty has done me the honour to observe would be very painful to bear, were I of an age to mind it."

We must just pause to remark, that if Madame Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely afterwards really proved herself the ardent imperialist that she is represented in the *soi-disant* "Memoires de Louis XVIII.," she is a rare pattern of female pliability. And now, having given instances of Bonaparte's occasional manners to women he did not like, we shall conclude the subject with a sample of his treatment of his mistresses. The scene is a masquerade at the Grand Dutchess of Berg's *apropos* to which we extract a few words, that we confess surprised us, upon the ambitious conqueror's taste for such amusements; but the pleasing part of this picture is his good humour, his *bonhomie*, when nothing disturbed him. A whole quadrille of ladies, including the grand dutchess and Madame Junot, were entering the ball-room from an inner chamber, where they had assembled.

"A little blue mask rushed against me to get to a cabinet, allotted to the changing of dresses, mysteriously. The little blue mask, who did not expect to meet with such a crowd, let slip a very energetic word, but was not stopped by our female ranks; for my part, I was driven aside, forcibly enough to put me out of patience too. But how could I tell the little blue mask so?—It was the Emperor.

"He had a mind to amuse himself, as he said, on the days of these *saturnalia* in good society; and for this purpose he disguised himself to the teeth; then dressed up some one in his own likeness, who went about the rooms playing the disguised Emperor. This evening it was the painter Isabey who was commissioned to act that part."

The amusements of the company were interrupted by the grand dutchess's pre-emptory and very audible commands, that a young lady brought by Queen Hortense, and who had doubly offended Caroline, by intriguing both with Murat and with Junot, should instantly leave her house. The Dutchess of Abrantes tell us:

"At this moment I was close to the Emperor, to the real Emperor, not Isabey. He was chatting with a woman whom I recognised at once by her walk. . . . And what was he saying to her? That his love for her was subordinate to a single action; and that action consisted in an act of power."

We do not quite understand this; but no great matter. Napoleon's words, which follow, are intelligible enough.

"I do not choose to be called a little Louis XIV.," said he. "No woman shall ever make me incur the risk of appearing to the world a weak creature, without heart."

"The heart is just what ought to decide," answered his companion cleverly. "To my great delight, he replied."

"Prrrrr! The heart! That's the way with you all in your silly dreams. The heart!—What the devil do you know of your heart?—It is a bit of your body through which passes a great vein, wherein the blood flows faster when you run. Well! and what of that?"

The tender couple then went to see what had caused the disturbance, and returned to their seats, when the Emperor thus renewed the conversation.

"See now, what comes of your romantic arrangements. There's a poor girl who has trusted to the sweet words of that handsome coxcomb Murat, and perhaps she is in the case to drown herself.—Hey! What's that you are saying?"

"He stooped, and I heard sobs. The Emperor probably heard them likewise, for he immediately rose, and said to the weeping mask—

"My dear, I do not like to see Josephine weep—her whom I love beyond all other women;—that may tell that you are wasting your time. Fare you well.—I come to a masquerade to amuse myself."

This abrupt rupture is further explained by the information that the guilty damsel, whose presence had so heinously offended the Princess Caroline, immediately afterwards became the mistress of Napoleon.

There are other passages in these volumes that we had thought to extract, but the article has already run into greater length than we had meant to allot to the present six volumes; and we shall therefore take leave of the Dutchess till her concluding volumes shall offer us an opportunity for such general remarks as might now be premature. And to this future opportunity we shall likewise refer whatever notice it may seem advisable to take of the wife's account of her husband's peninsular campaigns.

From the Athenæum.

Letters on Masonry and Anti-masonry, addressed to the Hon. John Quincy Adams. By William L. Stone. New York, Halsted; London, Kennett.

It is probable that our readers may have seen some casual mention, in those stray paragraphs which occasionally find their way into our newspapers, of the violent excitement which the abduction and alleged murder of a man of the name of William Morgan, for publishing the secrets of the Freemasons, produced some time since in America. This excitement appears to have been more extensive and more permanent

than we had imagined. Even now, after the lapse of seven years, so much interest attaches to the mysterious story, that Mr. Stone makes it the subject of 600 closely printed octavo pages. Without offering any comment on the facts, or opinions on the nature of the evidence by which they are supported, we shall condense a brief narrative of the events revealed at the different trials, because they throw a strange and startling light on the state of the laws and their administration in that country.

Morgan, according to the best accounts, appears to have been a discharged soldier, a man of vulgar and dissipated habits, but possessing some share of intelligence, he was the oracle of the village ale-house. After he had been settled for some time in the little town of Batavia, in the State of New York, he became what is called "a Royal Arch-mason." His companions having resolved to form a chapter of Masons, who had passed the degree of Royal Arch, contrived to have him excluded, on account of his dissipated habits. Stung with rage, he united himself with a man of the name of Miller, the editor of a paper in Batavia, and agreed to publish a full disclosure of the secret rites and ceremonies of Free-masonry. This design was openly communicated to the public in the summer of 1826. At first it excited little attention, but, ere long, threats of a determination to suppress Morgan's book at all hazards were heard, and discussions on the subject were warmly maintained in the country newspapers. A negotiation, however, was opened with Morgan, who made a show of giving up his manuscripts, but the Masons soon discovered that he had previously furnished Miller with a copy. The next thing done was to arrest Morgan for debt; whilst in prison his lodgings were illegally entered and his papers seized; but the important manuscripts had been previously consigned to Miller, who reposed but little trust in the firmness or honesty of his associate. It was next resolved to storm Miller's printing-office; and a body of about fifty Masons, commanded by a Colonel Edward Sawyer, advanced to the attack; but learning that Miller was prepared to give them a warm reception, the gallant colonel and his associates retired. An attempt to burn Miller's house was accidentally frustrated by the early discovery of the combustible materials.

A warrant was now obtained by a man named Cheeseboro against Morgan for petty larceny; he was, in consequence, thrown into prison; but when brought before a magistrate, the case appearing manifestly malicious, he was liberated. Before, however, he had enjoyed freedom more than a few minutes, he was again arrested under pretence of debt, and taken to the jail of Canandaigua. From this prison he was mysteriously taken by a party of Masons, conveyed to the frontiers, and confined in the magazine of Niagara, while a masonic lodge, convened by Colonel King, deliberated on his fate. At this place he disappeared; nor is there yet any certainty of the manner in which he was removed. Indeed,

while many are of opinion that he was there murdered, others believe that he is yet alive. It is only known that no trace of him can be discovered, and his wife and family have never since heard of him.

The facts of the conspiracy for destroying Miller's premises, for arresting Morgan under false pretences, and for violently compelling him to quit the States, *have been admitted on all hands in the courts of law*; and it is further established, that the chief agents in these plots were official functionaries, sheriffs, justices of the peace, and other influential persons. Neither do we find that any of the accused disclaimed their having threatened to murder Morgan; nay, some of the witnesses on the trials spoke of such a deed as a praiseworthy action.

Public meetings were held in Batavia and other parts of the State of New York, calling for a severe investigation into these violent proceedings. The conspirators, however, had taken every precaution to ensure their safety: some witnesses were driven from the country; others terrified into withholding their testimony; and not a few withheld their evidence on the plea that they were not bound to criminate themselves. But a still better protection was Eli Bruce, sheriff of Niagara county, a Royal Arch-mason, and one of the original framers of the conspiracy. It was, at a later period, proved that he had directed his deputy, also a Royal Arch, to summon as grand jurors, at least three-fourths Masons. His successor followed the same policy; at the April General Sessions for Niagara county, out of twenty-one present on the grand jury, thirteen were Masons.

"It was before this jury that complaint was made against Bruce, as one of the conspirators; and a scene of corruption took place on this examination, unsurpassed, probably, in the annals of judicial iniquity; too flagrant, indeed, almost, for belief. Every possible effort was made by the jury to shield Bruce. Another witness desired to be excused from giving evidence, because he was a poor man, and the fact of his giving testimony, he said, would ruin him. He was excused! One witness, notwithstanding all the cunning in putting the questions, actually testified to Bruce's own acknowledgment of having had an agency in carrying Morgan away. Questions, which had been prepared carefully beforehand, in writing, and furnished to members of the jury, and which it was believed would elicit the truth, were not allowed to be put by the majority. It has also been stated, without contradiction, so far as I have been able to ascertain, 'that a series of questions, to be propounded to the witness, had been so framed, that the witnesses could answer without eliciting any dangerous information.' This must have been the case, or real perjury must have been repeatedly committed, on the investigation before them. All the important witnesses, to trace the whole abduction from Rochester to Fort Niagara, were examined before this grand jury; the same witnesses, upon whose testimony bills were afterwards found in other cases, and convictions had. Thirteen of the witnesses examined before this grand jury,

were subsequently indicted, not one of whom protected himself on the examination, on the ground that he should criminate himself.—Three of them were afterwards shown by the testimony of Eli Bruce himself, to have had a criminal agency in the abduction. Edward Giddings, in his published 'Statement of Facts,' says he was subpoenaed before this grand jury, which much alarmed those who were implicated. One of them informed Giddings that he would go and see the foreman, and state to him Giddings' situation, that he might know how to question him, so that his answers might not injure others. He subsequently informed Giddings that he had told the foreman what Giddings knew of the affair, and that the foreman would put no question but what Giddings could safely answer. Nay, more than all, 'while this jury was in session, the foreman took Eli Bruce privately into a side room, and was there with him some time. And this grand jury, so far from finding any indictment against Eli Bruce, or any other person, drew up a presentment to the court, that they had discovered nothing which would authorize them to find a bill against any person, and also framed and sent a memorial to the governor, in which they stated, that there was not a shadow of testimony implicating Eli Bruce, as guilty of, or accessory to, the abduction of Morgan, with the exception of one witness, who was so contradicted, and whose general reputation was so bad, that they did not place any reliance upon it.'"

Such a flagrant perversion of justice added fresh fuel to the anti-masonic flame which had been already kindled; and which, having been mixed up with political partisanship, was fanned by a large portion of the press; the matter was brought before the senate, and it was stated in the debate, "that several assemblies of ladies had been held in the west, where it had been resolved that they would not permit their daughters to marry Freemasons." Renunciations of masonry appeared almost every day in the newspapers; clergymen, who were known to have belonged to the society, were forced to abandon it publicly, or were driven from their congregations; anti-masonic pledges were demanded at elections; and stories as wild as those of Oates and Daggfield, imputing to Masons crimes the most improbable, nay, in some cases physically impossible, were circulated and credited. At length, the Governor of the State procured a special councillor to be appointed by the legislature; the principal conspirators were brought to trial, several were convicted, others escaped; because, whenever Masons were on a jury, they uniformly refused to find a verdict against their brethren. So far did this interfere with the course of justice, that, at length, the fact of being a Royal Arch-mason, was held to be good ground of challenge.

Strong, however, as were these reasons for the unpopularity of masonry, they will not justify the extremes to which the anti-masonic party proceeded. We are not sorry that our limits prevent our adding any examples of this violence; even so much of the story as we have given, is a chapter

that we see with regret in the annals of America.

From the same.

Indian Traits: being Sketches of the Manners, Customs, and Character of the North American Indians. By B. B. Thatcher. New York, Harper; London, O. Rich.

THE time is fast approaching when not a footmark will remain on the vast continent of America to enable the curious to track the course of a people, who, but a few centuries ago, held undisputed sovereignty from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi, from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Already has civilization spread far and wide; and, throughout its possessions, hardly a trace remains of the red man: his canoe no longer skims over the broad waters of the States, or glides down its streams, now ploughed, like a harvest-field, with the prows of a hundred steamboats; no longer is the wigwam to be seen in its woods; no longer does the council fire burn on its green hills; and before many years a hunter will stand alone on the shores of the Pacific, looking at its barren waste of waters, and with him will perish the last of many generations. It is strange, but it is true, that civilization has never yet taken hold on the red man—he retires before it; and the few degenerate creatures still to be found in some of the States, hanging in miserable half-dependence on society, remain there only to perish in sorrow and shame. We feel, therefore, a debt of obligation to Mr. Thatcher, for the various attempts he has made to collect and preserve the history of a people who must soon cease to exist. His 'Indian Biography'* is a valuable work; and the present, though somewhat sketchy, is a pleasant one, and likely to interest young people. The full notice given heretofore of the 'Biography' makes it unnecessary for us to do more, on this occasion, than glean one or two scattered anecdotes. The following romantic tradition, collected by Schoolcraft, may not be known to the English reader:—

"More than two hundred winters have passed away since the fame of Wawanosh was sounded along the shores of Lake Superior. He was a chief of an ancient line, who had preserved their chieftainship in their family from the remotest times, and he cherished a lofty pride of ancestry. To the reputation of his birth, he added the advantages of a tall and commanding person, and the dazzling qualities of great personal strength, courage, and activity. His heavy bow was renowned for its dimensions throughout the surrounding tribes; and he was known to have shot one of his flint-headed arrows through the body of a deer. His council was as much sought as his prowess was feared; so that he came, in time, to be equally famed as a hunter, a warrior, and a sage. But

he had now passed the meridian of his days, and the term Akkeewaizee, 'one who has been long above the earth,' was familiarly applied to him. Such was Wawanosh, to whom the united voice of the nation awarded the first place in their esteem, and the highest seat in authority. But pride was his ruling passion.

"Wawanosh had an only daughter, who had now lived to witness the budding of the leaves for the eighteenth spring. Her father was not more celebrated for his deeds of strength, than she for her gentle virtues, her slender form, her beaming eyes, and her dark and flowing hair.

"Her hand was sought by a youth of humble parentage, who had no other merits to recommend him, but such as might arise from a tall and graceful person, a manly step, and an eye beaming with the tropical fires of youth and love. These were sufficient to attract the favourable notice of the daughter, but were by no means satisfactory to the father, who sought an alliance more suitable to his rank and the high pretensions of his family.

" 'Listen to me, young man,' he replied to the trembling hunter, who had sought the interview, 'and be attentive to what you hear. You ask me to bestow upon you my daughter, the chief solace of my age, and my choicest gift from the Master of Life. Others have asked of me this boon, who were as young, as active, and as ardent as yourself. Some of these persons have had better claims to become my son-in-law. Young man, have you considered well who it is that you would choose for a father-in-law? Have you reflected upon the deeds which have raised me in authority, and made my name known to the enemies of my nation? Where is there a chief who is not proud to be considered the friend of Wawanosh? Where is there a hunter who can bend the bow of Wawanosh? Where is there a warrior who does not wish he may some day be equal in bravery to Wawanosh? Have you not also heard that my fathers came from the far east, decked with plumes and clothed with authority.

" 'And what, young man, have you to boast, that you should claim an alliance with my warlike line? Have you ever met your enemies on the field of battle? Have you ever brought home a trophy of victory? Have you ever proved your fortitude by suffering protracted pain, enduring continued hunger, or sustaining great fatigue? Is your name known beyond the humble limits of your native village? Go then, young man, and earn a name for yourself. It is none but the brave that can ever hope to claim an alliance with the house of Wawanosh. Think not my ancient blood shall mingle with the humble mark of the Awauses,* fit totem for fishermen.'

"The intimidated lover departed; but he resolved to do a deed that should render him worthy of the daughter of Wawanosh, or die in the attempt. He called together several of his young companions and equals in years, and imparted to them his design of conducting an expedition against the enemy, and requested their assistance. Several embraced the proposal immediately, others were soon brought to acquiesce; and before ten suns had set he saw himself at the head of a formidable party of

* See Athenæum, No. 282.

* A kind of fish.

young warriors, all eager, like himself, to distinguish themselves in battle. * * *

"Their leader was not among the last to depart; but he did not quit the village without bidding a tender adieu to the daughter of Wawanosh. He imparted to her his firm determination to perform an act that should establish his name as a warrior, or die in the attempt. He told her of the bitter pangs he had felt at her father's taunts,—and that his soul spurned the imputations of effeminacy and cowardice implied by his language. He declared that he never could be happy, either with or without her until he had proved to the whole tribe the strength of his heart, which is the Indian term for courage. He said his dreams had not been so propitious as he could wish; but that he should not cease to invoke the favour of the Great Spirit in his behalf. He repeated his protestations of inviolable attachment, which she returned, and they separated pledging vows of mutual fidelity.

"All she ever heard of her lover after this interview, was that he had received an arrow in his breast, after having distinguished himself by the most heroic bravery. The enemy fled, leaving many of their warriors dead on the field. On examining his wound, it was perceived to be beyond their power to cure. He languished a short time, and expired in the arms of his friends. From that hour no smile was ever seen in the once happy lodge of Wawanosh. His daughter pined away by day and by night. Tears and sighs, sorrow and lamentation were heard continually. No efforts to amuse were capable of restoring her lost serenity of mind. Persuatives and reproofs were alternately employed, but employed in vain. It became her favourite custom to fly to a sequestered spot in the woods, where she would sit under a shady tree, and sing her mournful laments for whole hours together. The following fragment of one of her songs is yet repeated.

"Oh how can I sing the praise of my love! His spirit still lingers around me. The grass that is growing over his bed of earth is yet too low; its sighs cannot be heard upon the wind.

Oh he was beautiful!

Oh he was brave!

"I must not break the silence of this still retreat; nor waste the time in a song, when his spirit still whispers to mine. I hear it in the sound of the newly budded leaves. It tells me that he yet lingers near me, and that he loves me the same in death, though the yellow sand lies over him.

Whisper spirit,
Whisper to me.

"I shall sing when the grass will answer to my plaint; when its sighs will respond to my moan. Then my voice shall be heard in his praise.

Linger, lover! linger,
Stay, spirit! stay!

"The spirit of my love will soon leave me. He goes to the land of joyful repose, to prepare my bridal bower. Sorrowing must I wait, until he comes to conduct me there.

Hasten, lover! hasten!
Come, spirit, come!"

"We are indebted for this fragment of Indian poetry, to the polite attainments and literary

"Thus she daily repeated her pensive song. It was not long before a small bird of beautiful plumage flew upon the tree beneath which she usually sat, and with its sweet and artless notes, seemed to respond to her voice. It was a bird of a strange character, such as she had never before seen. It came every day and sang to her, remaining until it became dark. Her fond imagination soon led her to suppose it was the spirit of her lover, and her visits were repeated with greater frequency. She did nothing but sing and fast. Thus she pined away, until that death she had so frequently desired came to her relief. After her decease, the bird was never more seen; and it became a popular opinion that this mysterious bird had flown away with her spirit to the land of bliss. But the bitter tears of remorse fell in the tent of Wawanosh; and he lived many years to regret his false pride, and his harsh treatment of the noble youth."

As a relief to this little melancholy romance, we shall conclude with an anecdote or two of the Indian jugglers.

"A well attested anecdote will sufficiently show how vain it is to attempt convincing the Indians of the delusion practised upon them by the imposters in whose supernatural power they place such implicit confidence.

"About the time when the Revolutionary war broke out, there was a Quaker trader residing among one of the Western tribes. His name was John Anderson, but the Indians commonly called him 'the honest Quaker trader.' After having many times argued with them against the existence of witchcraft, and the craft of their sorcerers, in vain, he took the courageous resolution of publicly putting the power of some of these people to the test. He therefore desired that two of them should be brought before him on different days, who should have perfect liberty to do him all the harm they could by their magic,—and that in presence of the chiefs and principal men of the village.

"The Indians, who were much attached to Anderson, endeavoured to dissuade him from trying so dangerous an experiment; but he insisted on having his own way. Upon this a conjuror was brought to him, who professed himself fully competent to the task for which he was called, but he could not be persuaded to make the attempt. He declared that Anderson was so good and so honest a man, so much his friend and the friend of all the Indians, that he could not think of doing him an injury. He never practised his art but on bad men and on those who had injured him; the great 'Man-nitto' forbid that he should use it for such a wicked purpose as that for which he was now called upon!

"The Indians thought this excuse perfectly good, and retired more convinced than ever of the abilities of their conjuror, whom they now revered for his conscientious scruples.

"The one who was brought on the next day was of a different stamp. He was an arch sorcerer, whose fame was extended far and wide, and was much dreaded by the Indians, not only on account of his great powers, but of the wicked disposition of his mind. Every effort

taste of Miss Jane Johnstone, of Johnstone Hall, Sault Ste. Marie, [an Indian.]"

was made to dissuade Mr. Anderson from exposing himself to what was considered as certain destruction; but he stood firm to his purpose, and only stipulated that the magician should sit at the distance of about twelve feet from him, that he should not be armed with any weapon, nor carry any poison or any thing else of a known destructive nature, and that he should not even rise from his seat, nor advance towards him during the operation. All this was agreed to, the conjuror boasting that he could effect his purpose even at the distance of one hundred miles. The promised reward was brought and placed in full view, and both parties now prepared for the experiment.

"The spectators being all assembled, the sorcerer took his seat, arrayed in the most frightful manner that he could devise. Anderson stood firm and composed before him at the stipulated distance. All were silent and attentive while the wizard began his terrible operation. He commenced working with his fingers on his blanket, plucking now and then a little wool and breathing on it, then rolling it together in small rolls of the size of a bean; and so went through all the antic tricks to which the power of bewitching is generally ascribed. But all this had no effect. Anderson remained cool and composed, occasionally calling to his antagonist not to be sparing of his exertions. The conjuror now began to make the most horrid gesticulations, and used every means in his power to frighten the honest quaker, who, aware of his purpose, still remained unmoved. At last, while the eyes of all the spectators were fixed on this brave man, to observe the effects of the sorcerer's craft upon him, this terrible conjuror, finding that all his efforts were vain, found himself obliged to give up the point, and to allege for his excuse 'that the white men eat too much salt provisions; that salt had a repulsive effect, which made the powerful invisible substance he employed recoil upon him; and that the Indians, who eat but little salt, had often felt the effects of this substance, but that the great quantity of it which the white men used effectually protected them against it.'

"Mr. Heckewelder, who relates this anecdote, was informed of the particulars by Anderson himself, who observed that the imposition was perfectly plain to him, as it must have been to any tolerably sensible white man; but that the Indians, notwithstanding the failure, believed as firmly afterwards as before, both in the power of the conjuror, and in the truth of his excuses. 'Ah! it was very clear,' said they; 'it was the salt that saved the Quaker, and a lucky fellow was he, to have lived upon salt meat!'

We should have noticed this work earlier, but that it arrived just after the 'Indian Biography.' We now recommend it as a Christmas present for young persons.

From the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.

STATE OF MEDICINE IN EUROPEAN AND ASIATIC TURKEY.

The father of medicine in Turkey was an

Arabian, named Lochmann, appointed in the seventeenth century by Mahommed, to discharge the sacred functions of physician. The miracles performed by Lochmann were numerous, and tradition has recorded them in glowing colours; he was a wandering dervise, and taught his art to the brethren of his order, who, retaining to this day the precious secrets he revealed, continue by birth-right the practitioners of Turkey.* As might be expected, this religious order of physicians are greater proficient in superstition than in practical medicine, and except being acquainted with the virtues of a few plants, they absolutely know nothing. It is true, indeed, that they attempt to acquire confidence by appealing to supernatural agency, divination, astrology, talismans, and cabalistic figures.

Sometimes they attribute the origin of disease to the special wrath of God, in others to the interference of devils, but never perform the ceremony of deprecation or exorcism, without a multiplicity of rites and sufficient pay. Where money is given in the expected quantity, their prayers are endless, their beads are told *ad infinitum*, picked sentences of the Koran are sewn together, and given to the patient to swallow; or, when a fluid menstruum is preferred, the holy words are written with chalk upon a piece of board, this is washed, and the water with which the ablution is performed, forms a draught potent in proportion to its impurity. Amulets, however, form the favourite charm of the Turks; and, over the whole of the east, Mahammedans,† Jews, and Christians, appeal to their protection, when threatened or overtaken by misfortune. Hence, few die without wearing two or three amulets, to whose safe guardianship they had intrusted their lives. They generally consist of a scrap of paper, containing a sentence from the Koran or Bible, embellished with cabalistic figures, and folded in a triangular shape, enclosed carefully in a little bag, and worn next the skin, either by means of a string hanging from the neck, or by being stitched inside the turban. Some amulets, supposed to possess a spell capable of protecting from ball and dagger, are sold at an enormous price. Thus, says Dr. Oppenheim:—

"After the defeat and death of Wihli-Beg in Monastir, an amulet (Nusko) was found on his body, which he had purchased for sixty thousand piastres. The Selictar (sword-bearer) of the grand Vizier, had its virtues renewed by a dervise, and then wore it himself. I asked him how it happened that the fate of its late possessor had not rendered him sceptical concerning its protective powers. He answered that nought, save the holy will of the Sultan, exceeded this Nusko in power, and that so long as he who wears it refrains from provoking the displeasure of his sovereign, he is secure

*The Turks, with a happy knack of distorting Frankish names, have confounded Hoffman with Lochmann. Thus Hoffman's liquor they call Lochmann-Rouch.

†The name of the prophet is pronounced Mahammed.

against the hottest fire of the enemy or the point of the assassin."

The unsuccessful Turkish suitor invokes his amulet to soften the obdurate heart of his mistress, and those who are afflicted with ophthalmia, ague, and various other diseases, often place their whole reliance upon the virtues of a scrap of consecrated paper. As the dervises who practise the healing art, can alone infuse power into these amulets, they foster the public credulity, and by selling them at an enormous price, contrive to lose nothing by the confidence of their patients being transferred from themselves to the amulets they manufacture. This is silly and melancholy enough; but after all, while the newspapers of Great Britain advertise every day hundreds of specifics; while there are purchasers in abundance for quack medicines, such as Morrison's pills, which heal every disease; while the aristocracy of the country besiege the door of St. John Long; when a nobleman and a member of Parliament, still considered sane by his constituents, has sworn in a court of justice, that St. John Long's frictions caused globules of quicksilver to exude from his skull; when a barrister of reputation in Dublin believes and asserts that the same liniment drew a pint of water from his own brain; when half the community of Dublin believed the miracles of Hohenlohe; when a commission, appointed by a grave and learned society of physicians in Paris, has reported favourably of the miraculous effects of animal magnetism; when we recollect all this, I say, ought we to indulge too freely in ridiculing the Mahomedans for their trust in amulets, or the Turkish matrons for their dread of the evil eye of the stranger, and their belief that all the maladies of their offspring spring from its blasting influence? Another superstition of the Turks is, an observance of lucky and unlucky days for prescribing or taking medicine, and it is singular enough, that they consider Friday, the most unlucky day of the week with ignorant Christians, as the most propitious, while Tuesday is regarded as peculiarly unlucky, and no one thinks either of the exhibition of drugs or the performance of operations, even in the most urgent cases, upon a Tuesday. It was on a Friday that the memorable flight of Mahammed took place, by which his life was saved. Every one in society who can afford to pay for such useful information, takes care to purchase from the astrologers an interpretation of his destinies, as fixed by the stars that presided over his nativity, and each person has his own lucky and unlucky day of the week. It is well known, that even the mighty genius of Napoleon was enslaved by somewhat a similar superstition. The total ignorance and incompetence of the native practitioners have not altogether escaped the observation of their countrymen, for it has been long ago remarked, that a foreign physician, particularly if a Frank, is supposed by the Turks in general, to be possessed of far superior knowledge, and accordingly they are followed with avidity. Whoever appears in

any part of Turkey dressed like a Frenchman, an Englishman, or a German, in fact, whoever wears a hat and not a turban, is immediately looked on as the possessor of medical knowledge, and is at once called "Hekim Baschi," and must, *nolens volens*, immediately enter upon practice, for the Turks crowd round him, and hold out their hands that he may feel their pulse, which, in their opinion, is all that is necessary to enable the physician to form a correct diagnosis, and they believe, therefore, that when the pulse has been felt, nothing more is required to give an insight into the nature of their disease, and the proper method of treatment. Others of the crowd, thinking themselves sufficiently acquainted with the nature of their own maladies, seek in the physician only a person to supply them with the remedies they themselves indicate, and accordingly, one applies to him for a vomit, another for a purgative, a third for a medicine to produce wind, another for one to expel it; for the ancient pathology, that diseases are caused by an excess or deficiency of wind in the various organs and cavities of the body, is still common; thus, a headache is caused by wind in the head, dyspnea by wind in the chest. The physiology of respiration is thus rendered very simple, and the trachea becomes the air pipe not merely of the lungs, but of the whole body.

The encouragement thus given to foreign practitioners, has generated the greatest abuses, for as there are no means of ascertaining the acquirements of strangers, many, induced by sordid views, embark on a system of barefaced quackery, and thus persons who have followed other employments at home, are suddenly physicians in Turkey. Dr. Oppenheim was invited to attend a consultation with an eminent French physician at Smyrna, who candidly told him, that the only preparation he had for the profession was, service in the army as drum-major! Among the staff-surgeons of the Turkish army, was a Maltese, who had been a letter-carrier at Corfu, and an Italian captain of a merchant vessel, who had been shipwrecked on the coast of Asia Minor. A Genoese gentleman, implicated in the late revolutionary attempts in Piedmont, and who had long served in the army, applied to Dr. Oppenheim, who gave him sixteen recipes, by means of which he was set up in the world, being soon afterwards appointed physician to the governor of Jambul! Nothing can exceed the heterogeneous materials of which the mass of practitioners is composed; foreigners from all countries, and of all trades, but chiefly Greeks, Jews, and Armenians, the religious orders of all the different forms of worship that are professed in Turkey, besides gypsies, barbers, and old women. Of the foreigners some are well educated, and a few, whose names Dr. O. mentions, are excellent surgeons and experienced physicians, but such are "few and far between." It is a pity that the state of medicine is so low in a country, where the inhabitants esteem so highly the medical art, and where all are inclined to respect physicians; by the Turks, a skilful

physician is almost ranked as a saint, and the appellation "Hekim," is the surest protection against either religious or political persecution. In the last campaign against the Russians, often says Dr. O., was the uplifted sword of the half barbarous Turk arrested on the cry of "Hekim" being uttered by his vanquished foe. The modern Greeks give the title of Excellency to the physician, and old Homer estimated the value of a good surgeon and physician very precisely, in saying that he was worth half-a-dozen colonels.* It may be here mentioned as a curious fact, that the formation of the immense empire of Great Britain in the East Indies, was, in its infancy, greatly aided by the respect entertained for the acquirements of an English physician named Boughton, the successful exertion of whose medical skill enabled him to obtain from the native princes, what the East India Company had for forty years in vain struggled to possess, the liberty to make a permanent settlement and build a factory. There is a particular district of Greece called Sagor, in the Paschalick of Janina, where the profession of medicine is, as it were, the national characteristic and the chief occupation of the inhabitants, whose right to practise is hereditary, and whose knowledge consists in recipes and rules of treatment, handed down from generation to generation. Three or four villages in this district are complete medical hives, sending forth their annual swarms of physicians, who spread themselves over the whole of Macedonia, Albania, and Rumelia, and, in short, over the whole Turkish empire. They follow the good old Greek fashion, which sanctioned this lazy sort of hereditary diploma, and looked on the descendants of Esculapius as accomplished physicians from their very birth. In other states, it is not rare to find a predilection for certain trades and manual occupations, which are cultivated almost exclusively by the inhabitants of certain districts, who migrate in multitudes over the whole of Europe in search of employment. Thus, Bavaria supplies broom girls, Savoy organ-players and bearded dancers, Lombardy her workers in plaster of Paris and makers of images, to all neighbouring and even many distant countries; while in France, every shoe-black is a native of Auvergne, every gate-porter is from Switzerland; and in Spain, every water-carrier comes from Galicia; formerly Ireland supplied London with sedan chairmen, and now with coal-heavers.† It was reserved, however, for Sagor to stand forth as the productive mother of doctors, an offspring scarcely less dangerous than that which the soil of Bœotia yielded, when the

*It is difficult to assign their proper rank to many of the chiefs and minor heroes of the Iliad. In calling them colonels, I mean no offence to the dead.

†In the reign of Charles the Second of England, the number of Scotchmen who carried on the trade of pedlars in Poland, amounted to 25,000!—Vide article Pedlar, *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

crop of armed men sprung up before the astonished eyes of Cadmus.

Jewish physicians abound in Turkey, and are not a whit better informed than the Albanians. They wander about the country, with their apothecary's shop upon their back, and are, in fact, perfect medical pedlars. Their traffic is not confined to the sale of medicines alone, for they vend cosmetics of all sorts, soaps, oil of roses, charms, and colours. The poorest of this class carry wallets, and walk the streets and bazaars, at every pace uttering the shrill cry "ei Hekim!" "ei Hekim!" (*a physician, a physician*.) Now and then you may see them stopped in the street by some unhealthy looking Turk, whose pulse they feel, and instantly roar out, "bilirim senin hastalîk," (I know thy disease,) and without asking the patient a single question, they open their wallets, give him a pill or a powder, which he swallows on the spot, after bestowing on the physician two or three half farthings (*paras*) for his advice and medicine! Knowledge came from the East; it has travelled slowly to be sure, but here it has arrived at last, and lo, our fees, formerly paid in gold, are *changed* into silver, and undergoing the rapid process of depreciation, the distant tinkling of brass may be heard even now by the ear, practised in the sounds of coming events!‡ As long as the fates permit, let the profession struggle against the adoption of this oriental custom, let it in this instance prefer the usages of the West to the wisdom of the East, let it not be said of us, that we are "avari, ambiciosi, quos oriens non occidens satiaverit."§ Strange as it may appear, the Turkish physicians are almost exceeded in singularity by their patients, who require the most extraordinary qualifications on the part of their medical attendants. Thus, nothing so enhances in their eyes the value of a physician, as his being able to tell every thing after feeling the pulse. By the pulse alone, he must know not merely the nature of the disease, but must be able to say whether the patient slept well the night before, what he ate during the day, whether the bowels are open, &c. &c. After having once felt the pulse, the physician must put no question to his patient, for it is considered as a sign of ignorance; at his very first visit, he must declare, from the pulse, at what precise time the patient will die or recover. The governor of Adrianople, Halish Pacha, once visited the tent of the Russian general, Paulin, where Dr. Oppenheim and two other physicians were attending at levee. Each of the three successively was presented to the Pascha, who made them feel his pulse; and when the ceremony was over, he immediately declared, that one of them was incomparably a better physician than the others, for said this wise Pascha, he felt my pulse much better!

"Often," says Dr. Oppenheim, "on presenting my passport to a Turkish officer,

*Coming events have shadows, why not sounds?

†Tacitus—*Agricola viti*.

the moment he read the words '*Hekin Baschi*,' has he turned out the guard and drawn them up, in order that I might feel the pulse of each. This, of course, I used to do with vast gravity and apparent attention, and the men were quite pleased upon being informed that they were in excellent health!"

Many of the knavish Greek physicians pay the domestics to give them private intelligence, concerning the diet, evacuations, &c. of their patients, whom they afterwards impose on, by making them believe that their sole source of information was the state of the pulse. When the physician, by means of the pulse, has declared the precise nature of the disease, and the exact moment of its termination, the Mussulman requires him to give a certain medicine, to have some particular effect in determining some evacuation, which is to prove critical. No medicine gets the least credit, or in their eyes can be the least effectual, unless it produce sweat, urine, or purging. The Turk is fond of large doses, too, in order to produce a more decided crisis, and he always prefers medicine in the shape of a draught, or rather drink, (sherbet.) He dislikes emetics, and nothing will induce him to allow the exhibition of an enema. It is quite vain to endeavour to make him alter his diet; of this he cannot conceive the use. In the month of May, it is not unusual for them to submit to what is termed the spring cure. An active purgative is first taken, and afterwards the expressed juice of various plants, such as *Taraxacum*, various grasses, &c. are taken daily, along with a drink of whey. The most favourite purifier of the blood, however, is *viper broth*. The most esteemed vipers are caught in the neighbourhood of Adrianople, and are sent thence in great numbers to Constantinople, and other parts of the empire. They are kept in wooden vessels, and when wanted for use they are drawn out through the bung-hole. It is needless to remark, that this operation requires much caution and skill, in spite of which, as happened in an instance which Dr. O. himself witnessed, the poor apothecary is sometimes bitten. The bite often, but not always, proves troublesome, or even fatal. When this dangerous article of the *materia medica* has been safely extracted from the vessel, his head and skin are instantly taken off, and the animal is cut into thin slices, which are boiled with water to make broth. The most effectual of the means employed either for the prevention or cure of diseases by the Orientals, is the bath (*Hamam*.) The long continued frictions employed, the stretching, drawing, kneading of the limbs and flesh; the pulling and working of the joints, &c., all tend to exercise a healthful influence; it is astonishing, what a command over the joints an experienced attendant at the baths possesses. He twists them in every direction, and you almost feel, as if he had performed on you a number of successive dislocations and reductions, following each other with surprising rapidity. In chronic diseases of the skin, gout and rheumatism, these baths are invaluable.

The public baths are very handsome, capacious buildings, of which there are several in each town. The bather undresses in a large and spacious hall, provided with benches, and having a fountain playing in the centre. He ties a silken girdle round his loins, and puts on a pair of wooden sandals, and is then introduced into the first chamber; which, like the rest, is lighted from above, and is flagged with marble. Its heat is moderate, and is intended to prepare the bather for the higher temperature (99 1-2°) of the second chamber, which is arched, and has the flags all heated from below. In the centre of the second chamber, is an extensive platform of marble, elevated about a foot above the floor, on which you stretch yourself at full length, while the attendant goes through the various manipulations on your body already spoken of. This finished, you proceed to one of the numerous alcoves or recesses with which this chamber is provided, and here the process of bathing, properly so called, begins; warm water flows from a pipe into a marble basin, the bather sits down naked on the warm floor, and his attendant, with a piece of cloth made of camel's or horse's hair, which he dips frequently into the water, forms a lather of a sweet-scented soap, and with this rubs every part of the body, and finally, pouring warm water over the bather, completes his purification. He is then covered with warm cotton cloths, and conducted into the outer hall, when he lies down for half an hour on a bench, takes a cup of coffee or a glass of sherbet, and then dresses himself.

The expense of such a bath is so trifling, that it is in the power of even the poorest Turks to make use of them. Every where the baths for the different sexes are in different parts of the town. To the women they afford not merely the luxury of bathing, but the opportunity of meeting their friends and acquaintances. They have been described by Lady Wortley Montague, in colours more glowing than might appear seemly in the pages of a scientific Journal, and, therefore, it may be prudent to omit the subject altogether, merely observing, that, as is natural, they are the chief strongholds of gossip and scandal, and afford the anxious mothers ample opportunities not merely of showing their daughters to other matrons, but of seeking wives for their sons. In Turkey, the practice of letting blood in spring, formerly common in Great Britain, is still prevalent.

With regard to the manner in which the more respectable part of the medical profession is paid, it evidently evinces a great want of confidence, or rather extreme distrust. In England, it is commonly believed, that the word of a Turkish gentleman or nobleman, once given, may be implicitly relied on; but it is too clear, from the narrative of Dr. Oppenheim, that a most lamentable want of principle prevails even amongst the upper ranks. Wo to such a nation, for mutual distrust among individuals prevents all unity and energy of action on the part of the rulers: private corrup-

tion inevitably portends the public downfall.

"There is," as Burke beautifully remarks, "a confidence necessary to human intercourse, and without which men are often more injured by their own suspicions, than they could be by the perfidy of others."

The sick Turk, says Dr. Oppenheim, makes promises, the convalescent Turk breaks them. In consequence of this disposition, the physician is often obliged to draw up a specific contract in writing, and according to a legal form, before he undertakes the treatment of a case or the performance of an operation. The contract is deposited in the hands of a magistrate, who can enforce payment, and whose zeal in the discharge of this duty is quickened by the legal fee of ten per cent., to be deducted from the stipulated sum. It is not very rare, however, for the patient to evade the ends of justice, by paying the magistrate twenty per cent.; when this is done, the physician's contract too often turns out to be waste paper. These contracts, however, in general afford the physician tolerable security, and are especially necessary when capital operations are performed, as without them he may lose not merely his fee, but his life, in case his patient dies, for the Turk considers the knife of the surgeon in the light of a weapon wielded by an enemy, and thinks himself called on to avenge the death of a relative after an operation.—This is hard enough upon the poor surgeon, who, to avoid more fatal consequences, is often obliged to pay blood-money to appease the death of relatives. To avoid these consequences, the surgeon and one of the nearest relatives of the patient repair together to the *cadi*, if it be a small, or to the *mufi* if a large town, and obtain from him a *protection* (*fetwa*), by which the surgeon is secured against all prosecution if the patient dies. Dr. Oppenheim, himself, felt the force of this Turkish antipathy to the performers of unsuccessful operations. After the battle of Monastir, on the 24th of August, 1830, he amputated the leg of a wounded Deli;* the Deli died. In a few months, Dr. Oppenheim was sent by the Grand Vizier to inspect recruits at Pristina, and was invited to the house of the *Cadi*.

"After the customary compliments he asked me, 'Are you physician to the Grand Vizier? Did you operate on the Deli, Soliman-Aga?'—I answered in the affirmative. 'Then,' said the *Cadi*, 'you behold here the father of Soliman-Aga, who claims blood-money from you, which money it is most just you should pay him.'"

Dr. Oppenheim being sufficiently acquainted with the usages and manners of the Turks, and depending upon the protection of the Vizier, was no way intimidated, and soon brought both the *Cadi* and Aga's father to reason, by means of a few wholesome threats.

* The Delis form the flower of the Turkish cavalry, and their name means *madman*. They are so called from their frantic impetuosity in battle.

When a physician has treated a patient who dies of internal disease, he incurs no risk, unless the disease held some important and lucrative government post; in such cases, the relatives and dependants of the deceased, being deprived by his death of their station and emoluments, are apt to wreak their vengeance on the physician, who, however, generally takes care to be out of the way on such occasions. At other times, medical men are employed to give opinions, concerning not the living but the dead! This may appear strange, but it is the fact, and it is for such opinions that they are sure to be best paid, for they have it in their power to make what conditions they please with their employers. In Turkey, whenever a governor of a province, or mufti, or any other *employe* of the government dies, the whole of the treasure in his possession immediately finds its way into the coffers of the state; therefore, it becomes an object of paramount importance for the family, to conceal, if possible, the death of their relative, until they have either made off with his money, or what is a safer method of proceeding, until they have used one portion of it to bribe the members of the divan into conniving at their keeping the remainder. The father of the present Pascha of Uskup, it is now ascertained, was buried four years before his death was announced. During the interval, his son carried on all the public business in the father's name, and the signature of the latter was affixed to all official documents. During this period, medical advice was sought for in all quarters, and eminent physicians were even brought from Constantinople. They were consulted, but for very evident reasons, were never permitted to see the patient, a matter esteemed of little consequence in Turkey, provided the state of the pulse is accurately described.

"I must confess," says Dr. Oppenheim, "that being at the time but little acquainted with Turkish manners, I was any thing but pleased upon being sent for by Abdurman, the Pascha of Kalkandehl, to treat some patients in his harem. I was received by the Pascha with all those marks of distinction, which the Turk of consequence bestows on a Christian physician, when he has occasion for his services. After he had complimented to excess myself individually, and had extolled the wisdom of the Franks generally, he informed me, that his whole harem was sick, but that with my aid, he had little doubt that his three wives would be speedily cured. The first lady I visited was about twenty-four years of age, who laboured under a catarrhal fever. I promised to cure her in a few days. The second was nearly twenty years old, and of a well marked strumous diathesis. She laboured under a chronic ophthalmia and herpetic eruption. My prognosis was, in her case, more cautious, but favourable; but I specified no fixed period for her recovery. In the third apartment, lay a lady about thirty years old, who had anasarca and ascites, and was also in the last month of pregnancy; her breathing was so much affected, that I feared also the

existence of hydrothorax. As I afterwards learned, three months previously she had used the strongest medicines to produce abortion, but in vain. In addition, she had, for the last year, been afflicted with a badly treated ague; these circumstances led me to suspect organic disease of some of the abdominal viscera; I say suspect, for no examination of the abdomen would be permitted. I told the Pascha, that she would be probably delivered of a still-born child, and that she would not survive its birth many days. *Bakkalom! Allah Kaerim! Insch Allah!* (we shall see; God is great—God be merciful) exclaimed he, and inexperienced as I was, I little dreamed that these were mere stereotype* expressions. The Pascha appeared to take the liveliest interest in this lady's state, and required me to feel her pulse four times a-day, and to send him, as often, a report concerning her health. Whenever I spoke to him on the subject, his uniform reply was, 'Give her, I beg you, the best medicines you have; right strong medicines, and she will yet recover—God is great!' The dreaded day came at last; she was delivered of a dead child, and in two hours the harem resounded with the cries of the female slaves. In the east, the females are the first to announce either joy or sorrow. If any thing happy occurs, they utter a cry of joy, modulated by a rapid and quivering motion of the tongue against the palate and teeth. When sorrow is to be expressed, the cry is longer and sharper; the shrieks of the slaves in question were decorously loud and protracted, and they rent their garments and tore their hair. I sought not to be the first bearer of the news to the Pascha, whose anger I dreaded; when I arrived at his apartment, I found that he had already learned the sad news, and I felt greatly astonished at finding the man, who had been all anxiety and alarm at my former visits, now quite composed and tranquil. When I entered, he exclaimed, '*Allah Kaerim!*'"

In the course of a short time, all the courtiers and principal officers had come in successively, each, as he entered, using the same invariable phrase addressed to the Pascha, "she is dead, thou shalt live."

The mother and child were consigned to the grave before evening, for in Turkey, among the great there is no lying in state, among the poor no waking. The believer in the Koran hastens to inter the body of his relative, with as little delay as possible, for every moment that the body after death remains above ground, is spent by the soul in agony. The corpse is wrapped in a cerecloth, and committed, without a coffin, to the grave. The grave is about two feet deep, and is covered over with boards, on which the earth is heaped; the head of the body is turned towards Mecca. This practice of burying so quickly, must, in many cases, occasion persons to be buried alive, for it is followed by the whole population of the country, Jews and Christians, as well as Mahomedans. The day of his chief wife's death was marked by no unusual occurrence in the house of the Pascha. The

* In the original "*diese stereotypen Ausrufungen*," stereotype exclamations—a strong and original expression of Dr. Oppenheim.

inmates conversed, followed their occupations, and ate their meals just as if nothing happened: one alteration was indeed observable; during the lady's illness, every one had spoken of her state, and evinced the greatest sympathy for her sufferings, now, not a syllable was uttered about her. It was the same in the harem, where Dr. Oppenheim, who had now learned the use of the expression, "she is dead, you shall live," found the other two wives of the Pascha very well pleased at what had happened, for they said that their departed friend, who, as the eldest, held the reins of authority in the household, had not led them a very comfortable life of it. These ladies made Dr Oppenheim a present of garments embroidered in the harem, and the Pascha, well contented with his services, sent a guard of honour to accompany him two days' journey from his residence.

Apothecaries there are none in Turkey, and no shops for the sale of medicine, except at Constantinople, and one or two other large towns. Indeed, in a country where the physician is seldom able to write, such shops would be useless. Every physician, consequently, mixes the medicine for his own patients, and is surrounded in his office by a chaotic confusion of gallipots, pill-boxes, drugs, &c. The labels are most curious, and present a truly polyglot assortment of Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Italian, &c. The correctness of the orthography and grammar of these labels, may be judged of by one specimen, "*unguenti diversi*," which adorned a box in one of the best shops in Adrianople. Good medicines are to be had at Smyrna, Salonica, and Constantinople, to which places they are imported from Marseilles, Trieste, and Venice; as they find their way into the interior, they are more liable to be adulterated. Where there exists nothing like a medical police, no check upon such mal-practices, it may be readily conceived that no restraints are placed on the sale of poisons, and, consequently, poisoning by design and poisoning by accident are very frequent. Indeed, it occasionally happens, that a patient coming to a doctor, gets medicine weighed in a scale still soiled with corrosive sublimate or arsenic, and in quite sufficient quantity to despatch the unfortunate sufferer. Often, too, it happens, that inexperienced beginners and ignorant pretenders, give powerful medicines in poisonous doses, in which case the writhings of the patients are interpreted as symptoms of their being possessed, and forthwith the Turkish dervise and the Christian priest are in requisition; and proceed simultaneously with their different forms of exorcism. The precaution of having recourse to the rites of two different religions, is taken to avoid the possibility of mistake or failure, for, say they, we cannot *a priori* tell whether our friend is possessed by a Mahomedan or by a Christian devil.

Poisoning by design is still more frequent than poisoning by accident, and our good honest Irish practitioner, who regards the oath of Hippocrates to be quite as unnecessary as the oath he is obliged to take against the

Pretender, will understand better the necessity of many of the clauses ascribed to the father of physic, when he is told, that, in the east, the physician is too frequently, to this day, the venal instrument of such heinous mal-practices. Indeed, according to the religious views of many Turks, it is no sin to poison an enemy, for the attempt to do so will assuredly fail, if he is not fated so to perish! besides, it is merely a measure of self-defence, for if you do not anticipate your enemy, he is sure to poison you.

"Melancholy, as it is," says Dr. Oppenheim, "to witness such mischievous misinterpretation of a Mohammedan dogma, it is still more melancholy to see persons who profess Christianity engaged in the same guilty course, for it cannot be denied that too many of the native Christians of the Greek Church are willing agents upon such occasions. In truth, no honest person ought to engage himself as domestic physician to any great man in Turkey, for if he be called on to poison, and refuses, it may cost him his life. Of this I myself had a convincing proof. The late campaign of the Turks against the Albanians was brought to a successful conclusion, not by superior courage, numbers, or discipline, but by craft and treachery. Two of the most powerful foes of the Sultan, Whely-bey and Asslan-bey, surnamed the Lion Chief, were invited, during a truce, to witness a review of the Turkish regular troops, which to them was a matter of great interest and novelty. The Vizier had it so arranged that they were both shot dead as they were passing in front of one of the battalions. The Vizier's son, Emin, Pascha of Janina, ensnared and despatched some of his most formidable opponents in a nearly similar manner at Janina. One evening at levee, the Grand Vizier made a sign for me to remain, and when all the courtiers had left the room, he ordered in coffee, pipes, and a chess-board, and I then found myself alone in company with a man who expected and received unconditional obedience from every one of his attendants, and at whose nod more than one hundred thousand heads had fallen. Having signified that I should be seated on the divan, he smoked, but according to etiquette, I left my pipe untouched; and when we had made a few moves at chess, he raised his head, looked fixedly into my eyes, and said, 'Hekim-Baschi, I have enemies, you can and will assist me!' He then made the sign for me to retire, which, of course, precluded the possibility of my replying. I made my obeisance, and rode home greatly agitated and alarmed, for the meaning of the Vizier's words was but too intelligible. At that time I was attending two Albanian chiefs of note, who were afraid to trust themselves to the care of the Vizier's physician, and who had applied to me as an officer of the staff for advice. The Vizier was aware of this, and wished me to despatch my two patients. I revolved in my mind the difficulties of my situation, and saw no other method of escaping than by making large pecuniary sacrifices, in the way of bribe, to the Vizier's avaricious *Seraff*, (Paymaster,) and his *Grammatiko*, (Secretary.) In the mean time I feigned sickness, and remained at home. Twelve days had elapsed since my interview with the Vizier,

and nothing remarkable had occurred. On the morning of the thirteenth day, my servant brought in my pipe and coffee as usual; I had nearly finished the cup, when I perceived an unpleasant taste, which excited my suspicion; I immediately took an emetic, and hurrying to the apothecary of the forces, he immediately recognised in the cup nearly two drachms of corrosive sublimate, upon which I swallowed the whites of several eggs, and experienced no further bad effects. Though the favour I enjoyed at court, and the prominent station to which I had been advanced in the medical department of the army, had made me an object of envy to many, each of whom might wish to see me removed, yet it was but too evident, that the blow aimed at my life had descended from a high quarter, and, accordingly, I used every exertion to obtain a passport (*baerouddi*), and, at last succeeding, hastily quitted Turkey."

Such attempts as that made on the life of Dr. Oppenheim are very frequent in Turkey, and are too often successful. Hence, it is usual, when speaking of any one who has become remarkable for power, influence, or wealth, to observe, "*He will probably soon die of poison!*" Hence, also, the avidity with which the rich cultivate the friendship of every newly arrived physician, particularly of a Frank. They are anxious to purchase his services, in order that he may not be employed by others to poison them. Of course, where poisoning is so frequent an occurrence, the feelings of a Turk of rank are by no means enviable, particularly when he is sick. It is then that he suffers mortal fear of being poisoned, and to prevent such a disaster, he always takes the precaution of making either the physician or a slave take part of the medicine by way of trial. The illness of the master thus sometimes undermines the constitution of the slave, who is found in this extraordinary service to undergo a long-continued series of vomitings and purgations. Of course, they at least must offer up sincere prayers for his recovery. When a bottle of physic is opened, and the dose measured out, it is again immediately sealed up with the master's private seal, to prevent the introduction of any poison. It is for this reason also, that the Turks are so fond of getting medicine from the hand of the physician who has made it up, for they thus render him responsible for its effects. In this country, such a precaution would perhaps only render a patient more liable to be poisoned. Our author next gives us the particulars of a visit to another harem, which are so characteristic of Turkish manners, that I cannot refrain from giving the details in the Doctor's own words:—

"Like every body else, I felt a strong curiosity to get a peep at the beautiful females annually imported in such numbers from Georgia and Circassia to Constantinople, where they are brought at a very early age to be sold and distributed all over the empire, to serve their masters as servants or as mistresses. I was also extremely anxious to witness the domestic arrangements of these little female colonies: fortune was propitious, and soon afforded me

the desired opportunity. The favourite wife of Kiaja Bey, an officer high in the confidence of the governor of Adrianople, fell sick. The Pascha, who had great confidence in me, recommended my services, which were accepted, and a black eunuch was sent to my quarters to accompany me to the harem. It lay about an English mile from the residence of Kiaja Bey; we first knocked at a small wicket, which was opened, and on entering, we found ourselves in a garden, tastefully ornamented, and containing a light and airy summer-house, near which the cooling waters of a fountain played into a beautiful basin of white marble. I was directed to seat myself near the fountain, and was immediately served with a pipe and coffee, while preparations were made in the harem for my reception. In a quarter of an hour, I was conducted through the garden to another door, which was opened by a female covered with a veil, who, it seems, was the guardian and turnkey* of the harem. I was now led through another garden to the building of the women, which was evidently very populous, and I could distinguish the curious faces of children and slaves, white and black, peeping at me in every direction. At last the door of the sick lady's room was opened, and I entered into a very handsome but small apartment, with closed blinds and hung in red. The patient lay on pillows, placed on the carpet near the divan, and was so entirely covered from head to toe with white cloth, that I could only guess that she was present. I seated myself on the divan, close to her head, and now all unnecessary attendants were ordered to withdraw, so that I was left in company with my patient and interpreter,* the matron already spoken of, and two little children of the sick lady. All the questions I asked were answered from under the cloth, with simplicity and clearness, and many of them, which, in some of our young ladies, might have excited *mau-raise honte*, were replied to in the most natural and easy manner. On my desiring to feel her pulse, one small white hand and then another made its appearance from under the cloth, and when I asked to see her tongue, she raised the cloth, so as to disclose the face of a beautiful brunette, about twenty years of age. This last act, apparently, was an effort which shocked the prejudices of my fair patient, for immediately, like a snail that suddenly withdraws itself into its shell, she shrunk back under the cloth, and I then quitted the apartment, and having put some necessary questions to the matron, I was brought into the *selamlick* or the *boudoir* of the master of the house, where I was again regaled with a pipe and coffee.

"Quite pleased with this visit, I was brought into the presence of *Kiaja Bey*, who, on being informed that, if my patient followed the prescribed directions, she would be well in a few days, ordered me to be honoured with a pipe and coffee, and a purse of five hundred piastres. My prognosis was confirmed, and the recovery of the lady contributed greatly to raise me in the estimation of the Pascha."

*This is not exactly the word used by Dr. Oppenheim—it seems, however, appropriate.

†Probably the black eunuch.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

RETRIBUTION.

A MAY-MORNING on Ulswater and the banks of Ulswater—commingled earth and heaven. Spring is many-coloured as Autumn; but Joy, instead of Melancholy, scatters the hues daily brightening into greener life, instead of daily dimming into yellower death. The fear of Winter then—but now the hope of Summer; and Nature rings with hymns hailing the visible advent of the perfect year. If for a moment the woods are silent, it is but to burst forth anew into louder song. The rain is over and gone—but the showery sky speaks in the streams on a hundred hills; and the wide mountain-gloom opens its heart to the sunshine that on many a dripping precipice burns like fire. Nothing seems inanimate. The very clouds and their shadows look alive—the trees, never dead, are wide-awakened from their sleep—families of flowers are frequenting all the dewy places—old walls are splendid with the light of lichens—and birch-crowned cliffs up among the coves send down their fine fragrance to the Lake on every bolder breath that whitens with breaking wavelets the blue of its breezy bosom. Nor mute the voice of man. The shepherd is whooping on the hill—the ploughman speaking to his team somewhere among the furrows in some small late field, won from the woods; and you hear the laughter and the echoes of the laughter—one sound—for children busied in half-work-half-play—for what else in vernal sunshine is the occupation of young rustic life? 'Tis no Arcadia—no golden age. But a lovelier scene—in the midst of all its grandeur—is not in merry and majestic England—nor did the hills of this earth ever circumscribe a pleasanter dwelling for a nobler peasantry, than those Cumbrian ranges of rocks and pastures, where the raven croaks in his own region, unregarded in theirs by the fleecy flocks. How beautiful the Church Tower!

On a knoll not far from the shore, and not high above the water, yet by an especial felicity of place gently commanding all that reach of the Lake with all its ranges of mountains—every single tree—every grove—and all the woods seeming to shew or to conceal the scene at the bidding of the Spirit of Beauty—reclined two Figures—the one almost rustic, but venerable in the simplicity of old age—the other no longer young—but still in the prime of life—and though plainly apparelled—in form and bearing such as are pointed out in cities, because belonging to distinguished men. The old man behaved towards him with deference but not humility; and between them too—in many things unlike—it was clear—even from their silence—that there was Friendship.

A little way off, and sometimes almost running, now up and now down the slopes and hollows, was a girl about eight years old—whether beautiful or not you could not know, for her face was either half-hidden in golden hair, or when she tossed the tresses

from her brow, it was so bright in the sunshine that you saw no features, only a gleam of joy. Now she was chasing the butterflies, not to hurt them, but to get a nearer sight of their beautiful gauze wings—the first that had come—she wondered whence—to waver and wanton for a little while in the spring-sunshine, and then, she felt, as wondrously, one and all—as by consent—to vanish. And now she stooped as if to pull some little wild-flower, her hand for a moment withheld by a loving sense of its loveliness, but ever and anon adding some new colour to the blended bloom intended to gladden her father's eyes—though the happy child knew full well, and sometimes wept to know, that she herself had his entire heart. Yet gliding or tripping, or dancing along, she touched not with fairy foot one white clover-flower on which she saw working the silent bee. Her father looked too often sad, and she feared—though what it was, she imagined not even in dreams—that some great misery must have befallen him before they came to live in the glen. And such, too, she had heard from a chance whisper, was the belief of their neighbours. But momentary the shadows on the light of childhood! Nor was she insensible to her own beauty, that with the innocence it enshrined combined to make her happy; and first met her own eyes every morning, when most beautiful, awakening from the hushed awe of her prayers. She was clad in russet, like a cottager's child; but her air spoke sweetly of finer breeding than may be met with among those mountains—though natural grace accompanies there many a maiden going with her pitcher to the well—and gentle blood and old flows there in the veins of now humble men—who, but for the decay of families once high, might have lived in halls, now dilapidated, and scarcely distinguished through masses of ivy from the circumjacent rocks!

The child stole close behind her father, and kissing his cheek, said, "Were there ever such lovely flowers seen on Ulswater before, father? I do not believe that they will ever die." And she put them in his breast. Not a smile came to his countenance—no look of love—no faint recognition—no gratitude for the gift which at other times might haply have drawn a tear. She stood abashed in the sternness of his eyes, which, though fixed on her, seemed to see her not—and feeling that her glee was mistimed—for with such gloom she was not unfamiliar—the child felt as if her own happiness had been sin, and retiring into a glade among the broom, sat down and wept.

"Poor wretch, better far that she never had been born!"

The old man looked on his friend with compassion, but with no surprise; and only said, "God will dry up her tears."

These few simple words, uttered in a solemn voice, but without one tone of reproach, seemed somewhat to calm the other's trouble, who first looking towards the spot where his child was sobbing to herself, though he heard it not, and then looking up to heaven, ejaculated, for her sake,

a broken prayer. He then would have fain called her to him, in a gush of love; but he was ashamed that even she should see him in such a passion of grief—and the old man went to her of his own accord, and bade her, as from her father, again to take her pastime among the flowers. Soon was she dancing in her happiness as before; and, that her father might hear she was obeying him, singing a song.

"For five years every Sabbath have I attended divine service in your chapel—yet dare I not call myself a Christian. I have prayed for faith—nor, wretch that I am, am I an unbeliever. But I fear to fling myself at the foot of the cross. God be merciful to me a sinner!"

The old man opened not his lips; for he felt that there was about to be made some confession. Yet he doubted not that the sufferer had been more sinned against than sinning; for the goodness of the stranger—so called still after five years' residence among the mountains—was known in many a vale—and the Pastor knew that charity covereth a multitude of sins—and even as a moral virtue prepares the heart for heaven. So sacred a thing is solace in this awful world.

"We have walked together, many hundred times, for great part of a day, by ourselves too, over long tracts of uninhabited moors, and yet never once from my lips escaped one word about my fates or fortunes—so frozen was the secret in my heart. Often have I heard the sound of your voice, as if it were that of the idle wind; and often the words I did hear seemed, in the confusion, to have no relation to us, and to be strange syllabings in the wilderness, as from the hauntings of some evil spirit instigating me to self-destruction."

"I saw that your life was oppressed by some perpetual burden; but God darkened not your mind while your heart was disturbed so grievously; and well pleased were we all to think, that in caring so kindly for the griefs of others, you might come at last to forget your own, or, if that were impossible, to feel, that with the alleviations of time, and sympathy, and religion, yours was no more than the common lot of sorrow."

They rose—and continued to walk in silence—but not apart—up and down that small silvan enclosure overlooked but by rocks. The child saw her father's distraction—no unusual sight to her—yet on each recurrence as mournful and full of fear as it seen for the first time—and pretended to be playing aloof with her face pale in tears.

"That child's mother is not dead. Where she is now I know not—perhaps in a foreign country hiding her guilt and her shame. All say that a lovelier child was never seen than that wretch—God bless her—how beautiful is the poor creature now in her happiness singing over her flowers! Just such another must her mother have been at her age—she who is now an outcast—and an adulteress."

The pastor turned away his face, for in the silence he heard groans, and the hollow voice again spoke:—

"Through many dismal days and nights have I striven to forgive her, but never for many hours together have I been enabled to repent my curse. For on my knees I implored God to curse her—her head—her eyes—her breast—her body—mind, heart, and soul—and that she might go down a loathsome leper to the grave."

"Remember what He said to the woman, —'Go and sin no more!'"

"The words have haunted me all up and down the hills—his words and mine—but mine have always sounded liker justice at last—for my nature was created human—and human are all the passions that pronounced that holy or unholy curse!"

"Yet you would not curse her now—were she lying here at your feet—or if you were standing by her death-bed?"

"Lying here at my feet! Even here—on that very spot—not blasted, but green through all the year—within the shelter of those two rocks—she did lie at my feet in her beauty—and as I thought her innocence—my own happy bride! Hither I brought her to be blest—and blest I was even up to the measure of my misery. This world is hell to me now—but then it was heaven!"

"These awful names are of the mysteries beyond the grave."

"Hear me and judge. She was an orphan; all her father's and mother's relations were dead, but a few who were very poor. I married her, and secured her life against this heartless and wicked world. That child was born—and while it grew like a flower—she left it—and its father—me who loved her beyond light and life, and would have given up both for her sake."

"And have not yet found heart to forgive her—miserable as she needs must be—seeing she has been a great sinner?"

"Who forgives? The father his profligate son, or disobedient daughter? No; he disinherits his first-born, and suffers him to perish, perhaps by an ignominious death. He leaves his only daughter to drag out her days in penury—a widow with orphans. The world condemns, but is silent; he goes to church every Sabbath, but no preacher denounces punishment on the unrelenting, the unforgiving parent. Yet how easily might he have taken them both back to his heart, and loved them better than ever! But she poisoned my cup of life when it seemed to overflow with heaven. Had God dashed it from my lips, I could have borne my doom. But with her own hand which I had clasped at the altar—and with our Lucy at her knees—she gave me that loathsome draught of shame and sorrow;—I drank it to the dregs—and it is burning all through my being—now—as if it had been hell-fire from the hands of a fiend in the shape of an angel. In what page of the New Testament am I told to forgive her? Let me see the verse—and then shall I know that Christianity is an imposture; for the voice of God within me—the conscience which is his still small voice—commands me never from my memory to obliterate that curse—never to forgive her, and her wickedness—not even

if we should see each other's shadows in a future state, after the day of judgment."

His countenance grew ghastly, and staggering to a stone, he sat down and eyed the skies with a vacant stare, like a man whom dreams carry about in his sleep. His face was like ashes—and he gasped like one about to fall into a fit. "Bring me water."—and the old man motioned on the child, who, giving ear to him for a moment, flew away to the Lake-side with an urn she had brought with her for flowers; and held it to her father's lips. His eyes saw it not;—there was her sweet pale face all wet with tears—almost touching his own—her innocent mouth breathing that pure balm that seems to a father's soul to be inhaled from the sinless spirit of love. He took her into his bosom—and kissed her dewy eyes—and begged her to cease her sobbing—to smile—to laugh—to sing—to dance away into the sunshine—to be happy—and Lucy afraid, not of her father, but of his kindness—for the simple creature was not able to understand his wild utterance of blessings—returned to the glade but not to her pastime, and couching like a fawn among the fern, kept her eyes on her father, and left her flowers to fade unheeded beside her empty urn.

"Unintelligible mystery of wickedness! That child was just three years old the very day it was forsaken—she abandoned it and me on its birth-day! Twice had that day been observed by us—as the sweetest—the most sacred of holidays—and now that it had again come round—but I not present—for I was on foreign service—thus did she observe it—and disappeared with her paramour. It so happened that we went that day into action—and I committed her and our child to the mercy of God in fervent prayers—for love made me religious—and for their sakes I feared though I shunned not death. I lay all night among the wounded on the field of battle—and it was a severe frost. Pain kept me from sleep, but I saw them as distinctly as in a dream—the mother lying with her child in her bosom in our own bed. Was not that vision mockery enough to drive me mad? After a few weeks a letter came to me from herself—and I kissed it and pressed it to my heart—for no black seal was there—and I knew that our Lucy was alive. No meaning for a while seemed to be in the words—and then they began to blacken into ghastly characters—till at last I gathered from the horrid revelation that she was sunk in sin and shame, steeped in the utmost pollution of unimaginable guilt.

"A friend was with me—and I gave it to him to read—for in my anguish at first I felt no shame—and I watched his face as he read it, that I might see corroboration of the incredible truth, which continued to look like falsehood, even while it pierced my heart with agonizing pangs. 'It may be a forgery,' was all he could utter—after long agitation; but the shape of each letter was too familiar to my eyes—the way in which the paper was folded—and I knew my doom was sealed. Hours must have passed,

for the room grew dark—and I asked him to leave me for the night. He kissed my forehead—for we had been as brothers. I saw him next morning—dead—cut nearly in two—yet—had he left a paper for me, written an hour before he fell, so filled with holiest friendship, that oh! how, even in my agony, I wept for him, now but a lump of cold clay and blood, and envied him at the same time a soldier's grave!

"And has the time indeed come that I can thus speak calmly of all that horror! The body was brought into my room, and it lay in its shroud—such as that was—all day and all night close to my bed. But false was I to all our life-long friendship—and almost with indifference I looked upon the corpse. Momentary starts of affection seized me—but I cared little or nothing for the death of him, the tender and the true, the gentle and the brave, the pious and the noble-hearted; for her, the cruel and the faithless, dead to honour, to religion dead—dead to all the sanctities of nature—for her, and for her alone, I suffered all ghastliest agonies—nor any comfort came to me in my despair, from the conviction that she was worthless—for desperately wicked as she had shown herself to be—oh! crowding came upon my heart all our hours of happiness—all her sweet smiles—all her loving looks—all her affectionate words—all her conjugal and maternal tenderness—and the loss of all that bliss—the change of it all into strange, sudden, shameful, and everlasting misery, smote me till I swooned, and was delivered up to dreams in which the rueful reality was mixed up with phantasms more horrible than man's mind can suffer out of the hell of sleep!

"Wretched coward that I was to outlive that night! But my mind was weak from great loss of blood—and the blow so stunned me that I had not strength of resolution to die. I might have torn off the bandages—for nobody watched me—and my wounds were thought mortal. But the love of life had not welled out with all those vital streams; and as I began to recover, another passion took possession of me—and I vowed that there should be atonement and revenge. I was not obscure. My dishonour was known through the whole army. Not a tent—not a hut—in which my name was not bandied about—a jest in the mouths of profligate poltroons—pronounced with pity by the compassionate brave. I had commanded my men with pride. No need had I ever had to be ashamed when I looked on our colours, but no wretch led out to execution for desertion or cowardice ever shrunk from the sun, and from the sight of human faces arrayed around him, with more shame and horror than did I when, on my way to a transport, I came suddenly on my own corps, marching to music as if they were taking up a position in the line of battle—as they had often done with me at their head—all sternly silent before an approaching storm of fire. What brought them there? To do me honour! Me, smeared with infamy—and ashamed to lift my eyes from the mire. Honour had been

the idol I worshipped—alas! too, too passionately far—and now I lay in my litter like a slave sold to stripes—and heard—as if a legion of demons were mocking me—loud and long huzzas; and then a confused murmur of blessings on our noble commander, so they called me—me, despicable in my own esteem—scorned—insulted—forsaken—me, who could not bind to mine the bosom that for years had touched it—a wretch so poor in power over a woman's heart, that no sooner had I left her to her own thoughts, than she felt that she had never loved me, and opening her fair breast to a new born bliss, sacrificed me without remorse—nor could bear to think of me any more as her husband—not even for sake of that child whom I knew she loved—for no hypocrite was she there—and oh! lost creature though she was—even now I wonder over that unaccountable desertion—and much she must have suffered from the image of that small bed beside which she used to sit for hours perfectly happy from the sight of that face which I too so often blessed in her hearing, because it was so like her own! Where is my child? Have I frightened her away into the wood by my unfatherly looks? She too will come to hate me—oh! see yonder her face and her figure like a fairy's, gliding through among the broom! Sorrow has no business with her—nor she with sorrow. Yet—even her how often have I made weep! All the unhappiness she has ever known—has all come from me; and would I but let her alone to herself in her affectionate innocence—the smile that always lies on her face when she is asleep would remain there—only brighter—all the time her eyes are awake; but I dash it away by my unhallowed harshness, and people looking on her in her trouble, wonder to think how sad can be the countenance even of a little child! O God of mercy! what if she were to die!"

"She will not die—she will live," said the pitying pastor—"and many happy years—my son—are yet in store even for you—sorely as you have been tried—for it is not in nature that your wretchedness can endure for ever. She is in herself all-sufficient for a father's happiness. You prayed just now that the God of Mercy would spare her life—and has he not spared it? Tender flower as she seems, yet how full of life? Let not then your gratitude to Heaven be barren in your heart—but let it produce there resignation,—if need be, contrition,—and, above all, forgiveness."

"Yee! I had a hope to live for—mangled as I was in body, and racked in mind—a hope that was a faith—and bitter-sweet it was in imagined foretaste of fruition—the hope and the faith of revenge. I knew that he would not aim at my life. But what was that to me who thirsted for his blood? Was he to escape death because he dared not wound bone, or flesh, or muscle of mine, seeing that the assassin had already stabbed my soul? Satisfaction! I tell you that I was for revenge. Not that his blood could wipe out the stain with which my name was imbrued, but let it be

mixed with the mould, and he who invaded my marriage-bed—and hallowed was it by every generous passion that ever breathed upon woman's breast—let him fall down in convulsions, and vomit out his heart's blood, at once in expiation of his guilt, and in retribution dealt out to him by the hand of him whom he had degraded in the eyes of the whole world beneath the condition even of a felon, and delivered over in my misery to contempt and scorn. I found him out;—there he was before me—in all that beauty by women so beloved—graceful as Apollo—and with a haughty air, as if proud of an achievement that adorned his name, he saluted me—*her husband*—on the field,—and let the wind play with his raven tresses—his curled love-locks—and then presented himself to my aim in an attitude a statuary would have admired. I shot him through the heart."

The good old man heard the dreadful words with a shudder—yet they had come to his ears not unexpectedly, for the speaker's aspect had gradually been growing black with wrath, long before he ended in an avowal of murder. Nor, on ceasing his wild words and distracted demeanour, did it seem that his heart was touched with any remorse. His eyes retained their savage glare—his teeth were clenched—and he feasted on his crime.

"Nothing but a full faith in Divine Revelation," solemnly said his aged friend, "can subdue the evil passions of our nature, or enable conscience itself to see and repent of sin. Your wrongs were indeed great—but without a change wrought in all your spirit, alas! my son! you cannot hope to see the kingdom of heaven."

"Who dares to condemn the deed? He deserved death—and whence was doom to come but from me the Avenger? I took his life—but once I saved it. I bore him from the battlements of a fort stormed in vain—after we had all been blown up by the springing of a mine; and from bayonets that had drunk my blood as well as his—and his widowed mother blessed me as the saviour of her son. I told my wife to receive him as a brother—and for my sake to feel towards him a sister's love. Who shall speak of temptation—or frailty—or infatuation to me? Let the fools hold their piece. His wounds became dearer to her abandoned heart than mine had ever been, yet had her cheek lain many a night on the scars that seamed this breast—for I was not backward in battle, and our place was in the van. I was no coward, that she who loved heroism in him should have dishonoured her husband. True, he was younger by some years than me—and God had given him pernicious beauty—and she was young—too—oh! the brightest of all mortal creatures the day she became my bride—nor less bright with that baby at her bosom—a matron in girlhood's resplendent spring! Is youth a plea for wickedness? And was I old? I, who in spite of all I have suffered, feel the vital blood yet boiling as to a furnace—but cut off for ever by her crime from fame and glory—and from a soldier in

his proud career covered with honour in the eyes of all my countrymen, changed in an hour into an outlawed and nameless slave! My name has been borne by a race of heroes—the blood in my veins has flowed down a long line of illustrious ancestors—and here am I now—a hidden, disguised hypocrite—dwelling among peasants—and afraid—aye, afraid, because ashamed, to lift my eyes freely from the ground even among the solitudes of the mountains, lest some wandering stranger should recognise me, and see the brand of ignominy her hand and his—accursed both—burnt in upon my brow. She forsook this bosom—but tell me if it was in disgust with these my scars?"

And as he bared it, distractedly, that noble chest was seen indeed disfigured with many a gash—on which a wife might well have rested her head with gratitude not less devout because of a lofty pride mingling with life-deep affection. But the burst of passion was gone by—and, covering his face with his hands, he wept like a child.

"Oh! cruel—cruel was her conduct to me—yet what has mine been to her—for so many years! I could not tear her image from my memory—not an hour has it ceased to haunt me—since I came among these mountains, her ghost is for ever at my side. I have striven to drive it away with curses, but still there is the phantom. Sometimes—beautiful as on our marriage day—all in purest white,—adorned with flowers—it wreathes its arms around my neck—and offers its mouth to my kisses—and then all at once is changed into a leering wretch, retaining a likeness of my bride—then into a corpse. And perhaps she is dead—dead of cold and hunger—she whom I cherished in all luxury—whose delicate frame seemed to bring round itself all the purest air and sweetest sunshine—she may have expired in the very mire—and her body been huddled into some hole called a pauper's grave. And I have suffered all this to happen her! Or have I suffered her to become one of the miserable multitude who support hated and hateful life by prostitution? Black was her crime—yet hardly did she deserve to be one of that howling crew—she whose voice was once so sweet, her eyes so pure—and her soul so innocent—for up to the hour I parted with her weeping, no evil thought had ever been hers—then why, ye eternal Heavens! why fell she from that sphere where she shone like a star? Let that mystery that shrouds my mind in darkness be lightened; let me see into its heart—and know but the meaning of her guilt—and then may I be able to forgive it; but for five years, day and night, it has troubled and confounded me—and from blind and baffled wrath, with an iniquity that remains like a pitch-black night through which I cannot grope my way, no refuge can I find—and nothing is left me but to tear my hair out by handfuls—as, like a madman, I have done—to curse her by name in the solitary glooms, and to call down upon her the curse of God. O wicked—most wicked! Yet He who judges the hearts of his creatures, knows that I have a

thousand and a thousand times forgiven her, but that a chasm lay between us, from which the moment that I came to its brink, a voice drove me back—I know not whether of a good or evil spirit—and bade me leave her to her fate. But she must be dead—and needs not now my tears. O friend! judge me not too sternly—from this my confession; for all my wild words have imperfectly expressed to you but parts of my miserable being—and if I could lay it all before you, you would pity me perhaps as much as condemn—for my worst passions only have now found utterance—all my better feelings will not return nor abide for words—even I myself have forgotten them; but your pitying face seems to say, that they will be remembered at the Throne of Mercy. I forgive her.” And with these words he fell down on his knees, and prayed too for pardon to his own sins. The old man encouraged him not to despair—it needed but a motion of his hand to bring the child from her couch in the cover, and Lucy was folded to her father’s heart. The forgiveness was felt to be holy in that embrace.

The day had brightened up into more perfect beauty—and showers were sporting with sunshine on the blue air of Spring. The sky showed something like a rainbow—and the Lake, in some parts quite still, and in some breezy, contained at once shadowy fragments of wood, and rock, and waves that would have murmured round the prow of pleasure-boat suddenly hoisting a sail. And such a very boat appeared round a promontory that stretched no great way into the water, and formed with a crescent of low meadow-land a bay that was the first to feel the wind coming down Glencoin. The boatman was rowing heedlessly along, when a sudden squall struck the sail, and in an instant the skill was upset and went down. No shrieks were heard—and the boatmen swam ashore—but a figure was seen struggling where the sail disappeared—and starting from his knees, he who knew not fear, plunged into the Lake, and after desperate exertions brought the drowned creature to the side—a female meanly attired—seemingly a stranger—and so attenuated that it was plain she must have been in a dying state, and had she not thus perished, would have had but few days to live. The hair was gray—but the face though withered was not old—and as she lay on the greensward, the features were beautiful as well as calm in the sunshine.

He stood over her awhile—as if struck motionless—and then kneeling beside the body, kissed its lips and eyes—and said only “It is Lucy!”

The old man was close by—and so was that child. They too knelt—and the passion of the mourner held him dumb, with his face close to the face of death—ghastly its glare beside the sleep that knows no waking, and is forsaken by all dreams. He opened the bosom—wasted to the bone—in the idle thought that she might yet breathe—and a paper dropt out into his hand, which he read aloud to himself—unconscious that any one was near. “I am fast dying—and de-

sire to die at your feet. Perhaps you will spurn me—it is right you should—but you will see how sorrow has killed the wicked wretch who was once your wife. I have lived in humble servitude for five years—and have suffered great hardships. I think I am a penitent—and have been told by religious persons that I may hope for pardon from Heaven. Oh! that you would forgive me too! and let me have one look at our Lucy. I will linger about the Field of Flowers—perhaps you will come there and see me lie down and die on the very spot where we passed a summer day the week of our marriage.”

“Not thus could I have kissed thy lips—Lucy—had they been red with life. White are they—and white must they long have been! No pollution on them—nor on that poor bosom now! Contrite tears had long since washed out thy sin! A feeble hand traced these lines—and in them an humble heart said nothing but God’s truth. Child—behold your mother. Art thou afraid to touch the dead?”

“No—father—I am not afraid to kiss her lips—as you did now. Sometimes, when you thought me asleep, I have heard you praying for my mother.”

“Oh! child! cease—cease—or my heart will burst.”

People began to gather about the body—but awe kept them aloof; and as for removing it to a house, none who saw it but knew such care would have been vain, for doubt there could be none that there lay death. So the groups remained for a while at a distance—even the old pastor went a good many paces apart; and under the shadow of that tree the father and child composed her limbs and closed her eyes, and continued to sit beside her, as still as if they had been watching over one asleep.

That death was seen by all to be a strange calamity to him who had lived long among them—had adopted many of their customs—and was even as one of themselves—so it seemed—in the familiar intercourse of man with man. Some dim notion that this was the dead body of his wife was entertained by many, they knew not why; and their clergyman felt that then there needed to be neither concealment nor avowal of the truth. So in solemn sympathy they approached the body and its watchers; a bier had been prepared; and walking at the head, as if it had been a funeral, the Father of little Lucy, holding her hand, silently directed the procession towards his own house—out of the FIELD OF FLOWERS.

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

MATRIMONY IN THE EAST.

By the author of “An Essay on Woman.”

FROM Balkan hills to Yemen’s musky dales,
Where’er the tide of Moslem faith prevails,
Which still maintains that heaven fair woman
gave
To charm the sense, man’s minister and slave;

How sunk the female's lot, how rarely twine
Flowers of domestic joy 'round Hymen's shrine!
Torn from her sire, and vales to childhood dear.
Or, haply, sold by him, without a tear,
The fair Circassian decks the Turk's Serai,
And for a stranger lights her lovely eye;
Yet oft 'mid incense, melody and flow'rs,
She thinks of home, and weeps o'er vanished hours;

Sighs for the love that blest her early youth,
When passion's flame was purified by truth,
And Hope drew wedlock, what it e'er should be,
Union of lots, when minds and hearts agree.

E'en she, most favour'd, hail'd the harem-queen,
Wedded in honour, proud in soul and mien,
For whom rings sparkle, diamonds flash their ray,

Perfumes arise, and lutes of softness play,
While crouching slaves each costly luxury bear,
Tinge her soft eye, or braid the coal-black hair—
E'en she, 'mid splendour, drags a silver chain,
A captive bird for whom earth smiles in vain;
No male, save one, her guarded charms beholds,
For her no mosque* its holy door unfolds;
No lore t' inform, no Koran hopes to bless,
Her life a lake of glittering listlessness;
Oh! if she love, calmness itself will flee,
Her soul all doubt, her bosom jealousy,
Doom'd but a part of that dear heart to share,
So many rivals claim a portion there;—
He loves to-day, and fair Zulaide is blest,
Curls his moustache, and smiles on Hassan's breast;

Ay, for a moon he owns her 'thrilling charms,
Then quits her side for some new favourite's arms;
Defends by Koran law his roving part,
Nor heeds her fruitless tears, and breaking heart.

From the same.

A LEE SHORE ON THE COAST OF JUTLAND.

The clouds from the north they drove swiftly by,
And the lightning flitted across the sky,
While the dark sea chaf'd, as, with curb repress,
Chafes the black war-steed with his foam-white breast;

And the porpoise sported right merrily—
Nothing he loves like a mountainous sen—
And the curlew shriek'd as he wing'd his way
From the howling storm, for some shelter'd bay,
And the tiny petrel, that elf of the gale,
Bade the seamen prepare for reducing sail,
As a gallant crew, from the Baltic bound,
Were wending their way to their native ground—
Britannia's isle—but, alas! how drear
Was the prospect which spread before them here!

The land lay leeward—'twas the Jutland coast,
Low, sandy, and flat, and a league at most.
Farewell to the ship, and her freighted store,
If once she strike foot on that treacherous shore;
Yet weather she might that too fearful strand,
If the masts that bore her stretch'd canvass would stand.

At one sudden gust this hope disappear'd,
And the thing occur'd which alone they fear'd.

*The reader probably needs not be informed,
that no female in Turkey is permitted to attend
public service at the mosque.

For the storm-sails forth from the bolt-ropes flew,
Yet nought could dishearten the dauntless crew,
Who were cradled in billows, by dangers nurst,
And they only smil'd when the storm did its worst.

The anchors plung'd in the sand-colour'd wave,
But forlorn indeed were the hopes they gave;
For at the first surge of that dreadful sea,
The foremost and bowsprit went both by the lee.

"Away, veer the cables," the captain roar'd;
Cut main-mast and mizen quick by the board!"
The command was obeyed, and each heart beat high,

And firmly too, though Death hover'd nigh.
On came rolling a mountainous wave—
May the cables hold, or it proves a grave!—
It burst o'er the ship, and each boat from her deck

Was swept with the surge; and the quivering wreck,

Half buried, seem'd able to rise no more,
As she plung'd in the yawning gulf afore.
But rise she did, and shook from her prow
The spray, gemm'd o'er with brilliant now;
For the sun had pierced through his hazy screen,
And the land astern was more plainly seen,
Which distant now a few furlongs lay,
Like a crouching beast, awaiting its prey.
But God commanded the storm to cease,
And He hush'd the winds and the waves to peace;

And the weary crew to their distant home
Once more permitted their thoughts to roam.
But no rest was theirs till the land-wind blew,
And the anchors were stow'd which had proved so true;

And a jury-mast rigg'd, and its scanty sail
Woo'd the gentle breath of a favouring gale.
Then, banish'd all care the jovial bowl—
And it cheer'd the heart of each gallant soul.
Huzza! of no danger we've cause to beware,
Since there's sea room enough, and the breeze is fair.

From the same.

ON OBSERVING MY INFANT START, AND THEN SMILE IN ITS SLEEP.

EMBLEM of Innocence! child of my heart!
What makes thee in thy cradled slumbers start?

Is thy young fancy, roving wild and free,
Extracting hybla sweets from flower and tree?
Is the faint smile, that dimpling o'er thy face
Adds to its cherub features tenfold grace,
Produc'd by visions ravishing and bright,
As Moses' view from Pisgah's towering height?

Or can it be, that from her glorious sphere,
An angel folds her glittering pinions near,
To view thy innocence, and stoop to kiss
Thy balmy lips, and fill thy soul with bliss?
Whate'er it be that glads thy infant heart,
Or golden dream, or seraph's heavenly art,
Oh! as thy slumbers, may thy future years,
From suffering grief be free, and darkling fears;

And may the God that form'd thee, Oh! my child,
Preserve and bless thee, thro' life's dreary wild!

JOHN LANDER.

October 22, 1833.